Convent of St. Joseph
Mt. Joseph

THE GREAT REVIEW.

G 12

THEN SAID HE UNTO ME, SON OF MAN, LIFT UP THINE EYES.—— EZEK. viii. 5.

IMMENSA PANDITUR PLANITIES, UT SUBJECTOS CAMPOS TERMINARE OCULIS HAUD FACILE QUEAS. LIV.

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BRITISH
15
APR

DEDICATION.

To his Grace the Moſt Reverend and Right Honourable, RICHARD, Lord Arch-biſhop of ARMAGH, Primate and Metropolitan of all IRELAND.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE!

IT is not the precedence of your Grace's ſtation in the Hibernian church: It is not the elevated rank you hold among the right reverend fathers of that community; nor is it owing to the diſtinguiſhed ſphere your lordſhip moves in at the council

board, or in the ſenate, that the author takes upon him to lay the enſuing pages at your lordſhip's feet.

It is from a higher conſideration than all theſe appendages of human greatneſs. It is, becauſe your lordſhip's worthy character gives a dignity to the ſacred and civil truſts, your grace ſo illuſtriouſly holds.

It is therefore no wonder, that any work dedicated to the ſervice of piety, ſhould claim the ſanction of a prelate, who can preach the truth, and whoſe life is an expoſition of his doctrine.

Hence the following ſheets, are, with profound veneration, offered to your lordſhip's notice, by a private perſon, whoſe chief merit may conſiſt in not troubling your lordſhip with his name, or that part of the kingdom he reſides in.

It is to be hoped, the clergy will pardon one who has ventured within the pale of their profeſſion. One who would humbly offer to be a diſtant attendant upon their hallowed endeavours; eſpecially

ally at a period, wherein luxury, diſſipation, riot, duplicity, and groſs immoralities, have overflowed the land. A period, which demands men, in that holy order, to have the mortification of the Baptiſt, the diligence of St. *Paul*, and the zeal of an Apoſtle. A period, wherein ſomething very important, ſeems to be on the wheel of providence, and ſomething very deciſive about to be tranſacted: And which, therefore, requires a vigilance and attention in all thoſe who were, or are moved to take the office upon them, of miniſtering in holy things: That they may with clean hands, pure hearts, and upright intentions, perform with ſucceſs the great work they were called unto.—But if any, for filthy lucre, or the love of lazy eaſe, call themſelves; or, are admitted without proper qualifications,—what ſhall I ſay?—what dare I write?—I am before your grace,—therefore muſt be ſilent.

If your lordſhip will not condemn me, for preſuming to introduce any effort of mine before your lordſhip, I ſhall think myſelf

myſelf particularly favoured, eſpecially, as I have the conſciouſneſs of endeavouring to approve myſelf,

May it pleaſe your Grace,

Your Grace's moſt dutiful,

And moſt obedient ſervant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

1. UNLESS a book can be made uſeful to mankind, of how little conſequence is it to aſſure the reader, that 'ſuch a work—the following ſheets—the enſuing pages, ſhould never appear, if the perſuaſions of friends did not influence the author to make it public.' Indeed, ſuch a tacit method of beſpeaking the attention, or exciting the curioſity of the public, for uſeleſs, or vain (not to mention dangerous) writings, is an affront to the patience and underſtanding of a reflecting perſon.

2. 'But how (it may be aſked) ſhall we be 'acquainted with the merit or tendency of any 'production, till it be read through?' I anſwer, that, in my apprehenſion, as many minutes, as it requires days to drudge through moſt books, may almoſt ſuffice; by giving the beginning, middle, and end (provided it has a beginning or end), a curſory peruſal: then, if truth and utility be the ſtandards,

ſtandards, and a mind not totally vitiated, the examiner, it will ſoon appear, without abundance of criticiſm, what the reſult ſhould be. Or if, through a happy diffidence, we are unwilling to depend upon our own judgment, may we not have recourſe to thoſe whoſe ability, mind, and morals, are tinctured and meliorated by learning and religion?

3. 'Religion! what would you have always 'religion?' No—no indeed, according to the notions that you perhaps may have of it: poſſibly, you ſuppoſe it is a dreary, melancholy, comfortleſs ſhade; that it cuts us off from the ſatisfactions of life, and buries us in a wilderneſs. My idea of religion is the reverſe: I think it is chearful, ſocial, and very full of comfort; that no part of life, without it, can have any permanent pleaſure; but, with it, the ſoul is joyfully elevated and enlarged, and the body often preſerved in health, if not reſtored to it: my idea of this internal principle is, that it makes human nature happy; cauſes it to enjoy life, without a ſting; makes us fit to live, and willing, nay deſirous to die: or, to uſe an infinitely better definition—religion prompts us to 'love GOD with all our ſoul, our mind, our 'ſtrength, and all mankind as ourſelves.' Any thing elſe is not worth contending for, though we were always regular in attending places of worſhip,

worſhip, and entirely orthodox in all our ſentiments; add to this, alms-giving in the moſt extenſive manner, even to the impoveriſhing ourſelves; nay more, ſuch a zeal as would urge us to ſuffer impriſonment, reproach, nay our bodies to be burnt to aſhes, for our opinions: I ſay, any of theſe, or all together (though exceeding commendable, if not laid as the foundation), if a great apoſtle, an ambaſſador from the third heaven, may be credited, cannot be ſubſtituted in the place of the religion above defined; becauſe theſe may exiſt where the love of GOD and our neighbour is not; but where this love hath its reſidence, the above fruits will appear according as there is time, opportunity, ability, and other circumſtances. Such is the nature of this much-uſed, and often much-abuſed word, religion. It qualifies us for, and regulates every diſpenſation of life to us; it regulates our affections, improves our tempers, and refines our deſires; it lengthens our proſpects into a happy eternity, and anticipates 'our early immortality,' by that faith in the beſt of beings, through the mediation and merits of his dying SON, who poured out his blood, and ſacrificed his life for the tranſgreſſors.—But to return.

4. From the almoſt countleſs number of boooks (the contents of many of them quite

foreign to the pompous title pages), and the miſcellaneous heap of ſubjects they contain, one finds it difficult to treat of any new ſubject, or to treat thereof in a new manner, or even to give the work a title juſtly expreſſive of its contents: yet, as every writer apprehends he has an excluſive right to name his own productions, the author of the following, therefore, takes the liberty of calling the enſuing pages, 'THE 'GREAT REVIEW;' becauſe the principal of the following attempts entitled 'Miſery,' is a proſpect or review of the moral and natural world; and from the very intereſting nature, and awfully tremendous conſequences, the epithet, 'Great,' is prefixed. Moſt of the other pieces, either directly, more remotely, or by way of inference, have the ſame tendency; conſidering or deſcribing man and things in their preſent diſordered, lapſed ſituation.

5. And, though the knowledge of writing, and the art of printing, are of remarkable advantage to mankind, yet as there is nothing worſe than the beſt things when they are abuſed, ſo the ſcience of letters has been accidentally converted to the moſt dangerous purpoſes. This, through the eye of the reader, the ear of the hearer, and from the pen of the writer, has been a vehicle of tranſfuſing the moſt inſinuating and mortal poiſon to the human mind.

How

How eaſily may this aſſertion gain credit, from the ſwarms of romances, novels, plays, adventures, immodeſt ſongs, tete-a-tetes, &c. &c. under which the preſs has groaned for more than a century paſt! to the no ſmall reproach of theſe kingdoms, and the confeſſed depravation of our taſte.

6. Indeed, were chriſtianity leſs to obtain, yea, were it that unſubſtantial phantom that the ſcorner would wiſh to make it; yet how ſurpriſing, that perſons of any deliberate reflexion, or poſſeſſed with a common ſhare of reaſon, ſhould ſpend their money, laviſh their time, or proſtitute their talents, in the purſuit of low witticiſms, ſtupid fameneſs, vile obſcenity, or at beſt, grammatical rubbiſh! Can this be accounted for on any other principle than what the moſt early hiſtorian ſpecifies, that 'Every imagination of the thoughts of 'the heart is only evil continually.' (Gen. vi. 5.) How eaſy from thence to infer a general apoſtacy, proceeding from original ſin? And how plain from all this to ſee the vaunted dignity of human nature, either ſunk in ruins, or a compoſition of the beaſt and devil? But, what an amazing contraſt! that the great, the good, the independent BEING, ſhould in his wiſdom and love, project and execute a plan of redemption every way worthy GOD, for the

recovery and ſalvation of his fallen creature, man, by the interpoſition and death of his own SON, 'the expreſs image of his PERSON;' (Heb. i. 3.) 'GOD manifeſt in the fleſh;' (1 Tim. iii. 16.) and 'very GOD of very 'GOD; on whom HE laid the iniquities of 'us all.' (Iſa. liii. 6.)

7. That important realities and truths of this nature ſhould be diſregarded by the giddy, the vain, and the indolent, is no wonder, while their heads are unprepared, their minds diſſipated, and their underſtandings abuſed, by purſuing frothy, unprofitable, debauched productions, which, among other evils, furniſh them with groupes of inſipid phraſeology, abundance of little nothings in converſation, double entendres and retailed taunts againſt every thing that is ſerious and ſacred: theſe, joined to the frippery of dreſs, and the opiates of modern amuſements, render them an eaſy prey to 'the roaring lion who goeth about ſeeking 'whom he may devour.' (1 Pet. v. 8.) Nay, they tempt the devil to attempt them, who is too wiſe to awake them from their pleaſing delirium, till they open their eyes in eternity!—Unleſs ſickneſs, diſappointment, the death of a relation, ſome merciful ſeverity, the operation of the bleſſed SPIRIT manifeſted in HIS various calls, recover them to a thoughtful

pauſe,

pauſe, before the pit has ſhut its mouth upon them.

8. Hence one may eaſily perceive the apparent neceſſity and great utility of any work, which can counteract and attempt to defeat the multitude of writings which are confeſſedly or indirectly ſo many libels againſt GOD and goodneſs, ſo many eſſays of the wiſdom from beneath, and ſo many inconteſtable proofs of the corruption of the human heart.

9. But 'All are not loſt.' Theſe have not kept the field alone. Many reſpectable names have ſucceſsfully oppoſed the voluminous phalanx whoſe pens flowed with 'delicious poiſon.' Yet how few will read, how few be impreſt with any ſubject, unleſs calculated to ſooth the paſſions, or pleaſe a nimble imagination? And yet theſe are not to be deſpiſed: they are the pinions of the ſoul, and if directed in a proper courſe, will be inſtrumental of much good. Hence poetry and muſic have been liſted under the banners of morality, and obtained in the early ages a place in the ſervice of religious worſhip: many parts of the ſacred book are the ſublimeſt poetry, and the higheſt colourings ever preſented to human feelings; and have accordingly impreſt the mind with a glow of inexpreſſible ſenſations and thrilling delights,

which ſhew there is a correſpondent harmony in the ſoul, or it could not be ſo affected.

10. It is for this reaſon that muſic and poetry, by ſpreading their ſoft inſinuations through the mind, have laid it open to a good or bad influence; ſo that the perſon, by a ſort of magic, has been entirely diſarmed, and the paſſions and imagination led him a willing captive. Hence the progreſs vice has made, and the pleaſure religion imparts, when under theſe leading principles.

11. Prompted by ſuch a conſideration, many pens have made their offerings at the ſhrine of religion, in poetic numbers, and thereby reſcued the nobleſt flight of the mind from being the pageant of vice; by ſpreading HIS glorious praiſe, of WHOM 'the morning ſtars ſang to-'gether,' when 'all the ſons of GOD ſhouted 'for joy.' (Job. xxxviii. 7.)

12. But though virtue and goodneſs have had the juſt encomiums they merit, yet how many books that treat of theſe excellencies, are likewiſe mixed with baſe alloy, are degraded with vain images, and proſtituted to the moſt ſenſual tendencies: being the very adultery of poetry, which was not only originally, but entirely and always deſigned to adminiſter to the

the praiſe of HIM and HIS cauſe, who is the theme of the 'ſeraph that ſings and burns.'

13. The following poems are clear of the above objection. They either directly or implicitly aim at the intereſt of morality and religion, without blending any ſubject to oppoſe that end; without making woman the model of angels; or depicting vice in captivating colours.

14. Moſt of the thoughts are introduced in a poetical habit, that they may not ſeem irkſome to ſome readers, who would not ſo readily apply themſelves to a ſerious ſubject delivered in proſe, as to one where rhyme and numbers dwell longer on the memory, and are more pleaſing to the fancy. There are a few proſaic eſſays, which interſperſe ſomething of variety through the whole, and call back the reader to that ſtyle in which he uſually writes or converſes.

15. Indeed, if the author of the following little work ſought to acquire the reputation of a poet, he well knows ſuch an attempt would be only writing a ſatire upon himſelf: eſpecially after the ſmoothneſs of *Waller*, the dignity of *Prior*, the luxurious variety of *Dryden*, the divinity of *Watts*, the correctneſs of *Roſcommon* and *Addiſon*, the eaſy ſoftneſs of *Denham*, the awful nervouſneſs of *Young*, the Attic pungency of

of the Rev. *Samuel Weſley*, the judicious harmony of *Pope*, the politeneſs of *Tickell*, the natural beauties of *Thomſon*, and the keenneſs of *Churchill*: as for *Shakeſpeare* and *Milton*, they may be ranked by themſelves; the former was the ſecretary and pencil of nature (oh! that he had directed his genius to ſubjects of a divine tendency alone); the latter, by the pathos, majeſty, and loftineſs of his ſpirit, climbed above the ſtars, dived into the infernal abyſs, ſtretched into eternity, marked out the limits of creation, explained the language of angels, and ſhook the whole machine of the univerſe!—*Shakeſpeare* and *Milton* may be termed the *Newtons* of poetry; they demonſtrate to what an admirable pitch the human underſtanding may be raiſed, and at the ſame time convince us of the eſſential difference there is between genius and learning. *Swift* perverted his uncommon talents, and departed as much from the delicacy of a poet, as from the dignity of a clergyman, till at length he fell into a reverend buffoon. It is eaſier to laugh a perſon out of goodneſs than into it; nor is it a ſmall taſk to prove that the dean ſneered any one from vice, though he might laſh him into a temporary, hypocritical ſhame: ſuffice it, that we may venture to affirm, were he to travel life again, he would put the major part of his writings under an index expurgatorius. Along with the above names, many other reſpectable authorities, their cotem-

cotemporaries, might be enrolled; as alſo ſome of the preſent time, whoſe modeſty forbids to mention them. I ſay, after ſuch dignified characters, to ſeek for poetical reputation, and to force myſelf out of obſcurity, would be only ſatirizing myſelf to thoſe, whoſe taſte and diſcernment render them competent judges of a correct ſtyle, and a judicious poem; a taſk, requiring better nerves and more ſtoical careleſſneſs than I am now poſſeſſed of.

16. Yet I ſhall take leave to ſay, that in publiſhing the following attempts, I aimed to pleaſe and to be uſeful to my fellow creatures; eſpecially in the Review of Nature and Humanity, wherein an awfully intereſting thought is eaſily ſuggeſted, viz. that the GOD of all power did not, and the GOD of all goodneſs would not, create humanity, the brutal race, and mere matter, in the preſent diſordered form they appear: hence the neceſſity of tracing theſe depraved effects to the origin. This the poem on Miſery has done; and this revelation, and revelation only, hath diſcovered; diſcovered the firſt human ſinner enſnared by the firſt angelic apoſtate. The ſacred volume has done more: it ſhews us the great SACRIFICE, manifeſted in the PERSON of the SON of GOD! dying for all the ſins of all mankind, and reinſtating thoſe who repent and believe, in more than the paradiſaical happineſs our general anceſtors forfeited:

feited; and thus throwing open the whole heaven of love, and diſplaying the œconomy of free grace; inſomuch that a remedy for the wound, and an antidote againſt the poiſon of ſin, has been amply provided; and man—every man—every human being (unleſs they chooſe miſery and death), is put into a capacity of enjoying the mighty bleſſing!

17. If there is nothing advanced in this preface derogatory to the honour of GOD, or that militates againſt the happineſs of man, and the intereſts of morality; the author would therefore requeſt, that thoſe who are no friends to revelation, would give the matter a re-examination, and take the advice of an ingenious French writer, 'To conſider the nature of religion, before they oppoſed its authority:' then, perhaps, the deiſt would think it the ſafeſt and moſt deſirable way to commence a chriſtian, and believe the bible.

18. As I do not look upon any man to be an atheiſt at all times of his life, from ſpeculation; becauſe then he ſhould be one from reflexion, and if he reflects, there is an end to the doctrine of materialiſm, and of courſe he is ſelf-convicted; becauſe matter cannot think, reflect, reaſon, or ſpeculate;—ſo I muſt, notwithſtanding that, look upon multitudes of men to be practical atheiſts, that is, in the proper meaning

meaning of the word, thoſe who live as 'without GOD in the world;' (Eph. ii. 12.) who may be ſo judicially infatuated, as not to think at all about GOD, but are, for their crimes, given up 'to believe a lye,' (2 Theſ. ii. 11.) and reaſon againſt reaſon; laugh at religion; and abſolve themſelves from every obligation to juſtice, truth, and humanity, which ſelfiſhneſs and luſt would prompt them to rend aſunder, only for pride, or the law. That ſuch very dangerous animals (the very peſts of ſociety) ſhould ſit in the ſcorner's chair and ridicule goodneſs, is quite conſiſtent with their aims: that perſons of this bias ſhould praiſe virtue, would make one ſuſpect it: and that ſuch pour out their invectives againſt what theſe papers contain, is rather a credit to the book. But if —if yet they are not totally hardened, and the meaſure of their iniquity not filled up—may GOD lay them under convictions, till they are happily brought to cry out, 'LORD, ſave, 'or we periſh!'

19. If any who peruſe the following pages are pleaſed or profited by the attempt of the writer, he would prefer a wiſh to ſuch—That they may entreat the FATHER of mercies, to make the author a partaker of that religion the bible deſcribes; and, in particular, the ſermon on the mount delineates: that he may be —altogether a chriſtian!

CON-

CONTENTS.

	Page
LIBERTY	1
To the Printer	12
The Evangeliſt	15
Miſery	19
Eſſay on the Word, Gentleman	127
The Four Seaſons	129
On Faſting, and the Seaſon of Lent	130
On a Gentleman, &c.	134
After viewing *M—ſſt—n*, in the County of *L—*	136
Thoughts upon Religion, &c.	140
A Character	144
On the Nativity of our LORD	154
On Mr. *A—d—w G—r—y D—l—p*	157
Reflections on a Rural Scene, &c.	160
To Mr. *C. H.* on his Marriage	163
On the Death of a Stare	165
To the Committee for conducting the Free Preſs	168
On the Birth of Maſter *W—l—n*	172
The Agreeable Woman	180
On the Caſtle of *M—*	182
On the Death of Mr. *W. P—*	184
The Lady's Wiſh	186
The Anſwer	189
Retirement	192
Spring	194

THE GREAT REVIEW.

LIBERTY.

Omnes deteriores ſumus licentiâ. TER.

I.

WITH ſwift deſcent the flaming ſun
To other worlds had juſt begun
To dart his peerleſs light;
The weſtern clouds, enfring'd with gold,
Spontaneous all their pomp unfold,
And uſher'd in the Night.

II.

Powder'd with ſtars, the vaulted blue,
The full-orb'd moon, reveal'd to view,
Who took her ſilent tour;
Not ev'n a breath encurl'd the ſtream,
The whole expanſe was all ſerene,
'Twas Nature's balmy hour.

III.

The gliding Shannon, by my ſide
Tranſlucent roll'd its ſweeping pride,
And in meanders play'd;
When inſtantaneouſly there ſtood,
Upon the margin of the flood,
A form in light array'd.

IV.

With ſilent tread, and heav'nly ſtate,
She ſeem'd above the vulgar great,
My ſoul was eye and ear!
No female arts abuſed her form,
Her looks and robes combin'd to ſcorn
Corinna's dreſs and leer.

V.

'Mortal,' ſhe ſaid, 'I'm LIBERTY,
'Which all purſue, yet millions flee,
'So ſtrange a bubble Man!
'The court, and camp, and ſenate riſe,
'Yea, ſlaves and monarchs, fools and wiſe,
'To graſp me with their ſpan.

VI.

'To moſt, I'm nominally their's,
'But only ſo;—for, 'midſt the cares
'Which crowd man's little life,
'Few, very few, my nature ſee,
'Yet all cry out for LIBERTY!
'And looſe Me in the ſtrife.

VII.

'With anger fir'd, or envy pin'd,
'While foul intemp'rance clouds the mind,
'Enervating the pow'rs:
'Can ſlaves, like theſe, of freedom boaſt?
'To reaſon, truth, and virtue loſt,
'In bondage [illegible] hours!

VIII. 'The

VIII.

'The num'rous crowd, All point at Me,
'While Chatham, Wilkes and Liberty,
'Beſiege the royal ear:
'Affairs of councils, nations, ſtates,
'A loud anxiety creates
'Thro' all the clam'rous ſphere.

IX.

'But, ah! how little do the crowd
'(With all this patriot fire endow'd)
'Suſpect a war within:
'A war, 'gainſt wiſdom, goodneſs, truth,
'The hoary ſire, the riſing youth,
'Are both in league with ſin.

X.

'SIN! dreadful Conqu'ror, ties the chain,
'Man, foolish Man! doth not complain,
'But talks of LIBERTY!
'Tho' pride, ſelf-will, and baſe deſire
'Point out the ſlave, and then conſpire
'To tell him, he is FREE!

XI.

'Tis SIN that holds the pois'nous bowl,
'Enchants the mind, deforms the ſoul,
'And pours the deadly draught.
'Lull'd with the opiate's dozing ſteam,
'He raves by turns, by turns doth dream,
'Expos'd to ev'ry ſhaft.

XII.

'See the Aſſyrian Monarch ſtand,
'Midſt captive kings on either hand,
'And nations at his feet;
'Is not this Babylon † (he ſaid)
'My kingdom's houſe, the world's great head,
'Where pow'r and grandeur meet?

† Daniel, ch. 4. v. 30.

XIII.

'I rais'd this fabric by my might,
'The whole of this ſtupendous ſight
'Is for my Majeſty:
'This grand magnificent extent,
'Entirely for my honour meant
'T' indulge my LIBERTY.

XIV.

'While yet he ſpake,—an awful ſound
'From Hear'n, did all his pride confound,
'Amid' his waking dream:
'The king's transform'd into a beaſt,
'The graſs becomes his brutal feaſt,
'And Man is not his name!

XV.

'He, too, with LIBERTY was fir'd,
'Imagin'd that 'twas I inſpir'd
'The boundleſs ſentiment;
'But Pride in fetters held her ſlave,
'And fancy'd Independence gave
'No rational content.

XVI.

'Behold, another libertine,
'See, Hell and Luſt in one combine
'To form a Nero's ſoul:
'Who dar'd but heſitate that he
'Was not the ſon of LIBERTY,
'Muſt die without controul.

XVII.

'Indeed, with unreſtrain'd deſire,
'He roſe thro' each gradation high'r,
'That Appetite cou'd feel:
'No wiſh flew off unſatisfy'd,
'The world with ev'ry nod comply'd,
'Nor dar'd one bliſs conceal.

XVIII. 'But

XVIII.

'But this indulgence only fir'd
'Th' imperial monſter, and inſpir'd
'Schemes big with cruelty:
'Deſigns unparallel'd he ſhew'd,
''Gainſt Nature's Laws, and Nature's GOD,
'And call'd it LIBERTY!

XIX.

'This royal brute begins the ſcene,
'The Chriſtians bleed in ev'ry vein,
'And carnage ſtains the land:
'*Nero* and Hell, are at a loſs
'To pain the Martyrs of the Croſs,
'With ev'ry dire command.

XX.

'Racks, fires and gibbets are too ſmall;
'Wild beaſts, as ſupplements, they call,
'And all the Roman ſtate
'Is delug'd with the Chriſtian's gore;
'The milder Lyons ſtamp and roar
'For *Nero*'s human meat.

XXI.

'His calm preceptor next muſt die;
'Nor dare propound the queſtion, "WHY?"
'Enough, the Fiat's paſt!
'And aged *Seneca* muſt feel
'Th' inſinuating lancet's ſteel:
'He faints and breathes his laſt!

XXII.

'But ſee!——Or muſt I turn my eye
'From his infernal cruelty,
'His horrid matricide!
'Various manœuvres were employed;
'His Mother's life muſt be deſtroy'd,
'And Satan be out-vy'd!

XXIII.

'At length the mortal ſtab is giv'n,
'Her ſoul, to either Hell or Heav'n
'Wings its eternal way!
'Her Son, now petrify'd with guilt,
'Enſanguin'd, with the blood he ſpilt,
'Reviews his parent's clay.

XXIV.

'Her laſt remains muſt lie expos'd,
'Her ev'ry limb muſt be diſclos'd;
'While *Nero* view'd her frame:
'That part he cenſur'd;—this was prais'd,
'Demanding liquor as he gaz'd,
'Nor was aſham'd of ſhame.

XXV.

'Thus, ev'ry hint that Hell cou'd give
'The Devil's repreſentative
'With LIBERTY purſu'd:
'Not one uncheck'd deſire cou'd find,
'But, with undeviated mind
'The pois'nous bliſs renew'd.

XXVI.

'Enough. The Tyrant ran his race,
'His ſoul long ſince in its own place,
'Beyond thy world of ſtrife.
'But, ſon of *Adam*, let thy mind
'Unbiaſſed view all human kind,
'And take a tour thro' life.

XXVII.

'In ev'ry empire, town and ſtreet,
'See Pride, and Self, and Envy meet
'In ominous array!
'Except a FEW, but thinly ſown,
'Who dare their GOD and SAVIOUR own,
'While millions fall a prey.

XXVIII. 'Within

XXVIII.

'Within the ſooted cottage walls,
'Where ſmoke alternate mounts and falls,
'Ev'n there in minature,
'Another *Alexander* ſcan,
'Who lays ſome proud ambitious plan,
'Altho' the peaſant's poor!

XXIX.

'Go to the regal domes and ſee
'Are they the fount of LIBERTY,
'Doth meaneſs dirt theſe ſhrines?
'Ev'n at Verſailles was there a peer
'Who ſold his conſcience ev'ry year,
'To drudge on baſe deſigns?

XXX.

'Attend the lower claſs of life,
'There, parents, children, huſband, wife,
'Deſert each ſocial tie:
'Domeſtic broils, and curſes ſhew
'The liſping babes proficients too
'In helliſh LIBERTY.

XXXI.

'Shall I exempt the hallow'd fane?
'Do none the awful taſk prophane?
'Are all the prieſthood free
'From filthy lucre, pomp and ſhew?
'Do their examples, doctrines flow
'From Chriſtian LIBERTY?

XXXII.

'Are there among that ſacred train,
'Who wear the veſtments to prophane
'A SAVIOUR's bleeding cauſe?
'In rev'rend pomp receive the pay,
'While all their flock are left a prey
'To Hell's expanded jaws?

XXXIII. 'O! What

XXXIII.

'O! what a contraſt to behold
'A modern preacher, and his fold,
'In pleaſure's downy road!
'And then, to view an earneſt *Paul*,
'Deſpiſing grandeur, riches——All,
'To gain mankind to GOD!

XXXIV.

'But there are ſome exceptions here,
'Who th' Apoſtolic character
'Adorn with humble zeal;
'Whoſe lives are comments on the Creed,
'Whoſe words, from heterodoxy freed,
'Declare the truths they feel.

XXXV.

'Yea, ev'n to time's laſt hoary hour,
'Till death ſhall ſicken, droop and lour,
'A miniſtry ſhall ſhine;
'Shall witneſs, and declare with me
'GOD's ſervice, to be LIBERTY,
'In all their lives divine.

XXXVI.

'Child of the duſt, if thou wou'd'ſt be
'A candidate for LIBERTY,
'Attend my words with care:
'Conſider well thy nat'ral ſtate;
'Cou'd GOD, all purity create
'Mankind juſt as they are?

XXXVII.

'Not ſo,——for human nature ſhew'd
'A tranſcript of the triune GOD
'In its primæval ſtate:
'Then genuine LIBERTY became
'A holy purifying flame,
'And Man ſtood forth complete.

XXXVIII. 'But

XXXVIII.

'But ſoon the portraiture divine
'Was cloutded,——did no longer ſhine
'Thro' thy anceſtors' frame:
'Thy gen'ral parents diſobey'd
'That ſacred will which Angels ſway'd,
'And Mis'ry was their name!

XXXIX.

'One eaſy poſitive command,
'Determin'd them to fall or ſtand;
'Death edg'd the penalty:
'When lo! the angel fiend appear'd,
'Whoſe ſophiſtry our *Eve* enſnar'd
'In dev'liſh LIBERTY.

XL.

'Creation's faireſt work comply'd;
'That moment, morally ſhe dy'd
'To peace and innocence!
'As YET, the ſire of human race,
'Untainted held his ſacred place,
'Nor dar'd the dire offence.

XLI.

'Not long!———His other ſelf began
'To practiſe on the faultleſs Man,
'And lur'd him into ſin!
'The fatal preſent, ſoon ſhe gave
'As ſhe his temptreſs; he her ſlave
'Drank all the poiſon in!

XLII.

'Thus, Death in all its pomp took place,
'And Sin, its cauſe, enthral'd thy race:
'Nay, Nature's vaſt machine
'Groan'd to its centre, and confeſs'd
'In heaving pangs of ſtrong un-reſt
'The lamentable ſcene!

XLIII. 'As

XLIII.

'As ſtreams, thro' all their mazy courſe
'Are poiſon'd from their pois'nous ſource,
'So all of human-kind,
'Proceeding from the fœd'ral head,
'Like him, emphatically dead,
'In chains of guilt confin'd.

XLIV.

'But ſee! the Great DELIV'RER ſee!
'Inſhrin'd in thy humanity,
'See Heav'n's Eternal SON!
'Diveſted of his GODHEAD's rays,
'While angels with amazement gaze
'At GOD and Man in One.

XLV.

'HE lays his robes of ſtate aſide,
'And pours contempt on mortal pride—
'Hear his infantile cries!
'And God with God, was Man with man,
'To finiſh the redeeming plan,
'He weeps, and bleeds, and dies!

XLVI.

'HE dies for all the ruin'd race;
'But only thoſe receive his grace,
'Who feel their hapleſs ſtate;
'Who, conſcious of their guilt and ſin,
'With humble penitence begin
'The ſtroke to deprecate.

XLVII.

'To ſuch, th' Almighty SUFF'RER cries,
'Who on my merit now relies,
'Shall feel the ſprinkl'd blood:
'Who dare deſpair themſelves to ſave
'From falling lower than the grave,
'Shall find a pard'ning GOD.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

'Shall feel, from faith's ſtrong evidence,
'An inſtantaneous change commence
'Thro' all the human pow'rs;
'Shall ſee the Chriſtian jubilee,
'The Evangelic LIBERTY,
'Which Man again reſtores.

XLIX.

'And FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
'Thro' endleſs ages be the boaſt
'Of the regen'rate heir;
'While angel minds, in rapture aw'd,
'To ſee the Manhood join'd to GOD,
'With glowing praiſe revere!'

L.

She paus'd.——But ſtill with awe I gaz'd,
As towards the vault of Heav'n ſhe rais'd
Her form divinely fair.
And muſt I then return, ſaid I,
To hear the voice of clamour cry,
And drop the human tear!

TO THE PRINTER.

In voluptatis regno virtus non poteſt conſiſtere.

CIC.

AMONG the Eſſays in your paper, I beg to animadvert upon One, which contained ſome Remarks made by a gentleman who ſigned himſelf *Explore*, upon the Grecian philoſopher *Diogenes*.

The writer juſtly obſerves, 'That reputation was, 'in ancient times as well as in the preſent, obtained by 'means of a lucky partiality.' But how does it appear that *Diogenes* acquired that reputation? What court did he make to mankind for acquiring it? What levees did he frequent? What faſhionable follies did he ſoothe? What dirty bread did he earn,

'By waſhing *Ethiops* fair?'

We find, according to a vaſt majority of mankind, he went a too unbeaten path to obtain that reputation.—And yet he did obtain it. But from whom? Not from the undiſcerning many; but from the happy few, who, like himſelf, though not able to ſtem the torrent, yet wiſely and obſtinately choſe to ſwim againſt it; from men (whether pagan or chriſtian) who dared to be ſingularly good, to be privately benevolent,

'And bluſh'd to find it fame.'

It is undeniable, that *Diogenes* had ſome particularities that made him often unamiable: even his cotemporary, the ſagacious *Plato*, did not eſcape a few of his ſatirically grave ſtrictures; any more than that ambitious

bitious murderer *Alexander*, the Great Butcher of Mankind. No doubt, the indiſcriminately poignant manner of his repartees, together with his auſtere diſpoſition, eſpecially his ſupreme contempt of vanity, did fix that indelible ſtigma of *Diogenes* the Cynic, upon him. Yet, notwithſtanding all this, he had a fortitude of mind, a knowledge of the anatomy of the human ſoul, and an undiſguiſed integrity which influenced all his connections with mankind, and, for a moment, extorted that fugitive acknowledgment from the haughty Macedonian — 'Were I not *Alexander*, I would be *Diogenes*.' He ſaw the liberty of Greece expiring; that his countrymen began to be enervated with the Eaſtern luxuries; and the Spartan ſpirit, and ſelf-denying patriotiſm of his country, were juſt at an end: this alſo made him regardleſs of praiſe, and fearleſs of danger; and, perhaps, at that period, found the philoſophy of a ſtoic was never more wanted.

Under theſe circumſtances, I cannot ſee what there is ſo very reprehenſible in the character of *Diogenes*; eſpecially that, in the preſent age, his ſententious obſervations (which attracted the eſteem of the diſcerning for ſo many centuries) ſhould be commented on in the dry, ſapleſs manner, which *Explore* thought expedient to do. I ſay, in the preſent age, which wants a *Diogenes* in every corner of the land; which wants a bridle to reſtrain, rather than a ſpur to ſtimulate. But *Explore* thought otherwiſe; and therefore introduced *Diogenes* in the light of a cenſorious bugbear; of one who ſtrove to ſour the minds of mankind, and give them a prejudice againſt the reigning pleaſures of life. But will *Explore* give me leave to aſk, why we ſhould call any thing by the name of pleaſure, that will not admit of a pleaſing reflection an hour, or a thouſand

millions of ages after we are dead? Will he point out how the modern levities of the times make better parents, or more obedient children? Or can he aſſign any moral or phyſical reaſon, why luxury is the grand expedient to mend us, and our poſterity? Let hiſtory, both ſacred and prophane, anſwer theſe intereſting queries. Babylon, Perſia, Greece, and Rome, were firſt intoxicated by, and then buried in the rubbiſh of, their wanton vanities and luxurious entertainments: and what is true of mighty nations in general, may be as true of individuals in particular.

I ſhall conclude this ſubject with an extract from a late celebrated writer, whoſe acquaintance with a courtly life may, perhaps, give him ſome degree of credit.

'If the preſent canine appetite for pleaſure ſhould 'encreaſe, where is the bedlam that can receive a 'whole nation into proper methods of cure?

'The man of pleaſure (though, I fear, he never 'aſked himſelf the queſtion), of what nature, ſpecies, 'or rank, in the creation, conceives he himſelf to be? 'Does this yet unconſtrued, undecyphered creature, 'conſider himſelf as an immortal being, or only as a 'rational, or as a mere animal? If as an immortal, let 'him regard things eternal: if as a rational, let reaſon 'reign: if as a mere animal, let him indulge appetite, 'but not go beyond it; when appetite is ſatisfied, an 'animal's meal is over: if as a compoſition of all three, 'let it not be a confuſion of them; let it be a compoſi-'tion, and order alone can preſerve that name.'

THE

THE EVANGELIST.

On Isaiah, Ch. vi.

Ardor mentis ad gloriam. Liv.

ATTEND, ye few, ye righteous few, give ear,
With humble rev'rence, and a filial fear;
No guilty terrors need your ſouls affright,
For 'tis your GOD whoſe glory veil'd my ſight;
'Tis HE!—the great I AM!—th' Eternal ONE!
Whom I beheld exalted on his throne.
I ſaw—or elſe he touch'd my mortal eye,
Or ſkreen'd his ſplendor with earth's majeſty:
I ſaw—with lab'ring looks I view'd his ſtate,
Th' aſcending pomp, his train, his regal ſeat,
More than magnificence, 'twas above greatneſs great!
The waiting hierarchy in order ſtood,
And all heav'n's princes at his footſtool bow'd:
Burning with love, they watch'd for his command,
Or to protect, or daſh a guilty land;
The miniſterial embaſſy depart,
And thro' creation in a moment dart;
Six wings of lightning aid their inſtant flight
Thro' ſtars and worlds illumin'd with their light,
Another moment brings them back to gaze,
With rapt'rous awe, on LOVE's reſplendent face,
And heav'n is heighten'd with new ſongs of praiſe!

millions of ages after we are dead? Will he point out how the modern levities of the times make better parents, or more obedient children? Or can he aſſign any moral or phyſical reaſon, why luxury is the grand expedient to mend us, and our poſterity? Let hiſtory, both ſacred and prophane, anſwer theſe intereſting queries. Babylon, Perſia, Greece, and Rome, were firſt intoxicated by, and then buried in the rubbiſh of, their wanton vanities and luxurious entertainments: and what is true of mighty nations in general, may be as true of individuals in particular.

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THE

THE EVANGELIST.

On ISAIAH, Ch. vi.

Ardor mentis ad gloriam. LIV.

ATTEND, ye few, ye righteous few, give ear,
With humble rev'rence, and a filial fear;
No guilty terrors need your ſouls affright,
For 'tis your GOD whoſe glory veil'd my ſight;
'Tis HE!—the great I AM!—th' Eternal ONE!
Whom I beheld exalted on his throne.
I ſaw—or elſe he touch'd my mortal eye,
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More than magnificence, 'twas above greatneſs great!
The waiting hierarchy in order ſtood,
And all heav'n's princes at his footſtool bow'd:
Burning with love, they watch'd for his command,
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The miniſterial embaſſy depart,
And thro' creation in a moment dart;
Six wings of lightning aid their inſtant flight
Thro' ſtars and worlds illumin'd with their light,
Another moment brings them back to gaze,
With rapt'rous awe, on LOVE's reſplendent face,
And heav'n is heighten'd with new ſongs of praiſe!

Th' augmented pomp in due proceſſion came,
And fill'd the temple with their auguſt train;
Theſe hov'ring ſeraphs touch'd the trembling lyre,
To praiſe the great THREE-ONE amidſt the choir;
Reſponſive holies echo'd thrice around,
'The LORD of Hoſts!'—gave muſic to the ſound;
'The LORD of Hoſts!' the GOD of Armies! HE
To earth vouchſafes a glimpſe of majeſty.

The ſacred fane (too circumſcrib'd to hold
The heav'nly deluge which throughout it roll'd)
Gave inſtant tokens, and the hallow'd wood,
On which the maſſy doors for ages ſtood,
Mov'd at the voice:—then clouds of ſacred ſmoke
Roll'd thro' the dome as the great angel ſpoke.

My languid frame in keen ſenſations lay,
Unable to ſupport the glorious ray;
It darted to the centre of my ſoul,
And dreadful light ſhew'd all my being foul;
My inmoſt nature, my internal frame,
With all I ſpake, with all I have, or am,
Impregnated with ſin, invelop'd round,
No part exempted, no whole place was found.

Then I cry'd out, before the bolt was driv'n
From the incenſed hand of angry heav'n;
'Woe, woe to me! for I'm undone! undone!
'The language of uncleanneſs prompts my tongue,
'My lips polluted, and my heart unclean,
'Sends from its fount the pois'nous, baleful ſtrain;
'And thoſe around me, to augment my grief,
'Enhance my ſorrows, but deny relief;
'They likewiſe are unclean, polluted are,
'Their helliſh language wounds my weary'd ear!

'Theſe

'These painful truths, till now, I never knew,
'For heav'n's great RULER ſtands within my view;
'The LORD of Hoſts has thrown my veil aſide,
'And ſtain'd the grandeur of my fancy'd pride!'

Then, thus condemned, I waited to receive
My juſt demerits, lower than the grave:
But, e'er the thunder fell, behold! there came
(Quick as the lightnings glance their darting flame)
A winged herald, mild with heav'nly light,
Who ſtood benign before my raviſh'd ſight.

A glowing coal (emblem of heav'nly love,
Such as his kindred angels feel above)
He, inſtantaneous, from the altar brought;
A ſudden change transform'd my pauſing thought;
With it he touch'd my mouth—the ſacred flame
Stopp'd the pollution, and dried up its ſtream!

'Lo! this hath touch'd thy lips, thy conſcious ſin
'Is purg'd away, as tho' it had not been;
'All thy iniquities are now forgiv'n,
'Lift up thine eyes and graſp a preſent heav'n!'

Thus ſpake the winged hierarch.—His voice
Vibrated in my ears, 'Rejoice, rejoice!'
Superior to mortality I ſoar'd,
Up-borne on extacy, my ſoul ador'd;
View'd all the little majeſty of kings,
As gilded vanity and cobweb things;
Saw the world's trinity, and all its ſtore
Of riches, honours, pleaſures, meanly poor;
Saw nothing here was miſery—but ſin;
That genuine happineſs reſides within;
And ſaw myſelf, with humble thankfulneſs,
Redeemed from ſin, and juſtified by grace!

Then, thus th' ETERNAL — 'Who, of mortal
'race,
'Shall I ſend forth to publiſh goſpel grace?
'Who will go for US, to declare that all
'Are plung'd in ſin, by their anceſtor's fall;
'And yet that none need periſh, ſince my SON
'Their debt hath paid, the dreadful battle won?
'Who will promulge this evangelic ſound,
'And tell the world, the liſt'ning world around,
'He that believes with faith's ſtrong evidence
'Upon my SON, ſhall inſtantly commence
'An heir of glory, and, from thence, ſhall find
'A heav'n of love poſſeſs his raptur'd mind?'

That heav'n of love ſpontaneouſly conſtrain'd
My looſen'd tongue (no longer now reſtrain'd)
To burſt an anſwer—Here I am, ſend me,
My GOD! my LORD! upon that embaſſy;
The CHILD to mortals giv'n ſhall be my theme,
The GOD-with-us, IMMANUEL, I'll proclaim.

MISERY:

MISERY:

Or a Review of the natural and civil World.

Nihil est tam miserabile, quàm ex beato Miser.
Cic. Part. Orat.

RICHES and Fame, thoſe phantoms of the great,
With all the thin hypocriſy of ſtate;
And lulling pleaſures faſcinating pow'r,
The dull enjoyment of a guilty hour.
Theſe beaten paths, ſo popularly gay,
I'll ſeek to ſhun, for MISERY's gloomy way:
Let others ſing, and eager pant for theſe,
And ſtrive their patrons, and themſelves to pleaſe;
Theſe, the ſum-total * of ſublunar ſtriſe,
The longfought aggregate of human life.
This, the world's idol trinity, purſu'd
By num'rous candidates of high-born blood;
By various graduates of fops and knaves;
By rich, by poor, by libertines and ſlaves;

By

* Theſe three ſeem to be the extent of all human bliſs. To have riches, honour, (or fame) and pleaſure, take up the ſatisfaction of all who purſue happineſs independent of GOD. St. John, (1 Ep. ch. 2. v. 16.) in the uſual plenitude of Scripture eloquence, terms them, 'The luſt of the fleſh, and the luſt of the eyes, and the pride of life.' To ſhew the inſufficiency of theſe to an unbounded mind, and their danger to an immortal ſoul, is attempted in the following work, to line 1255.

By hoary ſycophants, or flimſy youth;
By all who barter honeſty and truth;
By all, who ſtrive in nonſenſe to excel,
So ſociably polite, to throng to hell!
So eaſy, kind, good-humour'd and ſerene,
As ſay, "Religion gives us too much pain:"
So very ſenſible, ſo ſhrewdly wiſe,
To think the toil too great to gain the prize:
As think the Chriſtian ſyſtem too auſtere,
Its rules too nice, its threat'nings too ſevere:
So very philoſophic as to ſcan
The innocence, and dignity of man:
So charitably bold, as to believe
That one man's ſin could no defilement give;
And hence aſſert, in fancy'd dignity,
'ANOTHER never cou'd atone for me.'
Nay, of ſuch lib'ral ſentiments indeed
As to compoſe a moſt compendious creed;
Who ſay, 'The Bible's but a pious fraud*,
'By which, the vulgar are but poorly aw'd,
'Its threat'nings, *in terrorem* but hung out,
'To bind a ſuperſtitious rabble rout!'
But yet, ſo very courteous, ſo refin'd,
As to acknowledge ONE eternal MIND:
Only, the FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST,
ONE coeternal THREE—the Chriſtian's boaſt:
'Gainſt

* The progreſs of Deiſm, often commences in an irreligious life. Hence, when a perſon tranſgreſſes the commands of the Bible, he may be brought to deny the validity of that ſacred book; and, by endeavouring to ſink the divine rules down to his ſtandard (which may be called partial Deiſm), he, poſſibly, at laſt falls out with the book of GOD, becauſe it falls out with him; and therefore, by a judicial infatuation may be given up to believe an untruth, and write learnedly in defence of it.—Reader, beware!

'Gainſt this the learn'd genius ſhews his pow'r,
Unlocks the Pagan and the Deiſt's ſtore;
With *Celſus* writes, his taunts like *Julian* ſhews,
And 'gainſt the filial GODHEAD darts his blows;
Or, from a *Tindal*, or a *Bollingbroke*,
Aſſaults the chriſtian faith, and chriſtian's book:
Demands, in all the pedantry of pride,
How GOD and man, cou'd in one form reſide?
What need for wiſdom, mercy, love and pow'r,
For thoſe not dead in ſin to life reſtore?
For thoſe not ſick, to heal; not loſt, purſue;
Or pay a debt, when no arrear was due?

Thus ſtands the learned phalanx to defeat,
What wiſdom plann'd, what mercy cou'd dictate;
In daring ſophiſtry, their fiat's nod,
Arraign the will, and be the Gods of GOD!
Tho' all the human faculties declare,
How much the fabric wants minute repair;
The underſtanding dark, the judgment wrong,
The will perverſe, the paſſions blindly ſtrong;
Ev'n filmy reaſon views a danger near,
And wiſhes for ſome kind deliverer!
With cares corroded, ſee the panting breaſt,
Demanding one ſhort interval of reſt:
A mind in tumult,—fever'd,—all on fire,
With ſtrong pulſations breathes a laſt deſire:
'Oh!——or for eaſe!——or ſome kind opiate giv'n,
'One moment's Eaſe, portrays a future Heav'n!'
Nay all the laps'd creation, groans and ſighs
With pregnant ſorrow for a SAVIOUR cries!

The SAVIOUR came!—by ancient ſeers foretold!
'Hear HIM, ye deaf; and all ye blind behold;' §
But tho' the blind beheld,——the deaf have heard,
The dead been rais'd,—and GOD on earth appear'd,

Yet

§ Mr. *Pope*.

Yet, ah! ſtill MISERY ſhrouds the letter'd mind,
For thoſe who hear, are deaf; who ſee, are blind;
Still ſtunn'd with ſounds; or, by the meteor's light,
The Infidel is dazzled into night!
Not all his ſyllogizing tropes can ſhew,
Himſelf the victim of eternal woe:
But all his pompous declamations prove
Himſelf the ideot of a mean ſelf-love:
Nor can the learn'd madman feel, or ſee
Himſelf the comment of his MISERY;
But pride and ignorance benumb his pain,
Nor let him know he muſt be born again;
He muſt,——or feel the ſad alternative,
To die for ever; yet, for ever live:
To be convinc'd, but then too late enquire,
If GOD will puniſh with eternal fire!

Under the ſame predicament, behold
Illit'rate millions in the liſt enroll'd:
Theſe, in more vulgar wickedneſs excel,
Say, they believe,——yet court the flames of Hell!
No nice diſputes about the TRINITY,
But ſwear with horror by th' Eternal THREE.
No learn'd ſinners, theſe,—to ſcience blind;
Yet fraud and cunning chequer all their mind:
And tho' no metaphyſic rules they ſcan,
Nor logically keen their foe trepan;
Yet lies, evaſions, ſhew the filthy ſource,
Which poiſons all their unrefin'd diſcourſe.
And, tho' the gen'rous cordial of the vine,
Ne'er turn'd theſe common ſinners into ſwine,
Yet cheaper fewel, fires their vulgar breaſt,
Till all the human brute appears confeſt,
And gives the ſtrongeſt evidence to ſee,
He wears the badge of groſſer MISERY.

But

But can't the rich, in all their ſtate, appear
Exempted from th' unhappy character?
Can't *Nabal*, 'midſt his ſhining heaps of ore,
Barter ten thouſands for one happy hour?
Can't he, with all his influence and wealth,
Procure the med'cine for long life and health?
Or, rather, do his riches and his cares
Encreaſe the MIS'RY of his fleeting years!
Behold him early from, and late at, reſt,
While ſtocks, exchange, and int'reſt, haunt his breaſt:
His ſleep departs—he liſtens, pants, and grieves,
And thinks the happier mouſe a band of thieves:
He riſes—then retreats—at length lies down,
Till ſleep at laſt his watchful ſenſes drown:
Not then at reſt—he dreams of cent per cent,
Of foreclоſed mortgages, and double rent;
Bonds, leaſes, guineas, imag'd, all ariſe,
Or waking, ſleeping, his perpetual prize.
Before ſhrill chanticleer proclaims the day,
He riſes to adore the ſhining clay;
Adds to the heap, creates his pond'rous god;
And cannot think he fabricates his rod.
As gold encreaſes, ſo his fears ariſe;
His god can't mitigate his MISERIES.

What wand'ring *Arab* that can freely range,
For all theſe dear-bought treaſures would exchange;
Or part his vagabond eſtate, to be
The man that drags ſuch golden MISERY?
Who at the oar that bears his dangling chain,
Would ſell his bondage for ſuch ſplendid pain?

In all the emphaſis of woe, ſee there
That aged widow, and her orphan care;
Depreſs'd by various caſualties and woes,
Their nightly cov'ring is their daily clothes:

No

No boon they aſk, except with ſilent tears:—
Nabal, unmov'd, beholds the wanderers!
Once, the dear ſounds of huſband, parent, friend,
Sooth'd brooding care, made ſtubborn ſorrow bend:—
Alas! theſe pleaſing names exiſt no more,
Their earthly All lay buried in his gore!
In foreign climes, to ſerve his country's cauſe,
He fought, bled, ſuffer'd, till the mortal pauſe;
Then, as the weapon cut his fleeting breath,
His eyes juſt ſwimming in the clouds of death,
He pants—'O gracious GOD! I feel thy love,
'And fly from pain below to joys above:
'Yet, O indulge me in my lateſt grief—
'My widow, orphans—grant them thy relief!'
This widow, and theſe orphans, *Nabal* ſees,
But no aſſiſtance for their MISERIES!
Reads their petition, hears their piteous moan,
His heart is petrified, nor feels their groan;
And, tho' the ſhiv'ring orphans plead with tears,
Nabal thruſts off the little ſufferers;
Bids them—'Begone, or he'll the ſervant call,
'To turn the naſty vagrants from the hall.'
Then hugs his frugal care, his happy lot—
'A penny ſav'd,' he ſays, 'a penny got!
'Did I aſſiſt each loiterer I ſee,
'Like him I'd beg in dirty poverty.'

Thus ſpake the golden brute—when pain began
To make him feel he was no more than man:
The fever with malignant fury burns,
His pulſe beat high, ſink low, by various turns.
The healing ſons of art, with baffl'd ſkill,
Tell him, it's time, full time to make his will.
He is alarm'd!—aſks, can they do no more?
Is there no healing drug they can explore?

At laſt, the ſacred man in black begins
To ſpeak of death, eternity, and ſins;
Nabal the awful ſounds with terror hears,
But grows delirious as he more deſpairs.
Lo! death attends in all his griſly ſtate,
Nor can his riches bribe the hand of fate:
Juſt as the relic in the ſocket lies,
Expiring, ſtinks the uſeleſs heap, and dies.

Next, from the goal, Fame ſtarts with rapid wing,
A glitt'ring, gaudy, tinſel'd, clam'rous thing;
Applauſe and victory lead on the van,
And clarions ſound the conq'ring, warlike man:
Triumphal arches raiſe their concave brows,
Too low for *Cæſars*, or for *Marlboroughs*:
Conqueſt, in plumes, nods o'er his hoſtile face,
And fetter'd monarchs the proceſſion grace;
And captive nations throng the duſty rere,
With clanging chains, and looks appall'd by fear.
The hero, o'er the congregated throng,
Looks round, elated, as he's drawn along.
Trophies of various, curious kinds, extend
In length'ning rows, almoſt without an end;
While ſofter muſic floats in warbling lays,
And ſhriller trumpets grateful contraſts raiſe.
Upborne in air, ſee, hov'ring fame portrays
In ſtory'd braſs, the memorable days,
When blood and carnage ſpread the ample field,
And adverſe kingdoms begg'd to bow and yield.
The croud, multitudinous, behold and hear,
While loud huzzas tranſpierce the pregnant air;
And ev'n the hallow'd fanes Te DEUMS raiſe,
For ſlaughter'd hoſts, and cities in a blaze!

BEING of beings, merciful and good!
And can humanity delight in blood!
Is all this pompous eclat to declare,
That cruel murders ſtain th' imperial car?
Is man to man more fell than tygers found,
Expert in ruin, ſtudious where to wound?
Why doth the JUDGE of all the earth allow
Men againſt men to deal the deadly blow?—
But I retract the eager why, and ſee
Sin is the cauſe of all this MISERY!
And, as I look o'er ſeas and earth, ſhall find,
Man is the fierce aſſaſſin of mankind.

View yonder ſquadrons on the briny deep,
Whoſe wooden walls ten thouſand thunders keep;
The fire commences! ſmoke inſhrouds the ſcene!
Navies and men deſcend into the main!
The frighten'd monſters meet their ſudden prey,
And gorge their appetites with human clay.
But ſtill, as melancholy I behold
Whole ſhips and rigging in the flames enroll'd;
At length the powder magazine's on fire,
And men and captains in the clouds expire!
Shouts, cries, and curſes, pray'rs, and cannon, tear
The fluid common, and the duſky air;
All's in a ferment, as tho' nature ſaw
Herſelf departing from her priſtine law.

Next, on the land we take our deſtin'd tour—
See! marſhall'd legions near their dying hour;
Nor can a *Hannibal* or *Scipio* ſay,
Which hoſt ſhall wanton moſt in blood this day.
Nor planning *Luxembourg*, nor *Naſſau* great,
As yet have read the kalendar of fate:
Neither as yet, nor mortal, can declare
Where victʼry leans, or which ſhall loſe the war.

At

At length defiance lours the ſignal ſound,
And diff'rent nations deal the painful wound;
The volly'd cannon daſh whole ranks away,
Whole ranks again fill up the firm array;
Still chaſms are made, and ſtill freſh troops appear,
To wedge the van, and fill the empty'd rere.
Almoſt in vain—the brazen fire diſplays
Men daſh'd to atoms, gen'rals in amaze.
Cloſer, and cloſer ſtill, the troops advance,
Ruin pervades, and death looks on aſkance.
The ſmaller tubes project the ſorer wound,
And carnage throngs with heaps the bloody ground.
Squadrons with ſpeed on firm battalions fly,
And firm battalions fire, drop down, and die;
Theſe ſkill'd in bay'nets, thoſe the ſword can wield,
Both act their parts to fill the ſanguine field;
Squadrons in turn ſtage on the groaning throng,
And wounded horſes drag their dead along.
At length deſtruction, weary of its prey,
Pants for a reſpite at the cloſe of day.
But, oh! what ſights, what ſcenes of MISERY,
Preſent themſelves before my tearful eye!
Heads, arms, and legs, and trunks, and ſcars, preſent,
Without a limner, death's pale monument;
Camps, carriages, and ſtores, promiſcuous ſpread,
In ſcatter'd heaps, upon the mangl'd dead!

Fame ſounds the facts of theſe eventful days,
The news extends o'er continents and ſeas,
And echoing gazettes tell the thouſands ſlain,
The wounded, pris'ners, on the field and main:
Some praiſe the gen'ral; ſome aſſert, he might
Add greater luſtre to the conq'ring fight:

This thinks the camp ill plann'd; and that contends,
We bought the field too dear, to loſe our friends:
One more quite neutral, undeciſive found,
Or ſmiles, or yawns, as cenſure takes its round.

But, oh! great ARBITER of all affairs!
Who hears thy rod with penitential tears?
Rather, how unaffected, tho' they ſee
The bloody flag of human MISERY?
How unconcern'd, altho' they really know
Myriads have felt the laſt deciſive blow!
And ev'n how trivial the narration ſeems,
Like children's ſtories, or as madmen's dreams!—
Becauſe far off they hear the ruin made,
And, dos'd in indolence, are not afraid:—
Tho' diſobedience here, as there may feel
A vengeful GOD, and war's enſanguin'd ſteel.

But, awful thought!—thoſe very men, who late
Liv'd, laugh'd, and fought, have felt the hand of fate;
Are now within th' irrevocable ſcene,
And know what death, and heav'n, and hell, can mean;
Feel without doubt, without deception know,
Eternal joys, or everlaſting woe!
Add to all this what fancy can require,
With *Raphael*'s pencil, or great *Homer*'s fire—
All ineffectual to deſcribe, or paint,
The pangs of conſcience, and the deep complaint,
Of vet'ran warriors, and unwary youth,
Unfit to ſtand the tribunal of TRUTH.
Theſe, while on earth, abus'd the mighty NAME,
Dar'd Heav'n by oaths, and thunder'd out their ſhame;

Took

Took their degrees in rampant wickedneſs,
And wore new curſes as they wore new dreſs;
Or elſe, inflam'd with drunken tinder, lay
In wanton impudence, to ſeize their prey;
Rather by ſome lewd *Meſſalina* lur'd,
Some varniſh'd harlot, to her trade inur'd,
Who paſs'd thro' each gradation of exceſs,
From venal guilt, to choſen helliſhneſs:
Or groſſer ſtill, if groſſer can be found,
In tatter'd hovel, or in cellar ground.
Thus, thro' each ſeries of exceſſive guilt,
The ſoldier * rang'd—his ſandy *Babel* built;
Till war and death diſlodg'd the lep'rous ſoul,
Now chain'd by Juſtice to the burning pool;
Who ev'n into eternity has brought
Each vicious paſſion, the unchaſteſt thought—
Deſiring ſtill—ſtill diſappointments find—
As conſcience gnaws, or hell inflames the mind;
While, all awake, reflection ſcans the paſt,
And GOD declares HE ſhall be heard at laſt:
Be ever heard, tho' ever hated be—
And on the ſinner ſtamps ETERNITY!

From theſe infernal regions let us flee—
Hear other plaints of moving MISERY:

* Many of the military are of an eminently different character:—they fear GOD, while they honour their ſovereign; are temperate, chaſte, love truth, dread an oath, and ſhew the workings of humanity and benevolence in a moſt amiable manner; though ſtyled men of war, would not delight to be men of blood. Yet, as they are more immediately called upon to hazard eaſe, health, and life, how much to be lamented is it, that too, too many guardians of our rights (perhaps from the nature of their profeſſion), ſhould be ſuch as the above verſes deſcribe.

The battle ended, but the moan not o'er,
For friends and children to be ſeen no more;
No more on earth—each ſocial tie is broke,
That widow muſt not give a parting look;
That parent can't indulge the pleaſing pains,
To groan his ſorrow on his ſon's remains—
'My child, my child!' exclaims the weeping ſire—
'O, for my darling might I now expire!
'Would Heav'n allow the ſtrange exchange, I would,
'To give thee life, pour out my creeping blood—
'But, O! the boon too great for me to ſhare,
'Rejects, as impious, the too ſelfiſh pray'r:
'Yea, could I even kiſs thy corſe in gore,
'Review thy limbs, and trace thy features o'er,
'This partial kindneſs muſt protract my breath,
'And be ſome recompenſe for haſty death.—
'Ev'n this requeſt I cannot, muſt not have,
'Not ev'n to ſtand one moment on thy grave!
'Therefore my bending knees, and hoary hairs,
'Muſt ſink to death, beneath a weight of cares,
'Without my duteous, only child, to hear
'The laſt, beſt accents, of a father's pray'r;
'Without his filial love, to bend and ſigh,
'To kiſs my cares, and watch my cloſing eye;
'To trace the laſt ſlow motion of my heart,
'When nature ſtoops, and death commands DE-
'PART!
'All theſe dear, ſacred rights, I now reſign:—
'O GOD, I bow—and may thy will be mine!'

The mother next, with ſobs, and tears, and cries,
Again in travail, by her agonies,
Hears no remonſtrance, hugs her mighty grief,
Diſdains aſſiſtance, ſcorns the leaſt relief;

Reviews each incident of his paſt days,
And his lov'd image in her mind portrays.
Then all the mother in her voice appears—
'Where, where's the child of my declining years?
'Sure, if alive, he'd hear a parent's cry,
'Would catch my voice, and know my meaning eye—
'But duſt and blood his tranſient form inſhrine,
'That idol-form I once eſteem'd as mine!
'O! would ſome kind companion of his life,
'Who ſaw him fall amid' the ſtubborn ſtrife,
'Acquaint a mother with his pangs and ſighs,
'When death and darkneſs cloſ'd his twinkling eyes;
'Nor the minuteſt circumſtance conceal,
'And all his geſtures, all his wounds reveal!
'But, gone for ever!—gone!—my earthly hope!
'I cannot give his dear remembrance up.
'O! had his birth and burial day been one,
'I had not loſt, mature, my only ſon:
'I'll go to him; but he ſhall ne'er return,
'To glow with duty, or in zeal to burn.
'SAVIOUR! till then let faith and patience know,
'That hand can bleſs, which did permit the blow.'

There droops the ſtrict original of grief,
Tore from her partner, comfort, friend, relief;
Immers'd in tears, convuls'd with heaving ſighs,
Her voice quite broken by repeated cries;
Redundant ſorrow hovers o'er her frame,
And, 'miſerable widow,' is her name.
Her charge, her deſolated charge ſtand by,
Augment her preſſures by their piercing cry.—
'O, my one darling, under Heav'n!'—ſhe ſays—
'Intomb'd in blood, amid' his early days!
'When war's portentous ſignal called him forth,
'I then diſcover'd his true ſterling worth;

My

'My tears, myſelf, my children, urg'd our pain,
'Nay, his own feelings ſaid—I will remain!—
'Yet duty call'd, and ſome fond hope reply'd,
'He ſhould return with conqueſt at his ſide.
'By ſome fatality led on, he went,
'Againſt my tears, againſt his own conſent:
'He went—but never to return, nor ſee
'His country, friends, his children dear, or me!
'He fell in wounds, and, with a fault'ring tongue,
'Myſelf, my children, on his accents hung.
'O! were I there, to catch his lateſt breath,
'To ſoothe his pangs amid' the rage of death:—
'But ev'n that dreadful meeting might detain
'His ſoul one ling'ring moment in its pain.
'O! ye dear tokens of your ſlaughter'd ſire,
'When ye appear I ſee my love expire!
'His juſt reſemblance in your forms I view,
'Trace all his geſtures, when I look on you:—
'But, ev'n theſe dear, dear ſubſtitutes, ſhall raiſe
'More pleaſing ſorrow in my thoughtful gaze!
'They all expos'd, I all forlorn, ſhall know,
'That ſtroke ſtruck us which laid our guardian low.
'O, heav'nly KING! let me, my children, gain
'A reſignation equal to our pain;
'Be All to us our wants may now require—
'The widow's HUSBAND, and my children's SIRE!'

Thus ſpreads the mortal, melancholy plaint,
Which verſe can't murmur, rhetoric can't paint:
Thus armies ſlaughter'd, towns in aſhes laid,
And childleſs parents, widows, orphans, made:
All *Europe* mov'd to learn the cruel ſkill,
The moſt compendious method how to kill;

With

With mathematical contrivance, ſhew
To flame whole cities, and lay kingdoms low!

In the late century, hear *Lewis* teach
The king's laſt logic, ‡ in a martial ſpeech;
With ſyllogiſtic metal prov'd his ſkill,
Storm'd towns by *ergos*, and his ſov'reign will:
So great compaſſion rul'd that Grand Monarque,
To raiſe a flame from ev'ry dying ſpark!
So very pious that Moſt Chriſtian King,
For ſlaughter'd myriads could *Te Deums* ſing!
Let *Senef*, § and its bloody day, declare
How death was gorg'd, and rode triumphant there:
Let hot *Conde*, and ſage *Turenne*, atteſt,
That *Europe*'s groans compos'd their king to reſt!
That if Moſt Blood 'Moſt Chriſtian' ought to give,
Their maſter's title was ſuperlative!

And why?—why all this ferment, death, and pain,
For this?—the loſs by much exceeds the gain!
For honour this?—but angels call it pride,
To ſnatch an atom, and the ſpoil divide!
Glorious ambition this, to butcher men,
And when exhauſted, to begin again!
Throw death whole morſels of the human race,
And of vaſt nations make a deſert place!

If riches can't, nor fame and riches join'd,
Prevent or cure the MIS'RIES of the mind,

‡ *Ratio ultima regum*: i. e. The final reaſon of kings; or the royal manner of reaſoning: marked on the cannon of *Lewis XIV.* when he attempted to enſlave all *Europe*.

§ *Senef*, a village in *Brabant*; where the confederate army, of ſixty thouſand men, were attacked and defeated with great ſlaughter, by the prince of *Conde*, in the year 1674.

Is there no ſov'reign panacea found
To calm the ſoul, or heal the deadly wound?
To mock, or ſoothe humanity's complaint,
To ſave the falling, or revive the faint,
To ſpread the placid, laſting happineſs,
In the dark moment of ſupreme diſtreſs?

At length, one candidate appears confeſt
In all the ſoft luxuriance of the Eaſt;
Pleaſure her name,——begot in ſilken eaſe,
Nurs'd by indulgence and delicious days;
Matur'd by indolent romantic ſcenes,
Gay, gilded views, and equipage in trains.

Pleaſure! extenſive feeling! unconfin'd,
Commands each paſſion of the human mind!
Or Fame, or Riches, Hope, or Gain, or Joy,
Are diff'rent names for this romantic toy.
But,—mortifying thought! the jaundic'd ſoul,
Thro' one bad medium quite miſtakes the whole;
Or elſe, the object, with the manner prove
A vile idolatry, or ſelfiſh love:
While latent dangers, ſhrouded diſappear,
'Till, quite too late, we find the ruin near.
Thus the deluded child, perceives the ſnake,
In beauteous ſpots, the creeping movements take,
The dazzling curls impatiently beholds,
Till he embraces all the poiſ'nous folds,
Then,——by the ſhining impoſition ſtung,
Dying, admires, while venom ſwells his tongue!

Each pore for pleaſure, merriment or glee,
May be the avenue to MISERY:
But what a ſoleciſm in mortal ſtyle,
To call that pleaſure which can ſo beguile?
To call that pleaſure, which in pain and death,
Wou'd make us wiſh we never drew our breath?

To

To call that pleaſure which the JUDGE of All
Doth reprobate as highly criminal?
And which, when thouſand thouſand ages roll,
Heaps ſtronger MIS'RY on the hopeleſs ſoul?

There ſtands the pageant with her gilded pill,
'The ſovereign cure' (ſhe ſays) 'of ev'ry ill;
'Corroding care ne'er touch'd my ſmiling face,
'And ev'ry comfort blooms in my embrace;
'No painful thoughts, or keen ſenſations find
'One moment's refuge in my vary'd mind———'
Her flippant tongue wou'd ſtill proceed to ſhow'r
Delicious poiſon, in a dang'rous hour;
Had not calm truth, and dread experience ſhew'd
Her ruin'd vot'ries, and their loſt abode:
Theſe mark'd the peſtilential ſtrides ſhe took,
Deſpis'd by man, by GOD and man forſook.

Let us juſt trace their miſerable toils,
See reaſon chain'd, and manhood drag'd in ſpoils;
Examine, ſhou'd we call that happy, here,
Which gnaws the breaſt, and pours the hopeleſs tear;
Which buys a goal, and pawns th' immortal part,
Secures GOD's vengeance, and a tainted heart.

The STAGE appears! Great idol of applauſe,
Whoſe magic magnet, both enchants and draws:
Mimics, buffoons, and ſoft Italians teach
Debauch and murder, in deluſive ſpeech:
Here Heathen deities, and Heathen crimes,
Are patroniz'd, in theſe moſt Chriſtian times!
Rage, cruelty, and wrath in *Mars* approv'd,
And beſtial luſt in fowl *Silenus* lov'd;
With drunken revels, and indecent views,
Bacchus and *Venus*, emulate the ſtews:
Thus, a retreat, to paganiſm's made,
And playing prieſts are countenanc'd and paid:

Paid more exactly, than the merchant's bill
(Tho' trade may credit, pleaſure ſcarcely will.)

Mark, how the Mimos * of a guilty age,
Attempts to mend religion, on the ſtage!
And, leſt morality, was our dread bane,
'Dares on the Chriſtian Syſtem be prophane;'
In fuſtian wit, burleſqu'd that gracious plan,
Which GOD projected, for his creature, man;
Preſum'd, REGENERATION to declare
A ſneering topic, for the ſcorner's chair:
REGENERATION! Heav'n's amazing ſcheme,
Which moulds vile ſinners to an angel's frame.
This ſacred doctrine full of awe and grace
Was ridicul'd, with impudent grimace;
And, to condemn it to eternal ſhame,
He made it ſuit a bawd's cajoling theme.

Ceaſe, bant'rer ceaſe, no more thy GOD provoke,
HIS vengeance rous'd, may ſtrike the fatal ſtroke!
There's ONE behind the ſcenes, who will appear,
To vindicate his injur'd character.
Rather, in time, let men and angels ſee
You dare retract the witty blaſphemy;
And, as in *Italy*, let *England* find
One more *Ardalio* † to inſtruct mankind.

O! that great *Shakeſpeare*, Nature's eldeſt child,
Or, poliſh'd *Addiſon*, humane and mild,
Shou'd proſtitute their talents for the ſtage,
Where virtue pines, and vice is taught to rage:
But ev'n theſe mighty geniuſes appear'd,
When tragic ſcenes their mourning muſe endur'd,

To

* In the *Minor*.

† An *Italian* comedian, who from blaſpheming our LORD on the ſtage, became a convert to Chriſtianity, and died a Martyr.

To pen ſome ſentiments, as well might be.
The humble ſervants of divinity:
But, O with judgment ſcan, with caution read,
For life and death are very near indeed!

Hail, hail, right honourable *Addiſon*,
Your end was better, than when you begun:
No more the theatre engroſs'd your thought,
Far nobler ſcenes the happy writer caught:
His pen and heart, united to declare,
The Chriſtian's cauſe, and Chriſtian character;
And ev'n in death, cou'd make this calm reply,
'Stand there, a while, and ſee a Chriſtian die.'
Dread theatre! when all of human kind,
In thy wide area, ſhall admittance find;
The curtain drawn, the JUDGE enthron'd on high;
Angels and dæmons thicken half the ſky!
When, lo! the drama of ſix thouſand years,
Is now ſumm'd up, in two ſtrong characters:
There ſtand the righteous, with a brow ſerene,
And there, the wicked, drag, the penal chain.
Both wait the ſentence:——Fate enſtamps the ſeal,
And Heav'n, and Hell, the various views unveil.
Tell me *Theatricus*, ſhalt thou ſtand by,
And meet the lightnings of th' omniſcient EYE!
When hours, and nights, and ſeaſons, ſhall appear,
With ſtriking types, in time's full kalendar:
Thoſe ſeaſons, nights, and hours, the ſtage employ'd,
To murder time and ſteal thy heart from GOD:
When that was ſpent, which robb'd the trembling poor,
Call back thoſe moments—Or that alms reſtore.
Now thank your GOD, HE gave you time to ſee,
A merry farce or witty comedy;
Now praiſe his name, for ev'ry ſhilling ſpent
In midnight views of comic merriment;
Adore his bounty, which gave health and eaſe,
Long ſince the ſacrifice of farce and plays.

'Ah no!' you ſay, 'twas ſplendid MISERY,
'Now realiz'd in endleſs tragedy;
'My die is caſt; — my eager race is run;
'The curtain falls, and I'm undone, undone!
See! gay *Corinna* in yon mirror ſcan
Her idol-ſelf, for that vain creature, man:
In ev'ry borrow'd lock, adjuſts a hair,
Reforms dull Nature, with uncommon care;
Strains ev'ry high-wrought feature to expreſs,
By ſmiles, or frowns, a graceful emptineſs;
In genuine pantomime, the bubble ſhines,
Apes vary'd attitudes,——disjoins—combines.
With brain-ſick ſcents, and foreign odours fraught,
The mummy ſails,——in littleneſs of thought:
In eager inſignificance, ſhe flies
To midnight dances, routes, and comedies.
The dazzling meteor feels new pleaſure ſpring,
To find herſelf an envy'd, prattling thing:
A true romance, of capital intrigue,
Can ſmile, frown, nod,——without the leaſt fatigue;
Yet, what is more, can nod without a cauſe,
Frown without meaning, ſmile without applauſe!
Or laugh, or weep, look ſorrowful or gay,
The real model of an *April* day.
Each lure expoſes, all manœuvres tries
To catch the heart, throughout the roving eyes;
So dangerouſly honeſt, and ſincere,
As not conceal, what modeſty ſhou'd ſpare;
And ſo companionably unreſerv'd
To ſpout *Entendres*,——but, ſhe'll not bl—kg—rd.
At length ſhe gains the goal——Sir *Balbus* ſpies
Corinna's meaning, in her gallantries:
Balbus! that wriggling puppet of the ring,
Can rake, ſwear, hop, kill, hunt, card, dice, and ſing:
The pretty ideot, makes her conqueſt ſure,
She, all his idol; he, her paramour:

The

The ſupple ſpaniel raves ideal joy,
To lift the glove of his mercurial toy.
The Gordian knot, in three days time is ty'd,
'For worſe, for better',—— or they're both bely'd.
Villa, and city houſe, and coach, and chaiſe,
And livery'd mutes, and operas, and plays,
And hounds, and drums, and gambling hundreds ſhew
(With more *et cætras* and *et cæteras* too),
How their whole time, attention, and eſtate,
Are quite abſorb'd, till ſorrow comes too late.

Almoſt ſix months the drudges have held out
In all the madneſs of a bedlam route;
She, fill'd with vapours;——all his income gone,
Corinna dies,——and *Balbus* is undone:
Sheriff, and writs, and executions leave
Him ſtript of all,——much poorer than a ſlave:
Bury'd in gaol, he mourns,——alas! too late,
When reaſon, dare at laſt to operate;
But now, too keen;—weary'd with thought and life;
His laſt appeal, is to the murd'ring knife;
Let's out his ſoul, in abſolute deſpair:
Here ends his MISERY——to begin elſewhere!

MIS'RY! how comprehenſive thy domain?
Monarchs themſelves have dragg'd thy galling chain:
Not all the *Perſian* opulence and ſtate,
Cou'd keep *Darius* from the ſtroke of fate;
The royal fugitive purſues his death,
And by a traitor's wounds,—reſigns his breath;
There pants the Eaſtern monarch in his gore,
Greatly diſtreſs'd——majeſtically poor!
Too late the world's great conqu'ror flew to ſee
His mighty rival live in MISERY:
Alive, can't ſeize him:——Death flew faſter far
Than *Alexander*, in his rapid car!

He clokes *Darius*;———can't but weep to find
His murder'd majeſty, in blood inſhrin'd;
And let's reflexion tell him, at one view,
An *Alexander* may be conquer'd too.

Be conquer'd?—who ſhall dare the deed preſume?
Shall *Ammon*'s ſon, e'er drop into the tomb?
Dare death attempt to cloſe his martial eye?
Or ſeal thoſe lips which bade whole nations die?
'Tis done!—the world's great murd'rer dies away,
The *Macedonian* chief muſt yield his prey:
A pois'nous doſe, or pois'nous drunkenneſs,
Declar'd him but a man,—— or ſomething leſs.
Perhaps, now finds, *Calliſthenes* was right,
Who dar'd not deify a mad finite:
Therefore *Calliſthenes* a martyr dy'd,
Becauſe he'd not adore Revenge and Pride!
Thus dy'd the Chriſtian Heathen,——thus he ſhew'd
The Heathen Chriſtians how to ſerve their GOD!

See haughty *Cæſar*, ſtride to pow'r and ſtate,
And dare with *Rome* herſelf expoſtulate:
Brings *Spain*, *Gaul*, *Britain*, *Afric* and the *Eaſt*
In chains, to feather his imperial neſt:
Yet all,——nor '*Et tu Brute*,' can't delay
A meditated blow;—his mortal day:
The patriot ruffians dagger forth his breath;
Thro' three and twenty wounds they let in death.
There *Cæſar* lies,———the mighty he who late
Cou'd wield the thunder of the *Roman* ſtate!
Much lower than his ſlave, there *Julius* lies,
'Midſt mobs and duſt a trailing ſacrifice!
Daſh'd from the pinnacle of pomp and pow'r,
His pride and legions can't their Lord reſtore.
Rome's, and the world's dictator ſhines this day
In his meridian of imperial ſway;

Before the next —— before that ſetting ſun,
His nodding mandates ceaſe,——his glaſs is run!
And left this leſſon to the proud and great,
That MISERY lurks beneath the robes of ſtate.

With toils and victʼries fraught, we may ſuppoſe
An aged genʼral ſhouʼd have ſome repoſe;
One, who his countryʼs cauſe ſo well maintainʼd,
As honour, triumphs, ſafety, for her gainʼd:
Did ſuch an one receive the laurellʼd meed?
Or,——did old *Beliſarius* beg indeed!
Was barbʼrous Cruelty inflicted too?
And, all creation blankʼd before his view?
His eyes borʼd out, whoſe ample looks couʼd ſway
Diſorderʼd legions into firm array?
Thoſe eyeleſs ſockets wrinklʼd oʼer with care,
Extort a boon, with melancholy prayʼr.

† ʻ An alms to wretched *Beliſarius* give,
ʻ Aſſiſt the ſuffʼrer,——ſuffer'd yet to live:
ʻ I once commanded,—but I now entreat,
ʻ Pity, O pity the unfortunate!
ʻ And, let a vetʼran, begging genʼral find
ʻ A rag to cover, and a hand that's kind:
ʻ Thus whilſt they grant let evʼry giver know
ʻ The mutability of all below!
ʻ And as their friendſhip is beſtowʼd on me,
ʻ Remember man is born to MISERY!ʼ

ʻ Give us a king,ʼ—was *Iſrael*'s ardent prayʼr;
Heavʼn grants the wiſh—reluctantly ſevere:
Lo! *Saul* appears, by ſtrange meanders brought
To fill a throne his wiſhes had not ſought;
And might have fillʼd with honourable eaſe,
'Midſt conquerʼd nations, and domeſtic peace;

† Date obolum Beliſario.

Till (much more merciful than GOD would be,
Or ſway'd by covetous idolatry)
He ſpar'd a royal *Agag* from the ſword,
Who, by Heav'n's juſt, irrevocable word,
Was to be ſlain, and all his flocks likewiſe—
The king, the people, beaſts—one ſacrifice!
But, to compound for diſobedience, ſhew'd
He had more pity than a gracious GOD!
A gracious GOD, who ſtrikes but when he can
No more indulge his perverſe creature—man;
Cannot his truth one moment violate,
Nor force his mercy, when that mercy's late.

Unhappy *Saul!* the eye divine could ſee
Thy crime as witchcraft and idolatry:
Nor could a praying *Samuel* prevail,
To turn the full, preponderating ſcale:
As *Iſrael*'s king dare *Iſrael*'s GOD neglect,
So *Iſrael*'s GOD will *Iſrael*'s king reject.
The ſacred SPIRIT now inſulted flies,
And *Saul*'s abandon'd to his MISERIES!
With melancholy thoughts, and envious ſtrife,
An evil ſpirit haunts and ſours his life;
Nor could the harp with all its thrilling ſounds,
Nor muſic's charms, heal his malignant wounds:

At length on Heav'n's anointed one he flies,
To make the king elect a ſacrifice;
At *David*'s life the pointed javelin flings—
David, whoſe muſic taught the trembling ſtrings
To ſoothe the royal pain of mind away—
But all in vain, revenge cannot delay:
Saul, with an envious emulation, haſtes
O'er mountains, vales, thro' cities, towns, and waſtes,
To hunt that life whoſe only fault was known,
Greatly to merit, yet to fly, a throne:

But Heav'n's broad eye, with its parental care,
Inſur'd that hunted life thro' toils and war.

Now other cares the royal tyger knows;
Iſrael, and he, are charg'd by heathen foes:—
What can he do?—the gath'ring tempeſt lours;
While conſcious guilt his painful mind o'erpow'rs.
Samuel is dead; no awful dream divines;
No viſion ſhews; no ſacred urim ſhines;
No ſeer foretells what the event may be;
And worſe, much worſe, GOD is his enemy!—
Where ſhall he turn, by various terrors driv'n,
What hope on earth, when not one hope from Heav'n!

But yet, doth *Saul* with ſacred pray'r intreat
A GOD whoſe mercy as his pow'r is great?
Doth he with pious vehemence implore
The mighty bleſſing—to rebel no more?
Doth he?—ah, no!—inſtead of this, applies
To magic ſpells, and helliſh remedies;
With deſperate infatuation, aſks
A witch to practiſe her infernal taſks—
'Raiſe *Samuel* up:'—the apparition ſtalks!
In rev'rend awe, and hoary ſtate it walks;
Declares, that *Saul*, his ſons, and *Iſrael*, ſhall
To-morrow in one bloody carnage fall!
O dread intelligence!—the monarch lies
On the cold earth, in proſtrate agonies.
To-morrow comes, and both the hoſts engage—
Iſrael's ſubdu'd by *Philiſtinian* rage;
They fall in troops; but chiefly *Saul* appears
The royal mark for arrows, ſwords, and ſpears;
Whole bands of archers aim the mortal wound;
He falls!—he riſes from the reeking ground!—
At laſt implores his armour-bearer's aid,
To ſtrike the deadly blow ſo long delay'd:

Ev'n

Ev'n this ſad laſt deſire refus'd—he cries
To death for refuge from his MISERIES!
But death won't hear.—He draws the pointed ſteel,
And to himſelf is all implacable!
At his own life the deſp'rate ſtab projects,
Embraces pain, and ev'ry friend ſuſpects.
Thus his own murder fill'd the meaſure up,
And left the ſuicide without a hope!

In all the vary'd ſeries of affairs,
'Midſt life's tumultuous din of hopes and fears,
David ſtands forth, in complicated view,
A ſhepherd, poet, courtier, monarch too;
And when a monarch, how ſucceſſive woes,
From his own ſubjects, from his ſons aroſe:
But firſt himſelf his own great foe appears—
Muſt I repeat it?—daſh it out my tears!
But, O tranſcendent mercy!—'twas forgiv'n;
The royal penitent is now in Heav'n.
The crime, preſerv'd in ſacred records, tells,
The greateſt ſaint muſt watch, or he rebels;
Muſt watch and pray, or he ſhall ſurely fall
In ſin and guilt, a helpleſs criminal.
On ſuch unpromis'd mercy may not wait,
And, but to venture, may be deſperate.
Yet, O redundant grace! one trophy ſee,
Snatch'd from the jaws of helliſh MISERY!
Adult'ry, murder, drunkenneſs, are here,
Inflam'd by ev'ry circumſtance appear:
A great example!—acceſſaries too
Combine to blacken the uneaſy view.
Doth Heav'n's great SOV'REIGN, cloth'd in vengeance, ſhew
He means to deal the laſt deciſive blow?—

Inſtead

Inſtead of this, looks with propitious eyes,
On HIS dear SON'S atoning agonies;
Sends his prophetic meſſenger to tell
How great the crime, in ſacred parable:
Urg'd by a juſt compariſon, the king
Is all on fire at this deſpotic thing:
'But one ewe lamb—and it a poor man's All,
'Seiz'd by a rich, luxurious criminal!
'Who did the deed,' (the royal judge cries out)
'Shall pay fourfold, and die without a doubt.'
'Thou art the man,' (retorts the faithful ſeer)
'A mighty robber and adulterer!
'In murder plung'd, and dy'd with blood, prepare
'For all the horrors of domeſtic war.
'And tho' in ſecret, and with cautious eye,
'Thou didſt enjoy the rank adultery,
'Yet *Iſrael*, and the ſun, ſhall ſee thy name
'Involv'd in ev'ry circumſtance of ſhame; —
'Yea, ev'n thy marriage-bed ſhall be prophan'd,
'Thyſelf deſpis'd, thy princely honour ſtain'd:
'Thy private crime hath caus'd this puniſhment;
'The LORD hath ſaid it, and will not repent.'

David, arraign'd, pleads guilty at the bar,
Attends his ſentence with ſubmiſſive care;
Declares his guilt—'Yes, I have ſinn'd!'—when, lo!
Mercy gave ear, and turn'd the falling blow:
'Thou ſhalt not die;' (the heav'nly accents ſaid)
'The LORD forgives thy ſin, thy debt is paid.'
The mortal penalty remitted ſtood,
Charg'd to his SAVIOUR, and his SAVIOUR's blood:
But yet, ſome temporal calamities
His GOD permits the penitent to ſeize;

And,

And, tho' caſt down, yet undeſtroy'd he ſtands,
Preſerv'd from danger, and from dang'rous bands.

Now 'midſt his children ſee the rage begin!
Inceſtuous luſt, that wide-deſtroying ſin!
In rampant madneſs ſeizes *Amnon*'s breaſt,
Becauſe of *Tamar* not as yet poſſeſs'd:
Tamar his ſiſter, *David* is their ſire,
Yet *Amnon* pines for her he can't require;
Is daily ſick, yet none can tell the cauſe,
Till ſubtil *Jonadab* the ſecret draws;
Who lays the ſcheme, the dev'liſh plan projects,
While *Tamar*'s innocence not once ſuſpects;
Till luſt and artifice combin'd betray
Her virgin honour, as a beſtial prey.
Then ſurfeited and pall'd with luſcious ſweets,
No more the dang'rous joy his paſſion meets;
Tho' much he lov'd, now more he hates, that face,
And loathes and nauſeates all his paſt embrace.

David is told of this obſcenity,
Is fill'd with wrath, and groans his MISERY!
Then pierc'd with pangs to find his ſon ſhould dare
Tranſgreſs thoſe bounds, when nature ſaid, 'beware:'
Perhaps look'd backward with a tearful face,
When luſt and murder murder'd all his peace;
As tho' he ſaid, 'LORD! it is true, my child
'Has hurt his ſoul, his ſiſter has defil'd;
'But I, the capital tranſgreſſor, ſee
'My ſin is copy'd in my family;
'Myſelf the dreadful precedent I own,
'And, tho' am pardon'd, yet I ſtill muſt moan.'

Now *Abſalom* the doleful tidings hears,
Glows with revenge, and ev'ry ſcheme prepares

To

To vindicate his penſive ſiſter's cauſe,
And by one ſtroke to execute the laws;
At length the tardy hour comes on apace,
And ev'ry ruffian ſervant takes his place;
Amnon's invited to his brother's feaſt,
Is fill'd with wine—a drunken, babling gueſt;
The ſign is made, each menial acts his part,
And bathes a poignard in his ſuming heart!

Amnon, deceiv'd, thus pays his forfeit breath,
And falls a prey to *Abſalom* and death——
Rather a prey to his own lech'rous deed,
For *Tamar*'s chaſtity, at laſt muſt bleed;
And, drove into eternity, he lies,
A luſtful, drunken, beſtial ſacrifice!

Unhappy *David!* how his woes appear,
To cruſh his heart, and force the burſting tear!
One child debauch'd! another child is ſlain!
A third his murd'rer! cloſes up the train;
Theſe all the monarch's offspring! all agree
To fill the cup of royal MISERY!
Nor can his opulence or crown prevent
A throbbing heart, or ſleepleſs diſcontent.
His fav'rite ſon, his *Abſalom*, ſhall now
Add grief and wrinkles to his aged brow.
A while this fratricide, with reeking hands,
Eſcapes, a vagabond to diſtant lands;
Till fond parental love, and length of time,
Take off the edge, and mem'ry of his crime:
Then he returns, preſumes again to ſee
His king, his parent, with impunity:
But this oblivion and ſucceſs prepar'd
The youth to meet his infamous reward;
For by his beauteous face an idol made,
And by his own ambitious views betray'd,

He looks around for popular applauſe,
And half the kingdom to his int'reſt draws;
Draws from their juſt allegiance to his ſire,
Whoſe crown and life he dare at laſt require;
Then with the politic *Ahithophel*,
Contrives how they and *Iſrael* may rebel:
The treaſon takes, and aged *David* ſees
His kingdom ſhook with various MISERIES.

What ſcenes of trial, what domeſtic woes,
This perſecuted majeſty encloſe!
One trouble paſt, another ſtrait ſucceeds,
Almoſt in ev'ry vein the monarch bleeds!
Or ſunk in age, or from his early years,
Sorrow and grief wrung out ſucceſſive tears;
Yet, by unnumber'd mercies, ſtill he ſhew'd,
He was the care of *Iſrael*'s gracious GOD:
From beaſts, and men more fierce than beaſts, was ſav'd,
Now on a throne, now of a throne bereav'd;
From death and ambuſh often ſnatch'd away,
Almoſt to *Saul* and *Abſalom* a prey;
By *Abſalom*, his darling ſon, purſu'd,
To leave his palace for a ſolitude.
The king, with ſhrouded aſpect, ſobs and tears,
And barefoot ſteps, and ſtrong contending fears,
With weeping trains, ſecures his hid retreat,
A wand'ring exile, ſorrowfully great!
Now by *Shimei*'s ſland'ring curſes ſtung,
Pour'd in a deluge from the traitor's tongue;
And now to acts this rebel dares proceed,
To ſtone his ſov'reign in an hour of need;
Aſſaults his perſon, character, and life,
That all may periſh in th' inteſtine ſtrife!

Nor

Nor would the king permit his guard to take
The villain's head, and one example make:
'Let him alone,' (the mournful monarch ſaid)
'For GOD allows, and why ſhould I upbraid?
'Behold, my ſon, my *Abſalom*, who came
'From my own bowels, has light up this flame;
'No wonder then this *Benjamite* ſhould curſe,
'The LORD deſir'd him—but I've acted worſe:
'Againſt my GOD, againſt *Uriah*'s life,
'I ſinn'd the ſin, and 'gainſt *Uriah*'s wife:
'The dreadful conſequences now I find,
'In my own houſhold, to diſtract my mind;
'But yet, perhaps, my fathers' GOD may make
'Each curſe a bleſſing, for his mercy's ſake.'

But ſtill more grief and bitterneſs ſucceed,
The pilgrim monarch is debas'd indeed;
And that all *Iſrael* may behold a ſcene
Which ev'n on Heathens would impreſs a ſtain,
The rebel prince defiles the regal bed!
To this by vile *Ahithophel* was led;
Who thus adviſes—'When it's fully known
'How much thy father hates his once lov'd ſon,
'Then *Iſrael*, by whole myriads, will declare
'To join thy cauſe in this contending war,
'And faithful ſerve thee, not the leaſt afraid
'By any compromiſe to be betray'd;
'For then the breach, irreparably wide,
'Thee and thy father ever muſt divide.
'To gain this point to my advice give heed;
'Upon the houſe-top let a tent be ſpread,
'There take thy father's beſt belov'd, and there
'Indulge each wiſh, and rove from fair to fair.'

The ſoft pavilion without more delay
Is ſpread abroad, beneath the blaze of day;

Hither, the captive concubines are brought,
And here the ſon's inceſtuous love is wrought;
In wild extravagance —— not once aſham'd,
The beauteous rebel, riots unarraign'd:
Thro' all his new ſeraglio, doth avow
He is ſuperlatively wicked now.

As ſteel high-harden'd, which by art acquires
A ſtronger force, and more compacted fires;
So *Abſalom*, now obdurately bold
Throws off each filial tie, quite uncontroul'd;
Without remorſe, or leaſt degree of ſhame,
He pours contempt upon his father's name,
Leaps ev'ry mound which modeſty wou'd guard,
And ſeems for ev'ry villany prepar'd.
Then, round his ſtandard, high upborn in air,
Sedition ſounds the ſignal, to prepare;
Throngs of rebellious banditti attend,
And fawning paraſites with out anend;
And all of wholeſome laws quite weary grown,
Mouthe forth, 'T'is Liberty we ſeek alone!'
As if no law, no rule, were liberty,
And perfect freedom was old anarchy.

Nor yet, by all, was *David*'s cauſe betray'd,
For loyal *Iſrael* join their friendly aid;
Their ſov'reign join, and in the righteous ſtrife,
Nor fear grim Death, nor ſeek ignoble Life.
Then, vile *Ahithophel*, his cunning tries
To make the king a mortal ſacrifice;
Again adviſes, 'David, now, no doubt
'Is weak, and weary, in his flying rout;
'Let me with juſt twelve thouſand men purſue,
'I'll ſnatch his life, and end the conteſt too.'

But, Heav'n, the well adapted wicked ſcheme
Render'd abortive, to its author's ſhame;

For

For HE, who rules, directs, controuls and guides,
Reins the hoarſe ſtorm, and bounds the ocean tides,
Had daſh'd this project.——When *Ahithophel*
Prepar'd the cord, and hang'd himſelf for hell.

Now, both the hoſts, for deathful ſtrife prepare,
Iſrael 'gainſt *Iſrael*, in deſtructive war:
But ere the mortal work commenc'd,—— behold,
Paternal feelings, all their force unfold!
David forgets the traitor in the ſon,
And charges all his gen'rals one by one,
And all the captains of each martial band,
With this preciſe, this undiſpens'd command:
'Let the young man, ev'n *Abſalom* be ſpar'd,
'If yet my comfort ye at all regard;
'And, when the hoſtile carnage heaps the ground,
'O ſave my ſon from ev'ry mortal wound;
'Deal gently with the youth——indulge my cares,
'Who ſpares my *Abſalom*, his ſov'reign ſpares!'

The hoſts engage at *Ephraim*'s fertile wood,
Where twenty thouſand rebels gaſp in blood,—
Their leader too, the faithleſs *Abſalom*,
Views all his laurels blaſted in their bloom:
Heav'n ſeiz'd the beauteous rebel in the ſnare
Of his once-priz'd, but now deteſted hair;
The flexile ringlets, all entangl'd thro'
The wide extended oak's projecting bough,
Hold him alive;——forſaken by his beaſt,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth he hangs,——the ravens' feaſt.

This, *Joab*, *David*'s gen'ral, heard, and flies
To end the war by one grand ſacrifice:
Aims at the rebel prince with martial art,
And ſtrikes three arrows at his throbbing heart;

And, leſt one gleam of life ſhould yet delay,
To render vict'ry doubtful for that day,
Ten loyal youths, that near their gen'ral ſtood,
Gorg'd each his weapon in the traitor's blood;
Then took the mangled corſe, and broke the bones,
Beneath a heap of monumental ſtones;
And, of their prey, defraud the croaking brood,
Whoſe tainted morſels rot in worms and blood.

In ſad ſuſpenſe, the monarch waits to hear
The great event——ſucceſsfully ſevere:
At laſt a meſſenger appears, and ſhews
The juſt deſtruction of his ſov'reign's foes;
'But'——ſaid the king, 'Is the young man alive?
'And does my ſon, my *Abſalom* ſurvive?'
'Not ſo, my lord!' the faithful *Cuſhi's* ſaid,
'May all your enemies, like him be dead!'

As falling ſhow'rs of unremitted rain,
Stream from the hills, and deluge all the plain,
'Till one augmented river pours its force,
And ſpreads deſtruction in its ſweeping courſe:
So *David*, ſhrouded with repeated woes,
To wound his peace and hinder his repoſe,
When, as the mortal news he trembling hears,
Burſts in a torrent of parental tears,
Nor longer cou'd the mighty grief ſuppreſs,
O'erwhelm'd in one vaſt ocean of diſtreſs.
No more the pow'rful ſtroke, ſupport, ſuſtain,
Nor his affections, or his plaints reſtrain:
'O my ſon *Abſalom*,——my ſon——my ſon!
'What! loſt in death,—and gone—for ever gone!
'Wou'd GOD, for thee I died, for thee gave up
'My crown, my life, and ev'ry earthly hope!
'O that the darts, which vengeful *Joab* threw,
'Had pierc'd my breaſt, before they wounded you!

'My

'My ſon,—my ſon,——my precious *Abſalom*,
'Dragg'd immaturely to the rugged tomb;
'Tore from my heart, whoſe trembling fibres feel
'Acute diſtreſs, quite inſupportable!'

Scarce a parentheſis of peace appears,
To ſoote the monarch thro' his mournful years:
One inſurrection, not quire cruſh'd and dead,
But, *Hydra* like, another lifts its head:
Sheba, a ſon of *Belial*, ſounds for war,
Nor heſitates a moment to declare,
'That he nor *Iſrael*, had no legal tie,
'To *David*'s cauſe, nor *David*'s family.'
The treaſon ſpreads like unextinguiſh'd fire,
And once again, baſe *Iſrael* dare reſire;
Each to his tent in hoſtile rage retir'd,
Judah excepted ——all again conſpir'd
Againſt their king.——But Heav'n's Almighty ONE,
Who nods HIS fiat,——and the work is done;
Or looks diſſent——and empires are no more,
Can make new worlds, or ruin'd worlds reſtore;
Can make the moſt improbable defeat
The deep-laid machinations of the great:
HE interpoſes,——and a woman ſhares
The honour to determine theſe affairs;
She gives her council, and the rebel dies,
His head is ſever'd,——all his army flies:
The hoſt and *Joab*, drop the war's parade,
And, once again, a female takes the lead:
With *Sheba*'s death, inteſtine treaſons end
And GOD declares HE will be *David*'s friend;
Tho', ſometimes ſeem'd, without a hand to bear
His tott'ring cauſe,—or keep him from the ſnare!

LORD, what is man! man deſtitute of thee!
A leaf, a blaſt,——a ſinful myſtery!

With

With heart elated, *David* ſeeks to know,
His num'rous thouſands, fit for ſword and bow:
Joab remonſtrates 'gainſt the king's command,
But its in vain,——he muſt tour thro' the land:
The general, and captains, all declare
There's thirteen hundred thouſand fit for war.
Perhaps, the monarch, independence ſhew'd,
On his all-gracious, and all-pow'rful GOD,
As tho' his hoſts and warriors cou'd defend,
Without the aid of his Almighty FRIEND.
Iſrael likewiſe, and *Judah* too, had broke
Their GOD's commands, and burſt his eaſy yoke;
In proſp'rous eaſe, they ſtill preſum'd to dare
With various crimes, their kind DELIVERER:
Heav'n rous'd at length, and with determin'd hand
Reſolv'd to pour deſtruction thro' the land:
David, ſhall now be taught, how vain the boaſt,
Of his amazing military hoſt.

The ſacred ſeer, his dread beheſt receives,
And to the king, this three-fold option gives:
'Shall Famine, with its mildew'd looks prevail,
'And for ſeven years, cauſe ſuſtenance to fail?
'Or for three months, wilt thou and *Iſrael* flee,
'And fall in heaps before the enemy?
'Or, rather, for three peſtilential days,
'Shall death dart forth incurable diſeaſe?
'Now make thy choice; which ſcourge ſhall juſtice
'take
'To thin the land?——let *David* dare to ſpeak;
'That I thy awful anſwer may return
'To HIM, whoſe vengeance juſt begins to burn!'

Dreadful embarraſſment! muſt *David*'s breath,
Againſt himſelf pronounce the ſpecial death!

Vaſt

Vaſt myſtery! and ſhall he too dictate
Unto his GOD, and guide the hand of fate!
And may his fiat ſign which deadly blow
Shall ſhow'r down wrath, and lay his kingdom low!

At laſt, thro' this perplex'd diſtreſſing choice,
The royal ſuppliant lifts his mournful voice,
And to the ſacred prophet, thus reply'd:
'I'm in a ſtrait,—but yet I muſt decide!
'And this I ſay, to this I will adhere,
'Oh! let the LORD himſelf,—or ſtrike—or ſpare;
'Into HIS hand, let me, my people, fall,
'That hand of mercy, merciful to all:
'But let not man receive the dire command,
'To mark his bloody progreſs thro' my land;
'I know inhuman man, and fully ſee,
'His very tenderneſs, is cruelty:
'This is my plea,—from this ſhall not remove,
'That I ſhall ſuffer——by the GOD of love.'

This awful arbitration being made,
No longer is the dreadful ſtroke delay'd;
A mighty Angel, with commiſſion'd pow'r
Deſtroys whole thouſands ev'ry fleeting hour!
His aim ſo ſure, his rapid flight ſo great
He proves himſelf the miniſter of fate:
The ſighing, ſick'ning, dying and the dead,
In heaps on heaps his mortal paſſage ſpread;
And while from *Dan* to *Beerſheba* he flies,
Darts like a meteor, 'croſs the midnight ſkies;
Within theſe bounds, full ſeventy thouſand lay,
To death and peſtilence an inſtant prey!
But, as he brandiſh'd, with determin'd aim,
His two-edg'd ſword againſt *Jeruſalem*,
Mercy beheld the vengeful carnage made,
And ſeiz'd the red, inexorable blade;

'It

'It is enough,' the GOD of pity ſays,
The Angel pauſes, worſhips, and obeys.

Now *David*'s view, with heav'nly light diſtreſt,
Beholds the flaming viſion all confeſt;
And with an interceding ſpirit cries,
In yearning grief, and proſtrate agonies:
'Gainſt me, my fathers' houſe, let juſtice flame,
But ſpare my people — ſave *Jeruſalem*:
I am the capital tranſgreſſor, I
Have pluck'd down veng'ance, ven'gance from the ſky;
But--oh my people!—LORD, my people ſpare!
Oh! give them to the vi'lence of my pray'r!
What have they done? Their ſins compar'd to mine,
Bear ſmall proportion in the Eyes Divine;
Reprieve—retract—for mercy's ſake reprieve,
If not—command me not to pray'r, nor—live!'

Thus far the mournful deprecation ran,
But Mercy ſtoop'd before the ſuit began;
And, with anticipated pity, view'd
The yet ſurviving, ſinful multitude;
Commands an altar to be rear'd with ſpeed,
On which the groaning type muſt die and bleed:
The type of HIM, who ſtood and ſtands between
A holy GOD, and vile rebellious men:
For that great future ſacrifice, alone,
The judgment ceas'd—or *Iſrael* were undone!

O! may I likewiſe plead with HIM, who dy'd,
And HE, for me,—for me was crucified!
HE can prevail:——may I like *Jacob* too
Take no denial,——but my ſuit renew:
Nor e'er deſiſt,——tho' ev'ry nerve ſhou'd fail,
Till, hov'ring grace, preponderates the ſcale.

And,

And, O my GOD, if thou this wiſh inſpire,
Vouchſafe me audience, and I ſhall deſire
That theſe high-favour'd nations may be thine,
May be preſerv'd, be lov'd, be made divine.
Let thy ſtrange work of judgment be delay'd,
Tho' we, like wand'ring ſheep have err'd and ſtray'd,
Have with inflammatory crimes declar'd
Our ſins as *Sodom*;——but, as yet, are ſpar'd!
Yet unconſum'd!——I ſee the cauſe above,
In all the bleeding marks of JESUS' love!
O! may his pleading church, like *David* too,
Like *Abraham*, *Moſes*, ſtill the ſuit renew,
And ſtill be heard, until theſe kingdoms ſhare
In all the bleſſings of abundant pray'r!
May *George* our king,—his council,—ſenate, feel
Thy foſt'ring care, thy love unſpeakable;
Where'er his armies march, or navies ſail,
Thro' burning regions, or the frozen gale,
Along with them, bring true religion too,
'Till all the angel, ſtands reveal'd to view
'Till all that Seraph, without force or ſword,
Shall conquer nations to Heav'n's conqu'ring LORD!

Thus *David* ſpeaks tho' dead, and thus we ſee
In various kings, a various MISERY!
The gen'rals, conqu'rors of mankind, who trod
On mighty ſtates,——and rul'd them with their nod,
Had yet ſome ghoſt, whoſe haunting aſpect told,
That peace of mind cannot be bought for gold;
That, conqueſt cou'd no real worth afford,
For ſtill a worm dare riot on the ground!

Let us then leave theſe vultures of mankind,
And view the ſick, the poor, the lame, the blind,
And thoſe thro' lunacy, who pine or rage,
And thoſe oppreſs'd in youth, or rev'rend age:

And

And whilſt we ponder this afflicting ſcene,
May ſome bleſt Angel kindly intervene,
To prop our frame, and bear us by the hand,
While we obſerve where MIS'RY ſhakes her wand.

O! what a hoſpital this earth appears!
How many groans!——what cataracts of tears!
Behold, that palid,——hardly breathing wife,
Who juſt retains a particle of life;
Diſeaſe and poverty attend their prey,
Each ſleepleſs night, and MISERABLE day:
Her other ſelf—her partner begs relief,
In all the genuine eloquence of grief;
And tho' he pleads his wife—himſelf—his charge,
That, mounts his chariot;—this, ſteps in his barge;
Without attending to the poor man's call,
Or elſe derides, and ſhoves him 'gainſt the wall:
Perhaps, a cruſt, is all the day affords,
(Some ſpaniel's refuſe, from the ſervant's boards)
This, and the running ſtream ſupply the feaſt,
Till weary night, points out the hour of reſt:
But ſleep is fled;—the ſlow Conſumption ſhews
His dear companion——muſt not aſk repoſe;
Her ſtruggling phlegm,—her languid eyes foretell
Life juſt expiring,——and, ſhe bows——'Farewell.'

With tedious ſteps, that object ſlowly ſtalks,
And drags a wat'ry ciſtern as he walks:
Dropſy,——oppreſſive load! encreaſes ſtill,
And ev'ry moiſt'ning ſubſtance threats to kill:
What ſhall he do?——to this dilemma brought,
Or drink, or thirſt——is death; in either caught.
One ſad untry'd alternative remains,
By which the pregnant deluge falls and drains,—
The trunk is cut! whole tides of water pour
In bounding ſtreams, from their exhauſtleſs ſtore;

And

And ſtill replac'd——The heaving fountain ſhews
Some latent ſpring, from hence the current flows:
Weary'd,——diſtreſs'd — and waſh'd entire away,
Death cloſes up the MISERABLE day!

O, how that throbbing, deeply-breathing moan,
Proclaims the wounding tortures of the Stone!
The human citadel, now ſapp'd by pain,
And gnaw'd in each excruciating rein,
Writhes to and fro, and pants for balmy eaſe;
To mock the pangs by medical delays,
The whole diſpenſatory, with its ſtore
Of min'rals, gums, emollients, plants—is poor;
Not ev'n a *Cleghorn*, with unrivall'd art,
Can recipe away the pungent ſmart!
One combat more (and but one yet untry'd),
The patient trembles, but he muſt decide—
'Be cut, or die!'—the former choice is made,
And all the pomp of pain is now diſplay'd:
The groaning ſuff'rer bound with fetters lies,
In various darts of reeking agonies;
But, O! when all the apparatus ſhews,
Knives, forceps, ſaws, and probes, in ſhining rows,
How ev'ry twitching fibre, wrung by fear,
Deſcribes the hour of diſſolution near!
This but the preface—'tis enough—I flee
The piercing ſounds of genuine MISERY!
I fly the proceſs of the ſurgeon's art,
Nor wait that groan which penetrates the heart;
Nor dare obſerve th' inſinuating ſteel
Make ev'ry nerve intolerably feel!

Yes, the humane *Benevolus* muſt bear
His portion'd lot of ſickneſs, pain, or care:
Juſt thirty vernal ſuns ſhed forth their rays,
When death mark'd out the period of his days:

Few were his years, but if much good could give
Old age to youth, he to old age did live:
The widows, orphans, ignorant, and poor,
Compos'd his levee, liv'd upon his ſtore;
Yea, ev'n the abject refuſe of the vile
He ſnatch'd from vice, and taught grey grief to ſmile:
From food, drink, ſleep, and company, he par'd
What ſenſe and wiſdom told him might be ſpar'd;
And all his recreations plainly ſhew'd,
He found no pleaſure but in doing good.
Heav'n ſaw, approv'd, and ſummon'd him away,
To kindred ſaints, and everlaſting day:
The fever with deputed ſtrength prevails,
Creeps thro' his frame, and all the man aſſails:
At length o'erpower'd, confin'd, and cruſh'd by pain,
He feels a ferment in each turgid vein:
Art lends its aid, its aid is weakneſs here,
The fever rages dreadfully ſevere;
Reſt too is fled, and reaſon drops her ſway
To endleſs ravings thro' the night and day:
Sage *Paracelſus* ſhakes his boding head,
To find the pulſe of life almoſt is fled—
Again returns—an intermiſſion next
Declares the vital lamp is much perplex'd:
No longer med'cines numb the ſenſe of pain,
The whole materia medica is vain;
For now *Benevolus* yields up his breath,
All that can die of him is ſeiz'd by death!
Thus ſtiff and wan the mortal relique lies,
While he aſcends the chariot of the ſkies,
And there contemplates with extatic love
The laſt ſharp pangs that uſher'd him above!

Fever!

Fever! deſtructive ſcourge of human race!
What diff'rent terrors cloud thy ſickly face!
Inflam'd, malignant, putrid, hot and cold,
Pleuritic darts, that pierce the young and old;
Or on the ſpirits, on the nerves, we ſee
The low, ſlow nature of the malady.
A *Mead*, a *Syd'nham*, all the ſymptoms pry,
And ſearch the ſoul of ev'ry remedy;
Here, the diſorder muſt be rais'd with ſpeed,
And there, the patient ſhou'd abſtain and bleed;
Elixirs, cordials, opiates, ſhed their pow'r,
To ſoften pain, and ſpin the mortal hour.
But, ah! who tends that family of woe?
Or who the food and med'cine will beſtow?
Their pittance ſpent, the fever ſtrikes them all,
And wind and rain beat thro' the craggy wall;
Their drugs are water and the coarſeſt fare,
Their clothing, bedding, ſqualid, thin, and bare:
Perhaps no kind phyſician knows their caſe,
No ſoul humane has heard of their diſeaſe;
O GOD of pity! may ſome friendly ear
The vaſt diſtreſs of this ſick houſhold hear!
May ſome kind breaſt a timely aid afford,
And, in theſe poor, aſſiſt their bleeding LORD!

Yet, does *Helluo* perſevere to ſhine
The firſt of epicures in meats and wine?
And have his turtles, partridge, ſoups, ragouts,
His ven'ſon, pickles, indolence and ſtews,
Gain'd him the gout, the ſcurvy, and a load
Of bloated fleſh and vitiated blood?
There ſits the pamper'd porpoiſe at his feaſt,
And has the pleaſure to outvie a beaſt!
Year after year he gorg'd his life away,
Wou'd ſwill by night, and ſleep almoſt the day:

Then as the fatted ox, for ſlaughter fed,
Ne'er dreads the axe that ſtrikes him on the head;
So *Helluo* at his draff was ſeiz'd by death,
Without a warning, ſnorted out his breath.
The poliſh'd gueſts are ſtruck in ſad amaze,
And on each other, on the glutton, gaze!
All help is gone—an apoplectic ſtroke
Like lightning ſtruck him, and a veſſel broke!
The unchew'd morſel help'd his inſtant death,
And in his throat ſtopp'd ev'ry ſtruggling breath.
He lies in ſtate—but ſoon muſt diſappear,
His ſtench and putrefaction taint the air;
So to his brother reptiles muſt be caſt,
Who riot on the well-prepar'd repaſt.

How many avenues has death to ſhed
His thick'ning darts around our fainting head!
Within, without—from both he aims the blow,
Here ſtains our pride, there lays our comforts low.
Lately where azure, white, and, red, diſplay'd
The dang'rous beauty which that form array'd;
Now what a contraſt!—all the jaundice ſhews
Its deadly yellow, as the gall o'erflows;
Not ev'n ſkin-deep doth mortal beauty lie,
A ſaffron daſh paints all that face and eye;
That eye, which lately ſaw ſuch various hues,
Now all creation in one colour views.

Here, Envy, ſee thy real picture ſhewn,
And let thy poiſon, poiſon thee alone;
No more with jaundic'd looks each virtue ſee,
In one vile comment of deformity—
But vain the council! for the aſp ſtill ſhews,
It only cenſures to beget repoſe.

Yet,

Yet, O ye happy few! diſdain to fear,
For Envy only makes your worth appear;
Had ye no excellence to gain applauſe,
The ſerpent would not ſtretch her canker'd jaws.

And is the human form divine become
A moving ſepulchre, a walking tomb!
And has the ſmall-pox, as a plough-ſhare, tore
That idol face,—an idol now no more!
O, mortal Pride! attend this humbling ſcene,
Which taints the beggar, peaſant, king, and queen;
One confluent, ſlow, corrupted maſs, declares
That our eſcutcheon putrefaction bears.
Now let the ſqueamiſh, ſupercilious, ſee,
How he may ſhun this nauſeous MISERY;
Let gay *Lucinda*, with a ſimp'ring ſmile,
The odious, mortifying ſprite beguile;
Or let her gath'ring, killing frown, command
The hateful object to a diſtant ſtand——
It won't obey—all her enchantment's vain,
The ſtubborn puſtules ſpread their inbred ſtain,
And all that lately dazzling beauteous form
Now quarters arms with the murky worm!
Her ſprightly ſuitor, her *Lyſander*, dare
Attend that ſhrine which once was all his care;
He flies affrighted, flies aſham'd to ſee
The goddeſs of his warm idolatry:
Now one diſguſtful, one corrupted ſight,
Her ſhrouding ſores, her eyes glu'd up in night!
From thence, with moderate concern, he ſees
How mortal beauty hides deformities!

If high-wrought colours ever glar'd a ſcene,
Or MIS'RY ſhew'd its abſolute domain,
It s in that ſight!—by Canine Madneſs ſtung,
Rage in his eyes, and poiſon on his tongue!

Like flaming *Ætna*, how he boils in fire!
And darts deſtruction with enlarg'd deſire;
As if by diabolic fiends poſſeſs'd,
His frenzy foams, and burns his raging breaſt;
Each look ſpeaks death, and ev'ry glowing vein
With various fury ebbs and flows in pain.
O GOD! protect me from a contact here,
His ev'ry geſture's painfully ſevere!
There, ſee the hydrophobia now prevail,
In horrid hatred inſupportable!
There, the ſaliva froths a deadly ſtream,
And now the object yells a barking ſcream!
Will ſome judicious *Boerhaave* appear?
For all his ſkill humane is wanted here;
Delay no time an antidote to give,
'Join hands with GOD, and bid the wretched live!'
Wretched indeed; for now ſo dang'rous grown,
He ſeeks another's life—yea, ev'n his own!
And yet no malice lurks within his mind
Againſt himſelf, or one of all mankind;
But, urg'd by phyſical neceſſity,
Appears the monſter of his MISERY!

Another object of contraſted woe,
With painleſs toil, moves indolently ſlow,
As it proceeds, the ſtagnant Palſy gives
A proof that man at once both dies and lives:
An icy numbneſs but anticipates
The torpid change which ling'ring death creates,
Till total inactivity prevails,
And health, and life, and circulation, fails.

Blind from the birth his ſightleſs orbits move,
A blank, a dungeon, all beneath, above!

The

The ſtar of day, in his meridian blaze,
In vain darts down its emanating rays:
And ſenſe withheld and always unenjoy'd;
Leaves ev'ry ſcene an un-ideal void!
Cæcus moves forward by the clue of ſound,
And in his ears the ſenſe of ſight is found:
Here makes a ſtep, there heſitates a pauſe,
Moves by his feeling, by his touch withdraws;
And, ſcarcely, 'tis no ſoleciſm to ſay,
His fingers ſee, his feet perceive their way!
Along with blind, is *Cæcus* alſo poor!
He is—and hardly finds the long-wiſh'd door;
In melancholy ſtyle portrays his grief,
But ſeldom finds a ſcanty, mean relief;
For one who gives, how many ones deny?
Perhaps ſome urchin mocks his MISERY!
Ye who can ſee—O! do not ſtop your ears,
Nor ſteel your breaſts againſt ſuch ſufferers;
'Tis CHRIST intreats—lend him your hoarded ſtore,
HE'll pay your int'reſt, principal, and more:
Thus to the blind be eyes—'tis GOD's command—
And when you give, give with a lib'ral hand.

That poor man cannot walk—he aſks your care;
Lameneſs, and age, and poverty, are there!
Each ſinew ſhrunk, and weakneſs ſinks him low,
A ſhiv'ring cripple, carry'd to and fro:
He too intreats—and ſhall he aſk in vain?
Take heed how you your brother dare diſdain:
Who gave you limbs can blaſt their active pow'r,
And drop you, likewiſe, grov'ling on the floor.
Rather be feet unto the lame, and give
To him who can't purſue you to receive;

To him who can't from any danger fly,
O! let him meet your ſympathizing eye;
Buoy up his lameneſs, make his weakneſs ſtrong,
Nay, even help to carry him along;
Enjoy the eager luxury to ſeize
A ſtraw-deck'd barrow, and your SAVIOUR raiſe.

Yes, the hereditary taint runs on
Thro' generations to the preſent ſon;
Nor is it known a monarch's touch can cure
The Royal Evil, found in rich and poor:
It ſpreads th' infectious ſtream, and eats away
Part after part, the human houſe of clay!
This and the canker, with envenom'd teeth,
Tear off whole morſels, and corrupt the breath.
That wants a noſe—this has the lips decay'd—
And there the eyes are melted in the head;
In other parts, canals of fœtid juice,
Or burſting orifices, pour their ſluice.
See how the gums and ghaſtly ſkull appear,
Trunk, legs, or arms, one living ſepulchre!
Till par'd, exhauſted, and entirely ſpent,
Death ſeizes on the mortal tenement.

Oppreſs'd and gaſping with the Aſthma's pow'r,
Each ſmoth'ring draw portends the mortal hour;
In broken periods of obſtructed breath,
The panting patient wreſtles hard with death;
Each ſleepleſs hour the room is too confin'd,
He calls for air abroad, in froſt or wind;
Then, chill'd with cold, again is brought to bear
The houſe's ſuffocating atmoſphere;
But here again with coughs and phlegm oppreſs'd,
The throbbing lungs fatigue the heaving breaſt;
A few more ſtruggles of inceſſant toil
Deprives the lamp of all its vital oil.

When

When half the world is wrapp'd in ſable gloom,
And all around us ſilent as the tomb,
Not long—for ſoon the thick'ning croud proclaims
One dread alarm of Fire and ſpreading flames!
Houſe after houſe, and ſtreet from ſtreet, receives
A conflagration of conſuming waves:
With artificial day, the pitchy night
Is pierc'd with ſpires of melancholy light;
Here crackling roofs, there falling floors, portray
A dreadful chaos of deſpotic ſway.
How my ſoul ſhudders when I hear the cries
Of thoſe who burn in flaming agonies!
Of rev'rend age, of tender infancy,
Unable or to run, to help, or flee;
Of thoſe who lately roll'd in opulence,
Now ſunk in grief, or beggar'd indigence.
Thee, *London*, and thy burning ruins lie,
In ſooty ſtate, before my ſtedfaſt eye;
When the laſt century beheld thee riſe
In flaming columns to the midnight ſkies;
Then ſink to cinders of exhauſted pride,
Which ages paſt and luxury ſupply'd.
The ruin ſpread ſucceſſive nights and days,
In ſmoky pillars, or a duſky blaze;
There ſheets of fire in ſad deſtruction play'd,
Here ancient temples dropp'd their gothic ſhade;
Domes of encumber'd magnitude gave way
To fiery air and long-excluded day;
And deep-ton'd bells their weeping metal ſhower'd
In fluid deaths, like cataracts they pour'd.
Thus *Britain*'s mighty capital became
A rolling furnace of conſuming flame;
When righteous vengeance, o'er the ruin'd pile,
Inſcrib'd '*bis jacet*,' in a burning ſtyle;

And

And left this record with her flaming pen—
'Thus ends the glory of a world of men;
'And thus the whole terraqueous globe ſhall be
'Involv'd in one immenſe calamity!'*

Famine! with its ſubtracting look appears,
To make ten thouſand famiſh'd ſufferers!
With hollow eyes, lank cheeks, and palid face,
The ſtalking ſpectre murmurs forth her caſe;
All hunger-bitten, with weakneſs, grief, and care,
She bids the nations for diſtreſs prepare.
The Heav'ns, as braſs, nor ſhed their kindly rain
Of ſoft'ning moiſture on the barren plain;
The earth, as iron, harden'd to deny
A ſcanty ſtore for nature's family:
There th' expecting, gazeful ox looks round,
And lowes his hunger o'er the duſty ground;
The uſeful horſe neighs his diſtreſſing pain,
For graſſy food, and long-deducted grain;
In bleating anguiſh ſee the timid ſheep
Search for their herbage, as they ſlowly creep;
The brutal herd, in vagabond diſmay,
Pant out their groans, and gradually decay:
Nor man eſcapes—with all his frugal care,
The corn is ſpent, the granary quite bare;
In crowded heaps, the ſandy road appears,
All chequer'd o'er with fainting travellers;

Each

* This dreadful event is commemorated on a monumental pillar of Portland ſtone, 202 feet high. The fire broke out Sept. 2, 1666, in a baker's houſe, and continued burning three days together. It conſumed 89 churches, the city gates, Guild-hall, many hoſpitals, ſchools, libraries, 13200 dwelling houſes, 400 ſtreets, &c. &c. &c.; the loſs about nine millions ſterling; and it is ſaid only eight perſons loſt their lives.

Each village, town, and city, ſhews a ſcene,
Where hunger ſits as univerſal queen;
For cloſe-par'd offals hear the tradeſman ſigh,
To help his helpleſs, drooping family;
Mark how that penſive matron drops her tears
Upon her filial, fainting ſufferers;
She plies the gate till darkneſs ſhrouds her round,
And hardly there one caſual ſcrap is found;
The morn returns—again ſhe haunts the ſtreet,
Or trails the kennels for a filthy bit;
No longer able thus to ſeek for bread,
She drops her life among the famiſh'd dead!
Thus the commiſſion'd judgment ſpreads around,
Till want or death in ev'ry houſe is found;
Their houſhold ſtore, apparel, all is ſpent,
Or pawn'd for food—yet nature, not content,
Still cries for ſuſtenance, for beſtial food,
For carrion, ſaw-duſt, weeds, or tainted blood—
Ev'n theſe are ſcarce, and hunger looks around
With vulture eyes, all o'er the barren ground—
At length on human prey ſhe darts her eye,
The lot is caſt, and man for man muſt die!
The chriſtian cannibals devour their friends,
And ev'ry tie of ſocial pity ends!
GOD of my life! who deal'ſt the daily food
To All, to me, and to the raven's brood;
Along with bread, a thankful heart beſtow,
That all my ſoul with gratitude may glow
To Thee, whoſe bounty, whoſe extended hand,
Deals plenty over this ungrateful land;
As that hand opens, man partakes his bread,
And ev'ry lower claſs of life is fed;
But, when contracted, how the earth appears
Impregnated with tufted ſepulchres!

O! may

O! may I dread that BEING who can rain
His wrath on nature, and that wrath reſtrain;
Whoſe ſecret influence can change our food
To morbid humours and corrupted blood;
Of ſtone make bread, to ſtone our bread convert;
Make poiſon cure the anguiſh of the heart;
Or elſe cauſe nature's produce to become
With or without abuſe, our bane, our tomb!
By bread alone man therefore never lives,
Unleſs with it a bleſſing he receives;
Nor does it neceſſarily imply,
If man don't eat, that he muſt ſurely die;
Elſe favour'd *Moſes*, when indulg'd to be
In ſecret converſe with the DEITY,
And rapt *Elijah*—each for forty days
Not taſting food againſt the ſore diſeaſe
Of waſting hunger, muſt conſume away,
And pine to death in nature's laſt decay.
Thus Heav'n's eternal SOV'REIGN ſhews how great
His mighty pow'r, and that his will is fate;
That nature's nothing—but His art divine
Makes light in darkneſs, makes the darkneſs ſhine;
Makes food, or want of food, cut ſhort our breath,
Or elſe by theſe can ſave from inſtant death!

How many miniſters of fate appear,
Rank behind rank, in awful character,
To execute JEHOVAH's dread decree,
In ev'ry mark of mortal MISERY!
'Mongſt theſe,—the earthquake,—ſoreſt ſcourge of all,
Makes man and nature's trembling funeral!
Upon the glebe, upon its ſurface ſtand
War, Plague and Famine, with a ſlaught'ring hand;
But this——the rumbling earthquake, undermines
The pond'rous earth, and all its vaſt deſigns;

Strips

Strips bare the centre, which ſince *Chaos* lay
Wrapt up in cruſted darkneſs, from the day:
And, far beneath the peaceful ocean's bed,
Makes deeper caves, to hide its briny head.
And, lately, where vaſt cities lay interr'd,
Have, after ſeventeen hundred years, appear'd;
Marbles, and medals, and medallic ruſt,
Columns, and vaſes, long inſhrin'd in duſt,
Appear, as chronicles, to tell our age,
In ev'ry folio, of their hoary page,
That domes, and ſpires and ornamented ſcenes
Have been the graves of nobles, kings and queens.

In our own age, behold, the heaving earth,
In all her throes of undulating birth,
When *Liſbon*'s vaſt commercial capital,
Groan'd forth her pangs, juſt previous to her fall:
Then, thro' the ſtreets, a hollow echo ran,
('Twas Nature's cry for juſt-expiring man;)
When, lo! the tott'ring city ſunk away,——
Its palace—ſtreets, in loſt confuſion lay;
And its ſev'n hills, and ſtately piles became
The ſport of ruin, or an empty name!
In duſty darkneſs, palbably obſcure,
The ſun was ſhrouded in his mid-day tour;
For daſhing ſtructures, ground to atoms, ſpread
Vaſt clouds of darkneſs over ev'ry head.
Then reeling multitudes, with pray'rs, and cries,
And mad uproar, groan'd out their MISERIES.
Now ſtrong convulſions tore the yawning ground,
And throngs on throngs a dreadful refuge found:
There acres ſunk, with their encumber'd weight
Of churches, houſes, people—ſmall and great!
Here, bodies diſembogu'd, roſe up to ſhew
The mortal ſecrets of the world below:

Others,

Others, arreſted, ere they diſappear'd,
In all the emphaſis of pain were heard,
But wedg'd to death,—— or ſtrangl'd as they fell
Sobb'd out their lives in pangs unſpeakable!
Nor only earth, but likewiſe water ſhew'd
The ſtrong impreſſions of an angry GOD,
For antient *Tagus* left its former bed,
And roſe affrighted——and affrighted fled;
In fluid walls, the wond'ring river ſtood,
Then roll'd deſtruction in its heaving flood!
Next, fire, an awful conſummation made,
And *Liſbon* flam'd o'er all her mingl'd dead,
In burning flakes, for eight ſucceſſive days
The boiſt'rous winds diffus'd a ſpreading blaze,
And, one vaſt congregated chaos lay,
The toil of ruin,—and a fiery prey!

And are there yet more melancholy views?
More ſcenes of MIS'RY for me to peruſe?
There are——for hear that mother, in the pangs of birth,
Lab'ring beneath a living lump of earth;
Nine months are ſpent,—ſo long the pris'ner lay
Immerg'd in darkneſs,—for no need of day:
In nature's wond'rous lab'ratory wrought,
Work of amazement! paſt all human thought.
The hour is come,—but how the mother knows
Convulſive pangs, and agonizing throes;
Diſtreſs, too great, for mortal to ſuſtain
If length of time was added to the pain!
Pain paſt, an unexperienc'd pen to tell,
Too ſtrong to paint what Nature wou'd conceal;
That to diſplay it, one again muſt be
A ſuff'ring mother, in the laſt degree.
O how ſhe ſobs! unfeeling man away!
Nor dare indulge a curious, ſlow delay:

I ſay,

I ſay, depart! nor hear her piercing cries
Thrill forth the language of her agonies;
Pregnant with grief, and animated earth,
She pants to find the mercy of a birth;
The moment comes!—But ſee the little gueſt,
Weak, naked, helpleſs, ignorant, diſtreſt.
LORD, what is man! This bubble—blaſt—a clod,
Yet kin to Angels,—yea, the Angel's GOD!
LORD, what is man!—is he of ſuch eſteem,
That thou becam'ſt incarnated for him?
For him!——A reptile, from non-entity,
So ſmall, ſo great, ſo wonderful is he!
Hear how he cries, in lamentable ſtrain,
Yet can't articulate his new-found pain!
See how he falls, unable to ariſe,
Expos'd, and bare, beneath inclement ſkies!
Mark, how defenceleſs, ev'ry part appears,
Surrounded by death's thouſand meſſengers:
On life's ſtrange coaſt, his deſtin'd tour begins,
'Midſt groupes of dangers, enemies and ſins!
The various elements can ſtamp his fate,
One may conſume, and one may ſuffocate;
Corrupted air, or want of air, may cauſe
The pulſe of life, to make a final pauſe:
And ev'n the earth, from whence we delve our bread,
From which our groſſer frame, our bodies made,
This very earth, with its produce or weight,
Can cruſh our lives,—or poiſon as we eat.
Nay, thro' the progreſs of each mortal ſtage
From infant ſobs, to weak conſumptive age,
Each ſoul has felt the penal juſt decree,
And wears the label of its MISERY:
View childhood, giddy, ignorant and wild,
Hard to direct, and eaſily beguil'd;

In Youth, a ſtronger compoſition ſee,
Of pride, ſelf-will, and volatility;
While wild-fire paſſions burn the panting breaſt,
For ſome ideal phantom unpoſſeſs'd;
Next Man ſteps forward, more mature and grave,
Taught by experience ſmoothly to deceive;
To ſmile at wrong, to wrong you while he ſmiles,
To cheat by law, or phariſaic wiles;
To build his fortune on another's right,
And make the widow's tears his ſole delight;
Nor pauſes here,——but cruelly ſevere,
His babes are taught to lie, curſe, game and ſwear!
By his example, teaches them to be
Deep ſkill'd in vice, and inſincerity;
And, wickedly ſagacious, ſhews them how
To ape a ſneer, or ſmooth their frowning brow:
Ingenious hypocrites they riſe in years,
And all their father's induſtry appears;
Old Age, next drivels on with creeping mood,
Suſpicious,—ſlow,—contriving ill or good;
How few the latter!—Tho' or here, or there,
Some may be found: — how worthy to revere!
Whoſe ſetting ſun foretells a glorious riſe,
In yon celeſtial, blooming paradiſe.
But, of the former, what encreaſing throngs!
Whoſe hoary years, a vicious life prolongs;
And, tho' the crumbling margin of the tomb,
Declares they're ſinking to an earthly home;
Yet———O how ſhocking! Quite inſenſible
Of ſounding judgment, or a yawning hell,
They ſtill purſue, with each enfeebl'd pow'r,
The ſins or follies of the ſhort'ning hour;
And, tho' with glaſſes of a ſecond ſight,
They hardly view an uſeful gleam of light;

Yet

Yet, ſtill the moles more covetouſly bold,
Dig deeper in the earth, for uſeleſs gold:
And, as the leech, inſatiably inclin'd,
'More, more,' they aſk;—and more inflames their mind;
With aged, eager, trembling hands they call,
'Give, give us earth, whatever may befall!'
The wrinkl'd reptiles have their one deſire,
And in their ſtink, and excrements expire:
Their name embalm'd, without one friendly deed,
To help the helpleſs in the day of need;
(Except ſome ſelfiſh, oſtentatious form,
Mean as the meanneſs of a dunghill worm)
Their name deſpiſ'd, their memory abhorr'd,
Tho' eſquir'd, knighted, or bedaub'd my lord.

And, may I yet, the reader's patience aſk,
While we purſue th' humilating taſk;
And, further ſtill, the pitiable ſee,
Beneath the ſtigma of their MISERY?

Unconſcious of the want of Reaſon's light,
That madman ſoars, a wild ideal flight;
As diff'rent ferments, actuate his brain,
To ſerious trifling,—or unreal pain;
To fancied Fairy-fields, of Joy or Grief,
To what can't gain, or what's beyond belief;
So he proceeds——and acts his ſee-ſaw part,
With all the feelings of a flutt'ring heart:
Sometimes, 'in fancy'd ſtate, he reigns his hour,
'And glories in his plenitude of pow'r,'
Not *Cæſars* pride, more haughtily appear'd,
When ſenates flatter'd, and great *Rome* rever'd,
Than doth this blameleſs madman, when he waves
Imagin'd ſceptres, over fancy'd ſlaves.

Again, he ſinks in melancholy ſtrain,
And, broods in ſilence, over painleſs pain;
Thinks leagues are made, againſt his peace and life,
Suſpects his friend,——or, vilifies his wife;
Views unform'd armies, haſt'ning to prepare,
For all the horrors of a ſlaught'ring war!
But, if wild-ſtaring eyes, and blood inflam'd,
Outrageous actions, and a wretch untam'd;
Deſigns, againſt the life of his beſt friend,
Or, 'gainſt his own, doth dev'liſhly intend;
If, roaring blaſphemies, againſt his GOD,
Or, daring veng'ance, wantonly unaw'd!
If theſe, all theſe, muſt make us ſympathize
With lamentable tears, or heaving ſighs;
Let, likewiſe, grateful thankfulneſs appear,
To our paternal, great DELIVERER,
Who gave, and ſtill continues reaſon's ray,
That intellectual ſun, which makes our day;
That great diſcriminating central light,
Which pours its radiance thro' our human night,
Which judges, weighs, concludes, and ſeparates,
Strips Error bare, or Truth inveſtigates.
But, ah! If planet paſſions lawleſs move,
And here and there in wild diſorder rove,
If Anger boils, or Drunkenneſs excites,
If Luſt inflames, or pining Envy bites,
If fell Deſpair,——or one of all this train
Uſurp the man, and over Reaſon reign,
Then, temporary Madneſs ſhakes the ſoul
'Till ſtrong convulſions agitate the whole,
And make this voluntary madman ſee,
Perhaps, too late, his wicked MISERY,
And ſhew him, every paroxyſm may,
Bring on a ſure, incurable decay,

A ſure

A ſure inſanity, by which the mind
In chains of galling bondage, raves confin'd.
O Great Eternal SIRE! who being gave,
May no vile paſſion e'er my ſoul enſlave;
But may theſe movements, with obedience hear,
What Reaſon dictates in its proper ſphere;
And may each paſſion of my human ſoul,
And reaſon too, be under thy controul!
That this with theſe may always poiſe the ſcale,
Till meekneſs, patience, peace unſpeakable,
And love to GOD and man, the whole refine,
Prevail, pervade, and raiſe me to divine!

Why ſhould a mortal worm be fill'd with pride?
That vice to devils and to fools ally'd!
To artificial fools who ſtrut in ſtate,
And only aim at being meanly great;
Theſe ſtrictly pantomime a nat'ral fool,
And act their part in being gayly dull:
Juſt as vain faſhion, that chimera, wheels,
In bits of words, or ſcraps of ſyllables,
Diſtorting ſpeech, or clipping it away,
Till heaps of jargon all the fool betray;
Of froth like this how much diſcourſe is made,
And yawning companies keep up the trade,
And magpye converſation clacks around,
In empty periods of unmeaning ſound.
Dreſs too, like ſpeech, has felt the mimic wand
Of genuine folly's ever-varying hand,
As by a quick transforming touch, we ſee
Apparel made of mutability;
Gauze ſcarcely can be found too thin to ſhew
What ſhame would hide a thouſand years ago;
Nor can the head with its Protæan freight,
Its ſick'ning ſmells, or fancy-flying height,

Its hidden wreaths of borrow'd, brutal ſpoil,
The reptiles' lodging, and the morning's toil—
This head, I ſay, its ſize, dimenſions, ſhape,
Cannot be kept from aping ev'ry ape,
Till ev'n a nat'ral fool appears outvy'd,
In all the liv'ry of unmeaning pride;
In mimic accents, or unnat'ral dreſs,
In emulating folly's fooliſhneſs:
But, O, reproach to wiſdom, truth, and ſenſe!
Is reaſon loſt at ſuch profuſe expence,
That ev'ry badge of folly muſt be wore,
From vain fifteen to narrative fourſcore?

See how the real Natural proceeds
In harmleſs nonſenſe and unwary deeds!
What were a crime in others to commit,
Is none in thoſe, who cannot judge what's fit;
And what is praiſe, or juſt deſert in men,
Cannot be his who knows not what from when:
But as th' inept organization draws
In untun'd ſtrings or complicated flaws,
Till (may I ſay?) the human brute appears
Almoſt machin'd, in wordleſs characters,
That hardly definition can make known
Where reaſon hides, or beaſt commands the throne:
But tho' the channel's damm'd, or here or there
This tube is tighten'd, or that nerve left bare;
Yet ſtill th' immortal part exiſts to find
Its awkward mate unto its eſſence join'd:
When all the fabric ſhall in grandeur ſhine,
And be rebuilt with ſymmetry divine;
Then Plato's ſoul, or greater Newton's, may
Be rivall'd by the fool who yawn'd his day.
Hear how his ſpeech in fault'ring tones abounds
With mincing accents, or redundant ſounds,

In

In ſimp'ring lowneſs, uniformly mean,
Or calviſh emphaſis that ſhakes the plain!
See how his garb, by artleſs chance pitch'd on,
Appears in various modes, ſometimes in one;
Or long in this, or ſhort in that, parades,
Juſt as his ſlip'ry fancy drives or leads;
Sometimes in paint, ſometimes in baubles, moves,
Is fixt for minutes, or for days he roves;
In aſhes'd, bran'd, or powder'd hair, enjoys
The mocks of children and the taunts of boys;
And then in dreſſy tire his head encruſts,
To hop his dance, or compliment the buſts:
Here ſtruts the human fool, or there he ſleeps,
A motley produce, as he laughs or weeps!
And why am I, or you, replete with pride?
Might we not be what we perhaps deride?
How thin the ſkreen that parts the wiſe and fool!
How great that pow'r which ſuch extremes can rule!
How wonderful that wiſdom, which can join
Matter to ſpirit, human to divine!
Impreſſes laws on each by his decree,
Brings good from evil, Heav'n from MISERY!
And by his own unerring, righteous rule,
Makes him a ſaint whom he had left a fool!

As o'er the painful view I caſt my eye,
Still ſee humanity in ruins lie!
Hear groans from lazars, or from monarchs ſighs,
Behold the throbbing breaſt or guſhing eyes;
Or elſe explore the deep hypocriſy
Which veils the heart, tho' gnaw'd with MISERY,
When diſappointments, pain, and grief, are taught
To ſneer grimace, look pleaſant at a fault,
To act diſſimulation's treach'rous ſmile,
In all the flow'ry ſophiſtry of ſtyle:

Or

Or elſe, with ſtoic apathy and pride,
Affect to lay ſenſations all aſide;
Like *Zeno*, numb'd to pain, or joy, or grief,
To all the madneſs of a hard belief;
Or *Epictetus* (as the northern ſteel),
Beneath a broken bone diſdain to feel;
To feel what nature's GOD hath ever join'd,
Pleaſure and pain, in ev'ry human mind,
Which only ſops affectedly deſpiſe,
In all the flouriſh of a thin diſguiſe.

Or if from ſad humanity I turn
To brutal nature—ſtill I fear and mourn:
Hear how the prowling lion roars for food—
The foreſt echoes!—ſtagnates all my blood!
The leopards, panthers, tygers, race to ſeize
Their panting prey amid' the ruſtling trees,
Till, gorg'd in blood, they teach their young to tear
The ſteaming morſels, as they ſnuff the air.
Next ſee the deep mouth'd crocodile ariſe,
And terror beaming in his ſlaught'ring eyes,
Clad in a coat impenetrably ſtrong,
With ſwords of teeth, he ſtrides direct along;
Or on the wat'ry ſurface floats to find,
Or fiſh, or beaſt, or one of human kind:
Woe to the creature who ſhall meet his glare,
Or feel his touch, unſpeakably ſevere!
In one chopt morſel ſhall the victim know
His pain and death, from this amphibious foe!
The leſſer beaſts an oppoſition prove,
Or, ſhy of man, unſociably rove:
One ſtings, or bites, or tears, or kicks, his lord,
Moſt fly his preſence, as by moſt abhorr'd.
And ev'n the feather'd tribes of all degrees,
On earth, on rocks, or on the waving trees,

A timid

A timid flight, or ſtrange reluctance ſhew,
As if they knew man aim'd a mortal blow.
Nay, nature's minims, in their buzzing round,
Offend his food, or teize him with a wound.
But are the Ocean Race more intimate,
Do they on man with firm obedience wait?—
Quite the reverſe—they glance from his ſtrange touch,
Or move in rapid ſhoals at his approach;
In millions to their watry dungeons fly,
For an aſylum from his company;
Or elſe, the more voracious, lurk to find,
Dare one commence their foe, of all mankind,
His forfeit life the raſh attempt ſhall pay,
And glut theſe monſters of the roaring ſea.

And yet than theſe man hath more dangers near,
For beating Storms in all their rage appear;
Wind, rain, and hail, their urg'd deſtruction pour,
And cries and ruin ſwell the huge uproar;
Trees which for years their ample umbrage ſhed,
Are whirl'd in air, or o'er the landſcape ſpread;
Within the ſtormy line, whole human throngs,
And fowl, and cattle, one ſad ſcene prolongs;
In deadly heaps along the earth they riſe,
Beneath the ſtreaming torrents of the ſkies;
Whole ſtores of grain, and ancient buildings, fly,
Roofs, ſpires, and walls, in loſt confuſion lie;
Before the dread tornado they appear
As feathers toſt in agitated air.

Now nature trembles!—unbelievers pray—
For Heav'n's Artillery begins to play!
The atheiſt quakes, the raſh blaſphemer kneels,
Caligula himſelf the terror feels—
In all the trembling agony of ſoul,
He hides aſtoniſh'd, as the thunders roll!

Louder

Louder and louder ſtill the vollies pour
Their deaf'ning ſounds, in one tremendous roar;
'Tis GOD that ſpeaks!—the vaſt expanſe is ſmall,
Is too contracted for JEHOVAH's call!
His echoing emphaſis thro' nature bounds
In endleſs circles of encreaſing rounds:
The ſkies are ſhook— the proſtrate earth gives way—
While ſheets of lightning dart augmented day!
Still more and more the lurid flaſh extends,
Till all around in bright confuſion blends!
What can reſiſt th' inſinuating flame,
Which tinges, pierces, all the various frame?
Is in all matter, and can force its way
Thro' rocks of ice, or caverns of the ſea;
To fluid forms reſiſting metals caſt;
Reduce to cinders, or to ruin blaſt.
Attend that awful, pitiable ſight,
Where pain and terror, loſs and death, unite;
The ſignal's made—elaſtic nature moves—
Here ſounds the thunder—there the lightning roves!
That antient grove, that venerable ſeat,
Are ſtript, or torn—entirely deſolate!
The patient woolly race that cropt the mead
Are wrapt in fire, and innocently dead;
Nor can the brawny ox reſiſt the flame
Which inſtantaneous pierc'd his pond'rous frame,
His noſtrils redden as he pants for breath,
In all the lab'ring agony of death:
The ſwifter horſe, in his careering flight,
Is ſtruck with blindneſs by exceſs of light;
And all the mute creation pant to ſhare
The darken'd grot, to fly the fi'ry glare!
But view the lab'ring peaſant, ſcorch'd and blind,
Gropes thro' the ſtorm, his hut, wife, child, to find;

No

No cottage there!—the flaming bolt has laid
The ſhed in ruins, and his offspring dead!
Now let the aged pair their ſorrows weep,
And one ſad relick of the aſhes keep.
The hoarſer ſounds and livid flaſh extend,
There they prolong, or here their terrors bend;
They pay no partial homage to the great,
Theſe too ſhall feel the dazzling ſtroke of fate—
On yonder carriage, with its livery'd train,
But place your eyes, and mark the dreadful ſcene!
The hollow peals and fiery air affright
The foaming drafts, as they aſcend that height—
On this ſide—that—before—behind—they tear,
Here lie the harneſs, wheels and pole are there;
The charioteer, unnerv'd, yields up the reins,
His palſy'd arm no more the rage reſtrains;
The great Right Honourable blaſted lies,
With broken limbs and ſuffocated eyes;
His conſort ſhrivell'd to a breathleſs form,
Lies ſtiff in death beneath the flaming ſtorm;
The fair *Amanda*, their one darling, ſhews
A ſight almoſt too fearful to diſcloſe!
For by her modern dreſs ſhe caught the fire
Which fell, attracted by her pins of wire;
Theſe by a ſtrong electric force drew down
The active lightning round her ſpiral crown,
Till all one blaze her idol hair diſplay'd—
That hair ſo oft in vanity array'd;
Her head all cropt, not ev'n an eye-brow there;
One eyeleſs ſocket, ſcoop'd entirely bare;
Her teeth are daſh'd almoſt away, or broke—
So chang'd is gay *Amanda*'s brilliant look!
And all her robes, plac d on by various art,
Are burnt around her palpitating heart——

She's

She's juſt alive!—has juſt enough of ſpeech,
To aſk protection in a low beſeech!
Has juſt enough of ſight, to ſee her face
Deſcribe a frightful image in the glaſs;
In that frequented mirrour now can ſee
Her beauty ſhatter'd to deformity;
And in the mortifying proſpect learns
What ſhe by ſad experience now diſcerns—
That real worth, and amiable grace,
Are not concenter'd in the fineſt face,
Nor in the perſon of the faireſt ſhe,
Unleſs meek wiſdom, virtue, honeſty,
Become th' adorning:——Then no outward foe,
Nor louring ſky, nor lightning, hail, or ſnow,
Nor ſickneſs, no nor death itſelf, can be
The cauſe of finiſh'd, endleſs MISERY.

Now let us near the burning mountains tour,
See Nature's fluid ſubterranean ſtore.
Hecla, projected 'gainſt the concave ſkies,
Rolls forth in flames of horrible ſurpriſe;
'Midſt *Iceland*'s ſnow, and polar cold it burns,
In roaring thunder, from a thouſand urns.

From its abyſs, *Veſuvius* boiling, pours
Stones, aſhes, ſmoke, in congregated ſhow'rs,
Theſe ſpread a ſable pall on all around,
Till ſun and ſtars, in one eclipſe are drown'd.
Mark ſenior *Pliny*, curiouſly mad,
Aſcend the hill, in *Roman* learning clad,
Deſir'd to find, and know the cauſes, why,
Sulphureous rivers almoſt laſh'd the ſky?
But for the hot enquiry paid his breath,
And bought his knowledge by a learn'd death.
View ſtreams of burning ſulphur daſh'd away
In one profuſe unnavigable ſea,

Upon

Upon whoſe fiery waves, Deſtruction ſtrides,
And all beneath in melting Vengeance hides:
Landſcapes and cities, beaſts and human kind,
Are in one furnace, one conſiſtence join'd:
Herculaneum, and *Pompeio*, found
Themſelves in flaming inundations drown'd.
Then *Afric*, *Rome*, and *Syria* ſpoke their dread,
When horrid darkneſs, from *Veſuvius* ſpread,
For clouds of ſable cinders, ſpread their flight,
And ſkreen'd theſe empires with a dreadful night. †
Hark! how around the glowing province, bounds
Cries, diſmal cries, and melancholy ſounds,
From unknown voices, ſtill the accents flow,
In mournful dirges of departed woe;
And round and near the fuming mount, behold
Gigantic ſhapes, their dreadful forms unfold;
The monſtrous apparitions ſtalk away
In ſolemn ſlowneſs, thro' the obſcure day!

As *Naples*, in *Veſuvian* fury glows,
So, *Sicily* with liquid mineral flows;
For here, the burning *Ætna*, far and wide
Pours forth its entrails in a fiery tide;
Or elſe, in columns of aſcending blaze
Spreads out a canopy of broiling rays;
And ſtreams of *Lava*, with meander'd death,
Purſue their progreſs thro' the vales beneath;
Till, to a river,——to a ſea they ſweep,
And deluge Nature in a flaming deep.
'Twas here *Empedocles* deſir'd to be
Cloth'd in the honours of Divinity;

† According to hiſtory, this alarming ſcourge, was felt in the reign of *Titus* the emperor.—And ſee Dr. *Heylin*'s Geography.

For this, aſcends the ſparkling mount, to ſhare
The homage of ſome blind idolater;
Then, in the burning oven, ruſh'd unaw'd,
And, ſunk in fire, to riſe——a Devil God! §
Ye Chriſtians!—ſo by courteous language ſtyl'd,
Ye nominal believers!——all defil'd,
Defil'd by ſelf, or fine-ſpun vanity,
In poor *Empedocles*, your conduct ſee;
To ſelf or fame, he ſacrific'd his all,
And vain ſelf-murder ſtigmatiz'd his fall:
Ye too, your time, and health, and ſouls employ,
Till theſe ye kill, or wantonly deſtroy!
For what?—What is the prize? The dreadful ſtake?
Which ſtrains each nerve, and keeps the mind awake?
It's this—to pleaſe ſelf-will, in all its ways,
For luſt of riches, pleaſure, flimſy praiſe.
To pleaſe this ſelf,——a tyrant founds his throne,
On ſlaughter'd hoſts, and regions not his own.
This ſelf to pleaſe, the villain lies and ſwears,
And ſtabs and ſmiles,—yet goes to public pray'rs. †
The lawyer lungs chicane, by hours away,
To ſerve a cauſe, made righteous—by the pay.

Clelia,

§ *Horace* mentions this, as a fact well known in his time.

——— Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit *Empedocles*, ardentem fervidus *Ætnam*
Inſiluit. ——————— De Art. Poet.

† Something ſimilar to *Lewis* XI. of *France*, who kept a leaden medal in his bonnet, in the form of a crucifix; and when he cauſed any to be murdered, he would kiſs it, deſiring it to pardon him that one murder more, and it ſhould be the laſt.—This is the counterpart of all thoſe who commit ſin from a vain hope that prayers, &c. or any *opus operatum*, will palliate, or attone for the crime. It is, if not making a leaden Deity, yet committing a more dangerous ſort of idolatry; figuring an unchangeable holy BEING,

Clelia, to pleaſe this vainer ſelf, aſſumes
A junior form, and mimics nature's blooms:
Theſe blooms, and younger years *Lucinda* ſhares,
But, ſhe muſt mend her MAKER's characters,
Too long a child,—a girl—ſhe toils to be
Matur'd,—by arts of hot-bed induſtry.
Is trade exempt?——Doth one in buſineſs ſtrive,
From fraud, his curſed profit to derive?
On this man's want, or that man's ignorance,
Does ſtern oppreſſion grind a quick advance?
Or are there ſuch, who wickedly delay
An ample reſtitution, of their prey?
To pay with int'reſt, what by length of time,
Or dormant claim, is hardly prov'd a crime?
Dare ſuch, the earneſt for their ſouls detain,
And buy damnation, and eternal pain?
For what?——To pleaſe this idol ſelf, they ply,
To this the heart, to this they lift the eye;
The various claſſes, various characters
Above deſcrib'd, pour forth their hopes and fears;
And more than theſe, or mem'ry can deſcribe,
Throngs upon throngs, and tribe o'ertaking tribe;

BEING, to be ſuch an one as themſelves, as if he could be made placable by any commutation of theirs! As if any other ſucce-daneum will pleaſe him, than an immediate renunciation of ſin, and a lively faith in the merits of his SON.——Beſides, whoe-ver tranſgreſſes the law from an expectation that he will after-wards repent, may be called to give up his accounts, before that repentance is vouchſafed; or—may be cut off in the commiſſion of the crime.——And, did the ſinner, even live many years after, it may only be outliving his day of grace: For as repen-tance is the gift of GOD alone, ſo the tranſgreſſor can no more give himſelf that repentance, when he pleaſes, than he can live as long as he pleaſes.——LORD, ſave, or we periſh!

In vary'd circumſtances, All repair,
Unto the ſhrine, with unremitting pray'r.
This mighty Self, on his exalted throne,
Is ſought, ador'd, and recogniz'd alone;
To this, the gen'ral ſacrifice is made,
On diff'rent altars, diff'rent victims laid:
Here, honeſty is offer'd for a bribe,
And truth ſtands auction'd by the venal tribe;
Sobriety, and temp'rance, ſaid to be
Preciſe, low-minded ſingularity;
The *amor patriæ*, laugh'd entire away,
As heathen virtue, long ſince in decay;
To owe no debts, to make no widows mourn,
A frugal table, an unſelfiſh turn,
Are deem'd poor-ſpirited, obſcure and mean,
Fit for plebeians, and the ſervile train;
Religion's dictates,—ſaid to be the rule,
Of ev'ry canting, whining, auſtere fool,
Of hypocrites, who wou'd affect to be
Devout and honeſt, to the laſt degree;
Or of enthuſiaſts, whoſe fancies rove
In pious frenzy, or ideal love.
This ſelfiſh Self, this central point draws in
Its dreadful vortex ev'ry damning ſin;
But, in particular, idolatry
Stands forth a rival of th' Eternal THREE!
Its temples, altars, ſacrifices riſe
In bold defiance, 'gainſt the ruling ſkies,
And, with *Empedoclean* fury driv'n,
It ſeeks a fancy'd, faſcinating Heav'n,
Till, by a too too late reflexion ſees
The true completion of all MISERIES,
In center'd here, 'My will be done, not thine,
'Keep thou thy Heav'n, let Self be ever mine!'

From

From earth to ocean let us turn our ſight,
Where winds and hurricanes purſue their flight;
The Heav'ns are black,—the thund'ring ſtorm prepares
For liquid deaths, and elemental wars.
But, O the ruin, in that navy made
Whence men and ſhipwrecks, thro' the waves are ſpread!
In one promiſcuous tumult of affright,
'Midſt all the horrors of the pitchy night,
The various freights, with dreadful ſwiftneſs flow,
Above the clouds,—then to the depths below:
Or ſhip 'gainſt ſhip, irregularly toſt,
Then daſh'd to ſhreds,——and in a moment loſt!
The ſtorm re-doubles, with inceſſant roar,
Nor cries, nor lights, can reach the diſtant ſhoar;
The crackling cordage, ſails and maſts are hurl'd
In flying fury, thro' the watry world:
Whole toiling crews are daſh'd entire away
To glut the yawning monſters with their prey;
Theſe not content——attend with thouſands more
To gorge their rabid rage with human gore.
All hope is ſpent.——Nor aught appears to ſave
The ſhatter'd reliques from each mountain wave:
At length with deſperate reluctance ſway'd
They ſtrive no more,—but, thro' the clouds convey'd,
Their hulks and they, with agitated force,
Purſue new bearings, in an unknown courſe!
Still ev'ry laſhing ſurge, proclaims their fate,
Compell'd, at laſt, they ſeek a new retreat;
Into the briny waves they plunge their all,
On nature's GOD, with lamentations call;
Some graſp the planks, and ſome the boards entwine,
A wreck, this ſeizes,—all to fate reſign!
Now, on the foaming billows, daſh'd away,
They roll in throngs, throughout the raging ſea;

Till, all fatigu'd, they gaſp their lateſt breath,
And falls a ſacrifice to waves and—death.
When day unveils the ocean's midnight rage,
What MISERABLE views our thoughts engage!
The glaſſy ſurface, cover'd o'er with ſpoils,
From both the Indies,——of a thouſand toils;
Of drugs—apparel—ſpices—foreign food,
Luxurious lading!——for European blood!
Then, on the ſhore, the ſodden corſes ſee,
Torn from their country, friends, and family,
From ev'ry ſocial tie, for ever tore,
To view their other ſelves, their babes no more:
In vain, his wife reproves the long delay,
In vain, the children for his coming pray:
More than a thouſand leagues their dear divide,
Heav'd on the ſand by ſome revolving tide,
Till, ſtripp'd by ruffians,—— tore by birds he lies,
A mangl'd ſkeleton, againſt the ſkies.

Expreſly order'd to cut off mankind,
The Plague appears, with its commiſſion ſign'd;
Thus runs the ſtrict peremptory command,
'Let ſwift Deſtruction ſweep a guilty land;
'Let ten ten thouſands yield their poiſon'd breath
'To ſudden ſickneſs, and a ſudden death;
'Let no diſtinction once delay the ſtroke,
'Tho' age may plead, or liſping youth invoke;
'Tho' riches bribe the healing ſons of ſkill,
'Themſelves ſhall fall, and their preſcriptions kill;
'Tho' poverty intreats to paſs it by,
'And aſks more time to beg—not yet to die—
'Be deaf to all:——But thoſe I pleaſe to ſpare,
'Shall be my ſecret and my guardian care.'
The ſpectre hears,—and ſcatters deaths around;
On ev'ry brow diſtreſs and fear are found;

The

The rich get ready to roll off with ſpeed,
But are arreſted in the panting deed.
Houſes to hoſpitals converted are,
And medicated ſcents perfume the air:
Sickneſs, and wearineſs, and pain appear,
In one high-finiſh'd, ſtriking character,
And theſe, augmented by the fiery ſore,
Which darts the Plague thro' ev'ry vital pow'r;
Till ſad Mortality ſweeps throngs away,
At one compendious ſtroke, each gloomy day.
Nor ended yet, —— the Judgment ſtill prevails,
And ev'ry med'cine abſolutely fails.
Lanes, ſtreets and ſquares, with thouſand dead abound,
And groans and cries, are echo'd round and round.
Too ſmall the ſacred burial place appears,
Which held its tenants centuries of years;
And ſtill ſo faſt the black ſucceſſion plies,
So thick the deadly congregation lies,
That,—new ſepulchral pits,—capacious—deep,
Muſt hold the throng'd inhabitants to ſleep;
Thither, in heaps, their beds,—apparel,—they
Are toſs'd to ſweeten in their native clay.
But, now, ſo few among the living found,
To throw the corſes in the yawning ground,
That carts attend each ſolitary door,
And thus the ghaſtly driver mouthes his roar,
'Throw out your dead!'—He haſtens with his load,
Of noiſome carcaſes, and putrid blood,
And ſtows the whole, within that magazine,
Where nations ſlumber, till the final ſcene.

Plac'd like a centinel upon his ſtand,
Each ſoul ſhou'd wait until his LORD's command;
Until the final orders of the day
Recall the frail probationer away;

Then

Then from his poſt and from his toils diſcharg'd,
The patient ſojourner ſhall be enlarg'd.
But are there thoſe who peeviſhly complain
Of death's delay, and life's corroding chain;
Who meanly wiſh to drop the mortal load,
And dare arraign the juſtice of their GOD!
Dare with cenſorious murmurings repine
At life's ſlow fever, and the will divine;
Becauſe to them all times and perſons are
Not moulded in one ductile character;
Becauſe all circumſtances don't ariſe
In inſtant pliancy before their eyes;
Therefore with GOD Himſelf they dare diſpute,
Or (which is equal) with ſome attribute;
Preſume his wiſdom, juſtice, providence,
Are to be meaſur'd by their ſelfiſh ſenſe:
Hence blame their lot, or ev'n the weather blame——
Thus tacitly their MAKER's will blaſpheme;
Alphonſus like, untremblingly declare,
When heav'n, and earth, and water, fire, and air,
Roſe into being—and had They been by,
They wou'd adviſe—inſtruct the DEITY,
Much better to have plann'd the various frame,
With fewer faults, and on a juſter ſcheme!
Such are quite angry with thoſe who deny
To canonize their fallen MISERY;
Till run at length to ſplenetic deſpair,
And melancholy, black, and gloomy care,
They ruſh on death with violent appeal,
Puſh Heav'n away, and make a prize of—hell!
Proudly impatient of ſome trivial load,
They force themſelves beneath the wrath of GOD;
And, with the teſty prophet, dare reply,
'They will be angry, and reſolv'd to die!' *

If

* Jonah, ch. iv. ver. 9.

If death, inexorably kind, delays,
They ſeek, purſue him thro' each gloomy maze;
By artful hunger, or the pois'nous bowl,
They kill the body, to deſtroy the ſoul;
Or with the poignard, leaden death, or cord,
Or watry deep—they graſp their damn'd reward!

In bonds of guilty blood to theſe ally'd,
Step forth the Duelliſts, in rampant pride;
Humanity's reproach—our nation's ſhame—
A ſanguine bluſh upon the Chriſtian name!
But pretexts, pretences, palliatives,
Ariſe in groups—becauſe a rival lives!
And this, for ſome ſuppoſed, or real ſlight,
A brother's ſoul muſt therefore take its flight;
Or both may fall—and as they fall, muſt feel
The murd'rer's place amid' the flames of hell!
And tho' no legal action here may lie
Againſt a crime of ſuch a flaming dye,
Yet GOD and conſcience ſhall an inqueſt hold,
And bring a verdict not to be controll'd;
Shall then pronounce the ſentence of diſtreſs,
Upon a wretch of ſo much wickedneſs.

Arraign'd, the red *Hermogenes* muſt hear
His ſin unfolded, with tormenting fear;
The charge produc'd, the culprit pleads his guilt,
With tears of blood, for blood he madly ſpilt:——
Another's life—not his—unjuſtly took—
And, in that blow, his MAKER's image ſtruck!
But (as in guilt there are degrees) much worſe,
Againſt himſelf he bent his utmoſt force,
And hazarded that great depoſitum—
Redemption's toil!—Redemption's countleſs ſum!
Unto the deadly weapon dar'd preſent
His perſon—not his own—'twas only lent:

Worſt breach of truſt!—to yield what GOD decreed
His own unalienable right indeed;
Worſt ſacrilege!—to ſeize, deſtroy that ſhrine,
Appointed for the reſidence Divine;
And act the wanton ſuicide, to pleaſe
A ſullen, angry, cowardly diſeaſe!
Not courage ſure—but fearful of his name,
His baſe-born upiſhneſs, his empty fame;
Fearful, leſt fops ſhou'd ſneer his pride to death,
And blaſt his honour with unmeaning breath;
Quite terrify'd, that any ſhou'd believe
'He fears his GOD, and dare a ſlight receive;'
Almoſt diſtracted, leſt it ſhou'd be ſaid,
'He is of GOD, much more than man, afraid;'
And, leſt the cenſure of vile vanity
Shou'd kill his grandeur with an irony,
Unaw'd, infatuated, he appears,
To act the worſt of helliſh characters!
And crimſon'd o'er with guilt, and reeking hands,
Before his MAKER's dread tribunal ſtands!
There, there, indeed, the juſt deciſion learns——
The real eſtimate of things diſcerns;
And, on the moral ſcale, he finds the riſe
Of all his brav'ry, roſe from cowardice!
From fear of banter, or reproach, or ſhame,
For fear of nothing—bought an endleſs flame!
Afraid leſt taunts and mockeries ſhou'd raiſe
A ſelfiſh bluſh, his anger took the blaze.
But if true fortitude had bore the ſway,
His paſſions, not his reaſon, ſhou'd obey;
And ſterling courage wou'd in this appear——
'To curb his rage, and then deſpiſe a ſneer.'
But late—for with intimidated ſtife,
He flew rapacious on another's life;

But

But ſacrific'd his own—and finds too late,
'Twas only cowardice made deſperate!'
That fear, not courage—or a ſhameful ſhame,
Urg'd on the deed, to ſave a guilty fame.
See! how the two polite aſſaſſins ſtrive,
And ev'ry ceremonious plan contrive,
To draw each other to the fatal hour,
While all the ſocial ties have loſt their pow'r:
Nor parents, children, wife, or country, can
Prevail to diſconcert the dev'liſh plan.
The mortal rituals ſettled with grimace,
And ev'ry circumſtance of time and place;
Their wills firſt ſign'd, ſeal'd, publiſh'd, and declar'd,
The ſeconds call'd on, and the arms prepar'd;——
So many paces off each takes his ſtand,
With murd'ring weapons in the trembling hand:
Attending dæmons wait the dead to ſeize,
And hov'ring angels piteouſly gaze!——
What reck they!—tho' the JUDGE Himſelf is nigh,
Yet ſtill the ruffians will preſume to die!
And by their actions impiouſly declare,
They can his frown, his ſentence, thunders—bear!
With implements in ſlaughter fleſh'd and ſtain'd,
Each art is try'd, and ev'ry nerve quite ſtrain'd,
To execute the mutual butchery,
Juſt on the margin of eternity!
The moment's near——the doubtful die juſt thrown,
And turns up 'DEATH,' amidſt a ſtruggling groan!
They kick the earth juſt as their ſpirits flee,
And inly curſe their haughty MISERY!

Thus ſtand the ſtubborn facts—with dreadful glare
They haunt as ſpectres, or like conſcience ſtare!
Each part of body, ſpirit, ſoul, ſuſtains
Abundant pangs, and pitiable pains;

The

The nat'ral, moral world, convuls'd and tore,
Paſt man to mend, paſt med'cines to reſtore!
All bear the mocks of ſome invet'rate foe,
Some ſecret influence that darts the blow:
And, only hope extends beyond this ſcene,
'Twere better for us never to have been.
But Heav'n, in wiſdom infinite, deſign'd
This world an ordeal for all mankind;
A true *Olympic* ſtrife, whoſe hard-earn'd prize
Is giv'n the victor—when he conqu'ring dies.

But ſince we ſuffer, weep, and groan, and die——
Let us enquire the awful reaſon, WHY?
With rev'rend retroſpect, trace back the cauſe
Whence MIS'RY all her ſad ſucceſſion draws;
Whence all the dread calamities beneath
Like ſerpents ſting us, till we ceaſe to breathe.
And ev'n into eternity, what pains,
Emphatically keen, for man remains——
For ſinful man—if in theſe ſins he dies,
Then farewel hope, and ev'ry refuge flies!

The ſacred oracles of truth and light
Shall guide our pinions in the diſtant flight;
Shall bring us to the early morn of time,
To view the ſinner in his daring crime:
Nay, farther back—to the eternal ſtate,
Where MIS'RY had its timeleſs, dreadful date!
And thus the venerable code throws by
The veil, which reaſon never cou'd eſpy.

Ere day and night in ſtricteſt order ran;
Ere earth was made, or its vicegerent, man;
Before the planets roll'd their deſtin'd courſe,
Or hoary time was parted from its ſource;——
Ev'n then (if *then* cou'd be, when *time was not*),
While holy ſpirits kept their happy lot,

While

While Heav'n with echoing hallelujahs rung,
And praiſe ſpontaneous flow'd from ev'ry tongue;
Ev'n in that rapt exuberance of love,
The greateſt, brighteſt, happieſt angel, ſtrove
To equalize th' Eternal TRI-UNE SIRE,
And, as his GOD, obedience to require;
And, as his GOD, with independence reign,
Nor longer worſhip the tremendous NAME!

The anarch roſe, diſtended thus with pride,
And brow aloft—no equal cou'd abide:
'I will' (ſaid *Lucifer*) 'extend my throne
'O'er all creation's bounds, and reign alone;
'The ſpacious North ſhall be my empire's ſeat,
'And all Heav'n's hoſt ſhall worſhip at my feet;
'Like the MOST HIGH, in glorious ſtate I'll ſtand,
'And hold all nature in my potent hand.'

O dreadful moment! pregnant with the grief
Of thoſe whoſe pains will ne'er admit relief!
'Twas then dread MISERY commenc'd its reign,
With plagues and terrors in its baleful train.

Nor thus content—the rebel alſo drew
From their allegiance, and their MAKER too,
One third § of Heav'n's intelligential ſtars,
(Till then untutor'd in angelic wars);
His gloſſing tongue, before their dazzl'd eyes,
Made wickedneſs aſſume a ſmooth diſguiſe;
Made virtue baſe, and due obedience mean,
And ſhew'd that he, as much as GOD, ſhou'd reign!

The liſt'ning angels, by ambition fir'd,
In thick'ning troops rebelliouſly retir'd;
Retir'd from thoſe whoſe conduct wiſely ſhew'd,
'Twas all their happineſs to ſerve their GOD;

§ Revel. xii. 4.

To make HIS will their one unvary'd law,
Nor call it bondage, to adore with awe;
Nor think it ſervitude, in praiſe to glow
To HIM from whom their active beings flow;
But in HIS ſervice find their freedom lies,
While love alone their ev'ry wiſh ſupplies:
Or, urg'd by zeal (which is but flaming love),
They find their Heav'n as they his will approve.

Far diff'rent views the ſchiſmatics inſpir'd,
(Alternately with pride and envy fir'd)
Each graſp'd at empire, each a God would be,
And reign an independent DEITY *.

But

* That there has been a melancholy revolution among the angelical order, is as apparent as the being of angels. Without appealing to *Milton*'s beautiful amplification, we may have an aſſurance of this from the book of GOD: this tells us of 'The angels 'which kept not their firſt eſtate, but left their own habitation.' (Jude, v. 6.) And poſſibly the prophet *Iſaiah*, when declaring the fall of the king of *Babylon*, aſcribes the language of *Lucifer* to that imperious monarch; 'I will exalt my throne above the ſtars 'of GOD; I will ſit alſo upon the mount of the congregation, 'in the ſides of the north: I will aſcend above the heights of 'the clouds; I will be like the Moſt High.' (Iſa. xiv. 13, 14.) The conſequence of this is told us, Rev. xii. 7, 8, 9. 'And 'there was war in Heaven; *Michael* and his angels fought 'againſt the dragon, and the dragon fought and his angels. 'And the great dragon was caſt out; that old ſerpent called the 'Devil and Satan,' &c. This rebellion was the cauſe of their puniſhment; for 'GOD ſpared not the angels that ſinned, but 'caſt them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of 'darkneſs, to be reſerved unto judgment.' (Pet. ii. 2. 4.) The daring crime of theſe unhappy apoſtates, ſeems to be a proud independence, caſting off the ſovereign authority of their great CREATOR; and therefore ſinning againſt a moral law: and, probably, as each of them ſinned ipſo facto, in and by himſelf, under the meridian of light and knowledge, without a ſubtil tempter

But now a curious queſtion may appear——
'Cou'd angels ſin, with no temptation near?
'Cou'd thoſe, by ev'ry gift divine endow'd,
'E'er turn revolters from their bleſſed GOD?
'From whence, or how, did ſin at firſt proceed,
'Are caſuiſts yet upon the point agreed?
'Or who the Gordian knot ſhall e'er untie,
'And ſay, was ſin created?—when?—or why?"

tempter of another order (as *Eve* had); therefore the crime was unpardonable, and unatonable; ſomething ſimilar to that of the ſin againſt the HOLY GHOST, amongſt men. Poſſibly, the angels were poſſeſſed with a perfect knowledge of their unpardonable ſtate, if they ſhould ſin under ſuch and ſuch circumſtances, as we are not acquainted with now. Man, on the contrary, is ſaid to have ſinned againſt a poſitive law, which made an action (perhaps no crime in itſelf) to become ſin, becauſe GOD prohibited it; as it would be a tranſgreſſion in the firſt man and woman, to eat of any tree they ate of, if the Great BEING forbade it: although we muſt ſtill ſay, that our firſt parents, as the fallen angels did, acted in oppoſition to the Divine will.——How very awful this whole affair!—how ſhould it teach us to acknowledge his providence, his power, his preſence, in all our ways, if we expect HE ſhould direct our path? (Prov. 3, 6.) How ſhould it make us tremble to undertake any thing, either in the motive, manner, or end, that would have the remoteſt tendency to detach our thoughts from his glory!—how much ſhould we be alarmed to live ſeparate from, or independent of, HIM, (though indeed it cannot be in fact, becauſe we are abſorbed in his preſence; Acts, 17. 28.) when the firſt-born ſons of light, for ſuch a vain attempt, were caſt into everlaſting fire! But do not All, who live as 'without GOD in the world,' live in ſin, in trifling with their CREATOR, act as independent of HIM? And may they not conſequently expect, if they die ſo, to partake with their copartners the devils? Reader, and my ſoul, (if this is true) be united to GOD, and have communion with HIM, by that faith that overcomes ſin and ſanctifies the ſoul, as the bleſſed inſtrument, and as his free gift. Pray for it, if ſenſible of the want of it! even a faith in the SON of GOD, our great SUBSTITUTE!

Eaſy the taſk, and the ſolution clear,
If we allow, that GOD can never err;
That all perfections in eternal flow
In HIM ſubſiſt, to HIM their being owe;
That hence, HE's loving, good, and wiſe, and juſt,
From angel minds, to reptiles in the duſt;
That therefore ſin cou'd never, never be,
From HIS unalterably firm decree;
For ſin's an imperfection—want—defect—
A privative of being—a neglect:
But here, in this, Omnipotence muſt fail,
Or elſe it ſhou'd againſt itſelf prevail;
'Twou'd here be weakneſs—and ſo ceaſe to be
An infinite, all-perfect DEITY;
Againſt its own perfections hence muſt war,
And all the traces of the GODHEAD marr,
Till offspring nothing, endleſs vacuum,
Daſh being's ſelf, to periſh in their tomb:
Grant this we muſt, if we ſhou'd dare ſurmiſe
A want, a privative, in GOD ariſe;
Or elſe the blaſphemous concluſion draw——
That HE cou'd break his own eternal law;
HIS law of love, HIS everlaſting rule,
That genuine fitneſs which connects the whole,
Joins ev'ry attribute in full diſplay,
With all the ſplendor of exceſſive day!

If from this rule, this ſtandard, HE cou'd fall,
HE'd ſink beneath HIS own original;
Wou'd then depart (impoſſible indeed!)
From HIS own rectitude——Accurſed creed!
As well from HIS own eſſence ſep'rate be,
As ſoon make nothing graſp eternity,
As nature's SIRE, the unbegiming GOD,
The CAUSE uncauſed, who is HIS own abode—

Shou'd

Shou'd ever cauſe, decree, deviſe, dictate,
The monſter Sin to be the work of FATE:
HIS WILL is FATE—HIMSELF HIS ſov'reign WILL,
Which 'gainſt HIMSELF, no purpoſe can fulfill,
No more, than being make non-entity
To overthrow what ſhall for ever be;
Or un-ideal nothing be the cauſe,
Why all things are, and why they have their laws.

'But ſtill there's ſin——and doth not ſin imply,
'Like each effect, ſome cauſe, ſome reaſon why?'
It doth:——and facts and reaſon fully tell,
That men and angels made, or choſe their hell!
For when th' Almighty PARENT made each race,
HE gave them pow'rs adapted to their place,
Fit for that ſcale, that link in being's chain,
Which wiſdom, pow'r, and goodneſs, did ordain:
So to each various order did diſpenſe
A ray of HIS divine intelligence;
Nor mere machines, but creatures who cou'd chooſe,
Obey or diſobey, accept, refuſe.
But this imply'd a law—that law HIS will,
Which all dependent beings ſhou'd fulfil;
That was the ſtandard—— but the rebel hoſt
Of angel-fiends wou'd other ſtations boaſt;
With their own habitations diſcontent, §
They would be otherwiſe than GOD had meant;
Their wills to HIS wou'd daringly oppoſe,
Till ſunk in MIS'RY, as in pride they roſe,
They found, and find, and ſhall for ever know,
A ſtill-increaſing, aggravated woe!

Man too, like angels, bore the ſacred ſign,
The ſtamp of love, the ſignature divine;

§ Jude, ver. 6.

Like them, with full capacity endu'd
To do no evil——to continue good;
To own his great CREATOR's ſov'reign ſway,
And find a happy freedom to obey,
Obey that WILL which only bade him be
Secure in permanent felicity;
That WILL his LAW——but as all laws muſt bear
Some awful ſtamp, ſome ſtriking character;
So when the LEGISLATOR pleas'd to try
His new-made creature, man's fidelity,
One eaſy, poſitive reſtriction ſhew'd
Wou'd he implicitly obey his GOD?
Wou'd he acknowledge, without aſking 'WHY?'
The abſolute command of DEITY?
A mild command! which only ſaid, 'Be wiſe,
'Be eaſy, happy, keep thy paradiſe;
'Avoid the fruit of one forbidden tree,
'This I reſerve for MY own ſov'reignty.
'Eaſy indeed! the abſtinence but ſmall!
'If thou tranſgreſs, thou art more criminal:
'And as a ſtronger barrier, to attend
'The interdict of thy ALMIGHTY FRIEND,
'I tell thee, man, if thou this law tranſgreſs,
'The penalty is Death and wretchedneſs!
'Of ev'ry other tree thou may'ſt partake,
'Nor touch this one, for thy CREATOR's ſake.'

Man heard the awful warning, and was bound
By ev'ry tie of gratitude profound,
By ſtrong dependence, int'reſt, duty, taught
To hate the crime, to tremble at the fault;
Nor one pretext for ignorance cou d plead,
Nor want of pow'r, or juſt excuſe be made.

Yet, 'mongſt the wonders ſince the birth of time,
Man dar'd commit the moſt tremendous crime!

For

For holineſs and purity, reſign'd
To foul diſorders his unſpotted mind;
For knowledge, and intuitive delight,
He choſe groſs ignorance, and moral night;
To guilt's tormenting throes he gave the place
Of meek ey'd innocence, and virgin peace;
For liberty's unfetter'd, calm delights,
The walks of *Eden*, and extatic flights,
To bondage yielded—forg'd his ſervile chain,
Gave health for ſickneſs, eaſe for laſting pain;
And by one dread, compendious act, gave place
To all the MIS'RIES of the human race!
For by his *Eve*'s ſuggeſtion lur'd and caught,
And ſhe by ſatan tempted to the fault,
The firſt of men with dreadful madneſs ſeiz'd
The fatal fruit, and on the poiſon gaz'd,
Then ate——'twas done!——the rebel clearly ſhew'd
He wou'd not yield allegiance to his GOD!
He too wou'd dare diſpute his MAKER's right,
Contend with pow'r and wiſdom infinite;
Till by his own rebellious will undone,
He fell——he ſinn'd——but never cou'd attone!
And, only Mercy in that criſis ſhew'd
The mere compaſſion of a gracious GOD,
And gave the great vicarious SACRIFICE,
HIS only SON! to future agonies,
A VICTIM innocent! a SUBSTITUTE!
For thoſe who ate, and ſuffer'd by that fruit;
Only for THIS—THIS only was the WHY,
The meritorious CAUSE, that *none need die:*
And but for THIS, the firſt apoſtate pair
Muſt vengeance feel, and death for ever bear;
Muſt bear from Juſtice, all that TRUTH declar'd
Shou'd be their mortal, plenary reward!

The

The fact admitted, that the angels fell,
That man, likewiſe did heniouſly rebel;
That both cou'd ſtand,—that alſo both might fall,
Muſt be allow'd, if we believe at all:
Or elſe that fate, and ſtrict neceſſity
Gave them no choice, nor left them to be free;
If ſo, then praiſe or blame, cannot appear
To enter in their biaſs'd character;
Nor, are they once accountable for aught,
For any action, or unlicens'd thought,—
Hence, were not ſubjects for reward or pains,
But, bound in ten-fold adamantine chains,
Muſt only as unconſcious puppets be,
Quite un-endow'd with moral liberty;
To act or ceaſe, juſt as the deſtin'd wire
Projects, repels, or ſinks, or lifts them higher.

But if both man and angels were deſign'd
Intelligences of a glorious kind,
If underſtanding,—will—affections were
The great criterions of their character,
Then all, and each of theſe cou'd operate
Within the ſphere, predeſtin'd them by FATE;
The underſtanding know,——the will cou'd chooſe,
Determine this,——that inſtantly refuſe,
And,-by the ſtrong affections, pour its tide,
In torrents here——there in meanders glide:
Hence unreſtrain'd, or man, or angels might
Obey, or diſobey the INFINITE.
One, 'gainſt a moral law, tranſgreſſing fell,
Againſt a poſitive, man dar'd rebel:
Both broke the will divine,——and plac'd their own
As deities ſublime, upon the throne!
Hence to be happy, and reſtor'd to peace,
Man muſt deny his will, his guilty eaſe.

But,

But, angels ſeem'd to fill their meaſure up,
Without one——ling'ring——tranſitory hope!
Or, from their nature, or their crime they lie
Expos'd to pain,——for evermore to die!
But man, a poſſible eſcape may gain,
And yet fly veng'ance, and eternal pain:
How dear the purchaſe!—how deep-dy'd the guilt!
Or man be loſt,——or blood divine be ſpilt!

Perhaps, ſome period in th' eternal ſtate
May yet unveil the myſteries of fate;
May yet unravel all the various plan,
Why GOD wou'd ſave his junior creature, man:
Why, angels, elder ſons of DEITY,
Had no aſylum from their MISERY;
Had not a SAVIOUR to ſuſtain their load,
To pay their penalty, with ſacred blood!
While human ſinners, earth and aſhes, may
Be re-inſtated, in the blaze of day,
Be rais'd much higher, than from whence they fell,
Abſorb'd in GODHEAD,——who the reſt can tell!

One more ſad toil for the lamenting muſe,
And then, ſhe bounds her melancholy views;
Th' eternal ſtate of MISERY to tell,
The ſhrieks of *Tophet*, and the flames of Hell:
Sad wages due to ſin!—— dread recompenſe!
In every pain of loſs, and pain of ſenſe.

The final ſentence paſs'd, and worlds deſtroy'd,
Nature expung'd beneath the flaming void;—
Or elſe, with renovating luſtre chang'd *,
All purg'd with fire,——harmoniouſly arrang'd:
The preface this,——but, O the after ſtate,
Includes the awful—terrible and—great!

'Come,'

* Some believe that no part of nature, not an atom of it, ſhall be annihilated; but only purified from the ſtain brought on it by ſin.

'Come,' and 'depart,' ſhall fix the endleſs ſcene
Of all that are, ſhall be, or e'er have been.
'Come! from a world of wickedneſs and ſtrife,
'Partake of Heav'n——of ME,—— of endleſs life!
'Depart!'——But oh! what in that ſound I hear,
The diſtant accent, grates my tortur'd ear:
'Depart!'——LORD, whither ſhall the ſinner go?
It is thy abſence conſummates his woe;
Pregnant with ev'ry curſe, affright and fear,
It makes exiſtence, too too much, to bear!
'Depart from ME!'——O heft of beings, whence?
'To everlaſting fire,——pervading ev'ry ſenſe,
'For devils once prepar'd;——but man wou'd ſeize
'Their penal right, and plunge into the blaze.'

How all-imperfect, how inadequate
Is man to tell, is angel to relate,
The complicated pangs, the ſad diſtreſs,
The very emphaſis of wretchedneſs,
Which human-kind muſt always bear for ſin,
The torment ſtill beginning to begin;
The load encreaſing, and with the encreaſe
Augmented vigour, keeps perpetual peace,——
More pond'rous ſtill,—— and ſtill more ſtrengths beſtow'd,
(O painful gift!)—To bear the wrath of GOD!
Immortal death, and dying life, are here
The ſtrong ingredients of one character;
Both deeply twiſted, thro' th' eſſential whole,
Cloſe as exiſtence,—laſting as the ſoul.

Here, ſlumb'ring, calm, unruffl'd innocence,
Knows not one moment's wand'ring reſidence:
But guilt, with all its laſhing ſcorpions, tears
The agonizing breaſts, with various fears;

And

And ſtorms the mind, in clamorous appeal,
Of conſcious crimes, with pangs unſpeakable:
Then in deep dy'd contaminating ſtains,
At once deforms, and all the ſoul explains;
Explains the inward frenzy, vaſt diſtreſs,
The genuine effects of wickedneſs.

Along with innocence, ſo chearful joy
Has here no being, can have no employ:
But gloomy grief, and dreadful agonies,
Corroding care, and horrid MISERIES,
As hags of hell, in boding omens ſtare
With ſullen brows, portentouſly ſevere!

Peace,——placid—calm—ſerene—meek—tranquil peace;
Were it but here,—here inſtantly wou'd ceaſe:
For with perpetual diſcord, ſtrife and war,
The ſoul and body keep eternal jar:
This looks on that to be the vicious cauſe
Why both had broke their MAKER's righteous laws;
And that, on this, as the vile inſtrument,
The ſervile engine, which obedient lent
Its fleſhy, ductile, ſenſual help, to raiſe
Impure deſires,——and ſet the whole on blaze.
Not only each againſt itſelf replies,
But damn'd 'gainſt damn'd retaliates truth and lies;
Parents, their offspring's daring crimes upbraid,
And children, here, their diſobedience plead;
Declare, the hoary ſire, and mother, were
Their early patterns, to the helliſh ſnare;
Or elſe, with unreſtrain'd indulgence, ſaw
The little rebels, break the ſacred law,
Without due puniſhment.—Hence worſe and worſe,
Upon their parents pour a deadly curſe;

And theſe, in turn, upon their children pour
Retorting fury, in a fiery ſhow'r.
Againſt the ſacred reverend order, ſee
Whole flocks ariſe, and charge their MISERY
On each blind leader of the blind, who taught
The harmleſs nature of a—damning fault:
Emollient—— downy——pleaſurable men!
Who danc'd—gave pray'rs—— and laugh'd — and danc'd again,
And gambl'd too, in ev'ry gay exceſs,
Yet ſhew'd the clergyman, in——church and dreſs:
'Gainſt theſe, the cloſe-fleec'd MISERABLE flocks
Exclaim——declare they ſplit upon theſe rocks;
Exclaim too late.——But O! thou rev'rend man,
Who read'ſt theſe truths, thy awful miſſion ſcan;
Let neither ſinful pleaſures, lazy eaſe,
Nor covetous deſires, diſgrace thy days;
But let humility, and loving zeal,
And holineſs, thro' all thy life prevail:
Be theſe thy ornaments,—— thy great deſign,
Juſt like thy SAVIOUR,—uſeful and divine!

Thus war—diſtreſs—perplexity are here,
In ev'ry claſs,—'mongſt ev'ry character;
No truce for peace;——but one ſad ferment roars,
Thro' all the chaos of infernal pow'rs.

Still Hell augments,—enlarges,—when they ſee
The loſs of Heav'n——of all felicity:
The abſence of the gracious FATHER's face,
The GOD and GIVER of abundant grace.
The want of HIM, who great in mercy ſhed
His blood——his life—and dropp'd among the dead!
So vaſt his love! apoſtate man to ſave,
HIMSELF a SACRIFICE—a RANSOM gave.
Nor can the ſanctifying SPIRIT, here
Benignly mild, unto one wretch appear:

For

For 'tis in Heav'n the TRI-UNE GOD diſplays
The bleſſings of his emanating rays;
That Heav'n now loſt,—for ever loſt to thoſe,
Who once might gain the permanent repoſe.
The loſs of holy angels too is found,
And of the ſaints with beaming glory crown'd;
Their hymns extatic, here no entrance gain,
To ſoothe damnation, and elude the pain.

Not only loſs of happineſs and eaſe,
Of all that comforts in ten thouſand ways,
Of all that's good, or beautiful, or fair,
Is here experienc'd:——but beyond compare
Much worſe, much greater, and more poignant ſtill,
Affect the mem'ry—underſtanding—will:
For now paſt mercies, bleſſings, crimes appear,
In ev'ry view tremendouſly ſevere!
Health, riches, time, and influence, preſent
The ſad remembrance of the whole miſpent;
Each of theſe talents, unimprov'd, ariſe
In long long catalogues of crimſon dies:
Or elſe perverted, proſtituted, loſt,
By pride, or luſt, or vanity engroſs'd:
Ingratitude for theſe, ſtands foremoſt now,
And black injuſtice hangs the guilty brow;
For, all the dreadful retroſpect preſents
Reflecting pangs, and ſorrowful comments.

O! cou'd oblivion, kindly ſtupid, ſhed
Its ſoft forgetfulneſs, its lenient aid
Amongſt the damn'd, for one extatic hour,
Each thouſand years,——'twou'd happineſs reſtore;
That kind returning interval, wou'd be
In Hell itſelf, a ſoothing jubilee.
But,——but in vain!——for mem'ry all alive,
Conſtant,——perpetual, makes paſt time ſurvive;

Along with vile ingratitude, it ſhews
Enſanguin'd crimes,——the ſource of endleſs woes:
Now, the ſucceſsful villain, who had dar'd
His GOD, in rampant ſins, finds his reward;
No more the unprotected poor ſhall wait
In vain for alms, or wages at his gate;
No more he vaunts the ſpoils of innocence,
Nor drags affliction from its laſt defence;
No more on ſad humanity he treads,
Nor rolls in purple—or on caſtern beds;
No more, in vain, ſhall panting *Laz'rus* ſigh
For *Dives'* crumbs, then ſink away, and die:
All this is paſt.——The tyrant reigns no more,
Un-nerv'd he burns——and Hell reſounds his roar.

Again, reflexion all-ſagacious, ſhews
How midnight plots, broke thro' the night's repoſe:
'Gainſt virtue, or 'gainſt kingdoms,—ſee the crew
The various wiles of treachery purſue;
Their neighbour's wife, or child, or elſe the ſtate
Became the ſubjects of the dark debate:
The ſtrong conſpiracy almoſt begins,
They've juſt fill'd up the meaſure of their ſins,
When, lo! the lurking lechers not aware,
Are ſeiz'd by death, or juſtice in the ſnare;
And ev'ry *Catiline* and *Machiavel*,
Who ſham'd a gibbet, then—ſunk down to Hell;
And, each abandon'd, dark aſſaſſin, now,
Who ſchem'd a life, beneath a placid brow;
Theſe,—all this claſs, this cloſe cabal ſhall find
Reflexion gnaw, and lacerate the mind.

Here, too, the deep-mouth'd miſcreant who dar'd
Blaſpheme his GOD, ſhall find his damn'd reward;
Shall feel the ſerpent of remembrance tear
His fev'riſh ſoul, with agonizing fear;

When

When curſes, oaths and imprecations ſtand
In flaming evidence, on either hand,
To prove how much—how oft the ſacred NAME
Was proſtituted to the vileſt ſhame,
To grace a lie,—to cover fraud,—or ſhew
The language of that irkſome thing, a beau;
Or elſe fill up a chaſm in endleſs chat,
Compos'd of ſcandal,——or of this and that.
Here, likewiſe, ev'ry under-graduate knows
The ſharp reproaches of reflecting woes,
Who pawn'd his ſoul, his conſcience, and dare ſwear
Or by his faith, or Heav'n:——Or without care
Preſum'd, in wanton impudence, to call
For ſome black curſe,—ſome evil to befall
Himſelf, or others;——Now, he'll ever find
The curſe of mem'ry, on his curſed mind.

The Drunkard, here, can't doze his cares away
With liquid opiates, thro' the night and day;
Can't lote whole thouſands, on a trembling die,
Nor game eſtates, and purchaſe—beggary;
Can't here irregularly nod and ſmill,
Debauch his ſiſter, then his father kill:
All this was done.——And mem'ry tells it o'er,
Like age repeating what it ſaid before.

Nor can the Liar, here, evade the force
Of ſtedfaſt truths undeviating courſe;
It ſpeaks in thunder, penetrates the ſoul,
And, obſtinately right, hears no controul:
No poor evaſions now, can ſtand before
This ſtrong inexorable conqueror.
Whate'er the motives,—ev'ry lie it ſhews
From † dev'liſh inſincerity aroſe:

† 'He, (the devil) 'is a liar, and the father of it.' S. John ch. viii. ver. 44.

Whether himſelf to ſerve,——a world to ſave
From loſs, or pain,—or from th' infernal grave,
A lie ſhou'd not be told, no, not for this;
Nor more (if poſſible) for endleſs bliſs. §
For if the tongue's an index of the mind,
It's ſin to proſtitute what GOD deſign'd,
Deſign'd the juſt interpreter to be
Of unequivocal ſincerity.
Thus truth, altho' in hell, can ſpeak at large,
And mem'ry brings the long ſpecific charge;
Preſents the manner, motives, time and place,
And ev'ry circumſtance, which ſtamp'd diſgrace
Upon the truth,——with ev'ry baſe pretence
That vicious cunning, or vile impudence
Dare bring to palliate, and extenuate
What Heav'n's juſt JUDGE eternally muſt hate,
Of courſe muſt puniſh,——and convince the liar
Of HIS veracity, with endleſs fire.

And, can a lady, ſimp'ring, gay and vain,
Be here the ſubject of perpetual pain?
And, ſhall the once fair, beauteous *Fulvia* be
Daſh'd to the deepeſt, greateſt MISERY?
Muſt ſhe, at length, unaſk'd, now condeſcend
To ſhriek in flames,——be damn'd without an end?
Cannot her num'rous ſuitors, her paſt bliſs,
Tear her from fiends?——make her forget all this?
Or, rather doth the worm of mem'ry roll,
And gnaw, thro' all her agonizing ſoul;
Shew her the ſchemes, the arts, the ſoothing airs,
The practis'd wiles, the captivating ſnares,

The

§ St. *Auguſtine* ſaid, 'A lie ſhou'd be told on no account; not 'for the ſalvation of our neighbour; no not to ſave the whole 'world.' And gives the reaſon, 'That what can't be done 'without ſin, ſhou'd not be done on any account.'

The toilet's equipage, —— the idol glaſs,
The head's incumber'd complicated maſs;
The midnight dance, —— the theatre's receſs,
The endleſs round of *Fulvia*'s emptineſs:—
This,—all this dang'rous trifling, now appears
As time miſpent,——loſt—murder'd hours and years!
To gain a name,—ſome trivial fop to catch,
And ſteal, or make a MISERABLE match;
Perhaps, and after all the vain parade,
She dy'd an old, grey, prattling, peeviſh maid;
And now reflects (ah! wretched *Fulvia* late)
That time miſpent, and trifling ſtamp'd her fate,
As ſurely ſunk her into damn'd diſtreſs,
As vile adult'ry, theft or drunkenneſs:
Hard ſaying this! —— But let her ſiſters gay,
Who yet enjoy time's tranſitory day,
Let theſe reflect, one buſineſs but detains
Our ſtay on earth, worth all our toil and pains;
It's this,——'The image of our GOD to ſhare,
'To be like HIM, in all we have and are:'
Whate'er prevents this vaſt important end,
Or trifling with,———or murder of a friend,
Or loſs of time, —— or loſs of chaſtity,
Lead diff'rent ways to hell and MISERY
For what avails it, whether ſhot to death,
Or tickl'd, if by each we looſe our breath?
Or ſmother'd, by the ruins of a world,
Or in a bed of flow'rs to death are hurl'd?

Here, ev'ry other ſin enroll'd appears
In ugly features,———horrid characters;
Not one forgot! ———for mem'ry ever new,
Preſerves her records uncorrupt and true;
And ſtill peruſes,——ſtill repeats each page
Of man's probation, thro' the mortal ſtage;

Nor makes the leaſt erratum—but preſents
Each trait of life, words, actions and intents,
With utmoſt juſtice;——nor omits to give
As the minute,——ſo the ſuperlative
Of crimes and follies, vanity and ſin,
Humanity entire,——without——within;
The whole diſſected——capitally plain,
All that diſgrac'd life's temporary ſcene!

Here too the Underſtanding pours its light,
And takes a horrid, melancholy flight;
Now fully ſees the awful reaſon, why
The daring rebel ſhou'd for ever die;
Perceives that did the ſinner always live,
He'd always ſin—his GOD wou'd ever grieve:
And as againſt a BEING infinite,
Againſt their knowledge, and the cleareſt light,
Each crime was perpetrated, ſo the pain
Shall too be infinite—ſhall ſtill remain.
Beſides, in hell there's no repentance found,
No after-cure for ſin's perpetual wound;
No fruits of goſpel ſorrow can appear,
For grace divine doth never enter here;
And, without this repentance, there can be
Nor hope, nor pardon, nor felicity;
For if on earth our one probation lies,
That unimprov'd——then ev'ry comfort flies!

The Underſtanding ſtill revolves the ſcene
Of diſtant anguiſh and increaſing pain;
Knows that imagination's ſelf can't ſound
Th' abyſs of fire, nor guage the hot profound;
And likewiſe knows prophetically ſure,
How all the ſoul ſhall diff'rent hells endure;
Contemplates, that as future torments roll,
They'll dart augmented pains thro' all the ſoul,

And, with encreaſing pains, new ſtrength ſhall riſe,
To bear the pond'rous load of MISERIES!

Knowledge, alas! is perfect ſuff'ring here,
'Tis painful light, unſpeakably ſevere:
To know the ſecrets of eternal things,
To mount on ſpeculation's daring wings,
Of heav'n and hell, of ſaints and fiends, to treat,
And all creation to inveſtigate:
What once avails it?— but to tantalize
Th' unhappy wretch, amid' his groans and cries;
To view a hell in ev'ry dreadful ſhape,
Yet know from thence he never can eſcape;
To ſee a diſtant heav'n he ſhall not gain,
Muſt fill his ſoul with complicated pain;
To know the blood of GOD § himſelf was ſpilt,
To ſave his ſoul from aggravated guilt;
To be aſſur'd it was quite poſſible
A heav'n to gain, and fly from ſin and hell:
O killing ſcience this! which cannot be
Forgot, unlearn'd—to all eternity!

To know the dictates of the ſacred will,
Yet find no pow'r its precepts to fulfil;
To be convinc'd of each divine command,
And all the ſacred writings underſtand,
Yet feel no grace obediently to move
In all the fervours of extatic love:
This dreadful light muſt give the ſoul to ſee
A clearer proſpect of its MISERY!

Now muſt the Will, that nobleſt pow'r, appear
The greateſt, moſt tranſcendent ſufferer:
For ſtill deſiring eaſe, and each deſire
Augments the fuel of tormenting fire;

Still

§ Acts, xx. 28.

Still wiſhing to throw off its tenfold chain,
But finds each link more pond'rous yet remain;
For ſome ſmall mitigation of diſtreſs
It looks and pants—but finds each comfortleſs:
To be annihilated and no more,
When million ages run their circuits o'er,
Is ſought with eager appetence of mind—
But ſtill the proſpect lengthens unconfin'd,
Still ev'ry view with EVERLASTING ſtares,
And each fond wiſh a dark abortion bears!

Now ſhall the Will its proper portrait ſhew,
And ev'ry ſluice malevolently flow;
Wou'd wiſh that heav'n, and all its praiſing hoſt,
Were in one chaos of damnation loſt:
Againſt the ſov'reign, everlaſting SIRE,
It roars forth blaſphemies in liquid fire;
With all HIS attributes it dare contend,
But moſt HIS pow'r is curs'd without an end,
That pow'r, now wielded to perpetuate
The ſinner's being, puniſhment, and fate!

Juſt as the tree had fall'n, juſt ſo ſhall be
The ſoul's complexion to eternity;
With ev'ry tendency, deſire, and thought,
Matur'd in time, or into embryo brought,
Which vanity and wickedneſs cou'd plan,
That e'er diſgrac'd the character of man,
Shall here, as from their ſeeds, expanded ſhoot,
In pois'nous cluſters of perpetual fruit;
And all the paſſions—horrid dogs of hell!
Now gnaw the ſoul, and clam'rouſly rebel.

Anger, deſtructive fiend! the mind ſhall tear,
And, uncontroul'd pour all its madneſs here
Againſt all creatures, and the creatures GOD,
It flames with rage, audaciouſly unaw'd;

Then

Then on itſelf, on its own being, flies,
Repeats each blow, and roars its MISERIES!

Here Envy, horrid dæmon! views the bleſt
With ev'ry joy tranſcendently poſſeſs'd;
Views them with gangren'd aſpect, raves and ſwells,
And diſtant heav'n creates ten thouſand hells;
Then, by her canker'd teeth and pois'nous breath,
Preys on herſelf with aggravated death.

Luſt, reſtleſs leech! inſatiate, unappeas'd,
Transferr'd from earth, is here matur'd and rais'd;
Rais'd to its altitude, it flames away,
Deſiring ſtill, and ſtill mock'd of its prey:
Whate'er the object—riches—pleaſure—fame—
When on probation——here it ſeeks the ſame;
The taint ſtill ſpreads—the vitiated taſte,
Keenly impatient, evermore ſhall laſt;
But, tantaliz'd with ev'ry ſtrong deſire,
It drops exhauſted in a ſea of fire;
Again collects its ev'ry wiſh—but feels
A ſad ſucceſſion of impoſſibles;
Defrauded ſtill, and ſtill deſiring more,
Hell echoes with the diſappointed roar!
Thus thro' eternity the ſoul purſues,
Or good, or evil, with unweary'd views;
This ſtill grows worſe, that evermore improves— §
Each bears the ſtamp of what it ſought, and loves:
But Luſt, for ever fruſtrated, ſhall tear
The tortur'd ſoul with ev'ry pang of care!

The WHOLE muſt ſuffer——not the Soul alone,
The Body too ſhall agonize and groan!

Each

§ Æternitas efficit bonum infinitè melius, et malum infinitè pejus.

LESSIUS.

Each limb, each ſenſe, each organ, which became
The inſtrument of ſin, ſhall feel the flame;
Shall be made capable for e'er to feel
An aggravated, ſtill-encreaſing hell;
Without an atom from exiſtence tore,
Or once annihilated, and no more.

The Eye, that window of the ſoul, ſhall now
Pour flaming tears beneath its burning brow;
On objects of prohibited delight
It ne'er ſhall dart its penetrating ſight;
Now only ſhall behold diſtreſs and woe,
Terror in each—in each a deadly foe.

Tormenting ſounds ſhall now affect the ear,
In grating diſcords which it can't but hear:
Once muſic ſerv'd to ſoothe the ways of ſin,
And ſongs of riot ſhed their opiates in;
But how contracted all theſe wanton ſounds!
For now harſh blaſphemy purſues its rounds,
And cries and curſes rage their helliſh peals,
Till all the hearing torturingly feels!

Once, grateful ſcents from art and nature brought
Their fragrant ſtores, with aromatics fraught,
To pleaſe the Smell.—But now how vaſt the change!
Offence and ſtench in rank effluvia range
Thro' all th' abyſs, in ſuffocating clouds,
Till all are wrapt in fœtid, ſulphrous ſhrouds!

The Taſte, whoſe reſtleſs appetite cou'd ne'er
Be pleas'd with all the tenants of the air,
Or all the watry tribe, or earthly race,
Or all that art cou'd vitiate, ſenſe debaſe;
This taſte ſo exquiſite, ſo hard to pleaſe,
So fond of novelty, and rich diſeaſe,

Is here quite gorg'd with everlaſting fire,
Yet ſtill retains its primitive deſire;
Still luſts for all that tortur'd art and ſkill,
Still diſappointed, yet wou'd ever ſwill.

The Touch, all 'tremblingly alive,' can beſt
Define the pow'r of pain, the want of reſt:
Each thrilling nerve, in ev'ry ſev'ral part,
Shall pour its torture to the throbbing heart;
The blood inflam'd, ſhall raiſe the fever higher,
And boil in ferments of impure deſire;
Each fibre brac'd to all the heights of pain,
And keeneſt twitches dart thro' ev'ry vein:
The Hands, once active in the works of guilt,
When murder rag'd, and blood was madly ſpilt,
Shall now be ſtill employ'd in furious rage,
'Gainſt their own body——'gainſt the damn'd engage.
The Feet in circuits of tranſgreſſion rov'd,
And ran where vice in black proceſſion mov'd,
Or vanity and trifling kept their court;
Where time was murder'd, ſouls deſtroy'd, in ſport;
Where ombre, and quadrille, and routs, obtain'd,
Theatric haunts and mad aſſemblies reign'd:
To all theſe ſcenes the feet obedient ran,
Where vice prevail'd, or folly led the van——
Now, painful change! they tread the burning ſhore,
And thro' th' infernal regions ſweep their tour;
Or ſink in waves of bitumen and woe,
Plunge where th' abyſs of liquid torments flow!

And, to complete the MISERABLE ſcene,
Theſe pangs of death ſhall evermore remain!
This evermore——this ſad eternity,
Shall tincture Hell with deeper MISERY;

Shall

Shall add an emphaſis to grief and pain
And dye damnation with a deeper ſtain! *

Immortal ſoul! to be indifferent here,
Is to thyſelf unſpeakably ſevere,
To be luke-warm, ſo near the flames of Hell,
Is moral madneſs, language cannot tell!

To

* Poſſibly the nominal Chriſtian, and thoſe who would endeavour to expunge the attributes of Juſtice and Truth, by holding out that of Mercy in the abſtract; may think the contemplation of helliſh MISERY, in the preceding verſes, too highly coloured; eſpecially that part which dwells on the afflictions of the body.—But if the ſacred writings are unexceptionably to decide the point, let the following paſſages, be attended to:—'Send 'Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water,' and cool 'my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.'—*Luke* xvi. 24. 'Having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never ſhall 'be quenched.' *Mark*, ix. 43. 'Having two feet to be caſt into 'hell,' ver. 45. 'Having two eyes to be caſt into hell fire,' ver. 47.—'That thy whole body ſhould be caſt into hell.' *Mat.* v. 29, 30. 'Shall be tormented with fire and brimſtone.' Rev. xiv. 10. 'Caſt alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimſtone,' ch. xix. 20. 'Shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire 'and brimſtone,' ch. xxi. 8. 'And the ſmoke of their torment 'aſcendeth up for ever and ever,' ch. xiv. 11. 'And ſhall caſt 'them into a furnace of fire, there ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing 'of teeth.' *Mat.* xiii. 42. 'Theſe ſhall go away into everlaſting 'torments,' ch. 25. 46. Theſe alarming texts point out, 1ſt, The materiality of the torments, both in the inſtrument, and the ſubject. 2dly, The eternity of the puniſhment. And, 3dly, The extremely painful degree of the miſery.—Though the gay, the ſlothful and the wicked may treat this ſubject with ridicule, indifference and blaſphemous oppoſition; yet (if human authority may be put in the ſcale againſt human authority) the ſerious, ſenſible, intelligent, and pious part of mankind, have given it their ſuffrage. No wonder therefore, (though it may cauſe an ignorant audacious ſneer) that a holy perſon, who once had a viſionary repreſentation of hell, ſhould deſire, rather to walk bare-

foot

To trifle, on the brink of damning pain,
Is courting vengeance, and a galling chain;
To ſin, when hot damnation ſtares thee near,
Sums up a black, preſumptuous character: 3250

To

foot on a red hot floor of iron, until the day of judgment, than to behold and be affected with the horrid ſight again!—Heatheniſm, likewiſe gave its atteſtation to this awful truth; hence the deſcriptions of the infernal regions, the rivers of hell, the furies, &c. as well as of *Elyſium*: Thus,

Fata obſtant, triſtique palus inamabilis undâ
Alligat; et novies Styx interfuſa coercet. Virg.

And,

——— Sedet, æternumque ſedebit
Infelix Theſeus.——————————Ibid.

Indeed, it is exceeding plain, that *Heſiod*, *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Ovid*, and many of the Heathen writers, took their ideas of morality, of Heav'n and Hell, from oral traditions, through an intercourſe with the Jews, or from the prophetic writings, thus *Virgil* again, paraphraſes *Iſaiah*, ch. 65. 17—25. ver.

——— Nec magnos metuent armenta Leones:———
Occidet et ſerpens, et fallax Herba veneni
Occidet.———————

And the ſame Roman poet, in his eclogue, deſcribes the great ſacrifice, mentioned in the Prophet *Daniel*, ch. 9. 24.

Te duce, ſi qua manent ſceleris veſtigia noſtri,
Irrita perpetua ſolvent formidine terras.

And to mention no more from the Heathens, *Plato*, about three hundred years before the incarnation, treats of our SAVIOUR's nature and ſufferings: He ſays (de Leg. l. 4.) 'That this LAWGIVER muſt be more than man.' And as if he had tranſcribed the 53d of *Iſaiah*, ſays (de Repub. l. 2.) 'that 'This juſt PERSON muſt be poor, and without any recommen-'dations but virtue alone,' that 'A wicked world wou'd not 'ſubmit to his inſtructions and reproof; and therefore, within 'about three years after HE commenc'd his miniſtry, ſhould be 'perſecuted, impriſoned, ſcourged, and at laſt put to death.' He explains this by Ἀναχινδυλευθήσεται, that is, *cut in pieces*, as they cut their ſacrifices.—Thus Heatheniſm (although often involved

To ſuch a trifling, luke-warm, ſinful race,
Mild mercy, ne'er may ſhew its placid face:
And, as each moment, death may ſtrike the ſtroke,
Then, all who ſin, each moment do invoke 3280
Their

volved in ignorance, and ſhrouded in ingenious apologues) has given evidence, from ſome of its beſt and greateſt writers, how entirely it believed a ſtate of future rewards and puniſhments; and of the neceſſity there was, that HE, who gave HIMSELF for our ſins, ſhou'd introduce us into the former, and merit it for us; as well as deliver us from the latter. Though the Socinians and Deiſts, have been arrogantly bold, upon the Chriſtian ſyſtem, and dar'd to obtrude their novel vagaries of yeſterday! againſt incontrovertible reaſons, urged, and defended by men of deeper learning, and better morals than themſelves; yet, perhaps, the time is near, that all theſe weapons of Babel-ſophiſtry, ſhall be laid at the foot of the croſs; as theſe gentlemen's boaſted reaſonings are fully anſwered and overturned by many deſerving and great writers, who have entered the liſts, and returned more than conquerors!—Among theſe luminaries may be ſeen *Hugo Grotius*, the Hon. *Robert Boyle*, *John Locke*, Eſq; the Right Hon. *Joſeph Addiſon*, the Rev. Dr. *Leland*, the Rev. Mr. *Jenkins*, one who publiſhed two very ingenious and deciſive tracts, called *Deiſm refuted*, and the *Truth of Chriſtianity demonſtrated*,—the Rev. Mr. *John Weſley*, and the Rev. Mr. *Fletcher*, with ſeveral others; inſomuch that the Old and New Teſtaments appear to be as much ſuperior to the writings of *Celſus*, *Spinoza*, Mr. *Hobbes*, Monſ. *Voltaire*, Dr. *Middleton*, &c. as light is to darkneſs, or truth to error. And lord *Bollingbroke* is much more below *Matthew* the publican, *John* the fiſherman, and *Paul* the tent-maker, in his Deiſtical ſchemes, than he was ſuperior to them in point of titles and nobility.—May none be deluded into the ways of death eternal, or a diſbelief of the revealed will of GOD, by reading the works of thoſe who deny the doctrine of attonement! And the neceſſity of a SAVIOUR!——But to return from ſo long a digreſſion, if Heatheniſm was not ſo entirely blinded as to deny two oppoſite future ſtates: If the ſacred oracles declare the happineſs of the bleſſed to be ineffably great; then, by the rule of contraries, the MISERY of the wicked, ſhall be above all conception painful. If the whole of the happy

human

Their own deſtruction,——*Tophet* from below,
The wrath of Heav'n, and ev'ry penal woe.

Rather, my ſoul! improve the flying hour,
The paſſing now,——if yet within thy pow'r;
If yet one bleſt deſire poſſeſs thy breaſt,
To fly from ſin, and ſeek eternal reſt,
In this, or ſome ſuch ſtrain, thy GOD intreat,
A GOD, whoſe mercy, as his pow'r is great!

PARENT of being! by whoſe pow'rful breath,
Nature, and providence, and life and death,
Angels and men exiſt, and Heav'n and Hell,
Whoſe ways are one incomprehenſible!
Allow a worm of yeſterday to fall
Before thy footſtool, and for mercy call;
Becauſe 'gainſt Heav'n, and in thy ſight, I dar'd
Preſume to ſin,——tho' Truth itſelf declar'd
'The ſoul that ſins ſhall die!'—Yet, O forbear
To pour thy wrath,——and ſtill thy rebel ſpare:
This ſuit I offer for his ſake alone,
Who was my ſubſtitute, and is thy SON;
By thee was freely giv'n,——himſelf reſign'd
To death for me, and all of human-kind,
So great his love!——His life, his breath, his blood,
Were all pour'd out, to bring mankind to GOD.
And THOU in HIM art pleaſed, well pleas'd, and can
Reſtore, redeem, thy darling creature——man.

human creature (conſequently the body) is to be tranſcendently bleſt; then we may plainly infer, that the whole of the wicked (conſequently their bodies) ſhall be in the higheſt degree MISERABLE. And HE, who at firſt ſpoke matter or body out of nothing, and continued it in being for a minute, a day, or fourſcore, or nine hundred years, can, by the ſame infinite power, give it an eternal exiſtence, and make it perpetually capable of pain in the extremeſt degree, as of eaſe and comfort. And as it was the companion of the ſoul in a ſtate of probation, it is but reaſonable to believe, it ſhall likewiſe be under the ſame predicament through the courſe of eternity.

Becauſe the mortal penalty was paid,
Thy SON a ſacrifice a victim, made,
For me,——the ſinner me,—and all the race,
Who ſeek ſalvation, only by thy grace,
Who feel our guilty load,—our helpleſs ſtate,
Beyond expreſſion,——MISERABLY great;
This is my plea!——O grant my one requeſt,
And hide my panting ſpirit in thy breaſt!
Let faith and pardon to my ſoul be giv'n,
And bleſs me with an antepaſt of Heav'n!
Send down thy HOLY-GHOST, that heav'nly dove,
And wrap me in a plenitude of love!
Of joy, peace, meekneſs;——All thy mind impart,
And dwell within my conſecrated heart;
Make it thy ſhrine, eternal TRINITY,
And may I live, and ever be in THEE!

And, as thy wiſdom plac'd my ſtation here,
Where ev'ry ſtep may prove a dang'rous ſnare,
Where deaths and ambuſhes attend around,
Where moral—nat'ral MISERIES abound,
In theſe preſerve me,—and from thoſe may I
Flee for my life, leſt I for ever die;
And, tho' affliction and diſtreſs draw near,
Sickneſs and pain and poverty appear,
Tho' theſe afflict me with united pow'r,
My frame emaciate, and upon me lour,
Tho' friends deſert me,—enemies aſſail,
And fraud, againſt my liberty prevail;
Tho' ev'ry relative is ſnatch'd by death,
And I have—juſt a priſon, and my——breath;
Tho' each fond, earthly blooming hope is loſt,
Yet——may I conquer, where I ſuffer moſt;
May I look forward, beyond time and place,
Be borne on eagle's wings, thro' purchas'd grace;

Then!—

Then!—I ſhall find—ſhall feel, tho' theſe may be
A preſent, painful, ling'ring MISERY!
Yet ſuch thy wiſdom did allow——to tear
My mind from earth, and ev'ry lurking ſnare;
That, diſengag'd, unhing'd, my ſoul ſhou'd riſe
Beyond the ſtars, and ſeize the glorious prize!

And, O my GOD! (if mine indeed thou art)
Rule—reign—reſide within this wand'ring heart;
So ſhall the great criterion, Love, declare
My favour'd ſoul thy blood adopted heir;
That Love of GOD and man—that ſacred ſign,
The unequivocal portrait divine!
The juſt, diſcriminating mark, which ſhews
Thy duteous children, from thy daring foes; †
The true declarative of heav'n on earth,
Yea, heav'n above!——th' evangelic new birth;
The vaſt perfection which aſſimilates
Thy creature man to thee!——vile man completes.
Grant me this Love, for thy SON's ſake alone,
Who realized it in each dying groan;
Poſſeſſing this, I ſhall partake § of THEE,
Be ſav'd from real, endleſs MISERY! *

† Dilectio ſola diſcernit inter filios DEI, et filios diaboli.
S. Aug.

§ 2 Pet. ch. i. ver. 4.

* As Holineſs and Happineſs are ſynonimous terms, ſo are Sin and MISERY. Indeed Sin is MISERY, both in its nature and conſequences. All the calamities of this world, whether natural, civil, or moral, are the effects of Sin; for if there was no Sin, there would be no pain. Hence the word MISERY, in the preceding work, is meant to ſignify Sin, or the conſequences of it. And though the righteous are often viſited with afflictions, as ſickneſs, poverty, pain, loſs of friends, an undeſerved bad character,

racter, &c. &c. yet all these are sweetened and reconciled to their minds, by a hope full of immortality, a faith working by love, an assurance that all their troubles shall terminate with the dying hour at farthest, and a conviction that divine wisdom thinks it meet to purify them, as the gold in the furnace, that they may come forth with undiminished weight, and beautiful lustre. All this is a proof of their adoption, 'to bear,' as Mr. *Cowley* terms it, 'the bleeding sign of grace:' and a greater than he, says positively, that GOD 'chasteneth every son whom he re-'ceiveth.' (Heb. xii. 6.) Besides, as the JUDGE of all the earth doth right—cannot but do what is right, he may be pleased to inflict punishment upon the righteous, for, or as the effects of, the crimes which they committed when sinners; as in the case of *David*, see vers. 853, in the foregoing poem;—and Ps. xcix. ver. 8. 'Thou wast a GOD that forgavest them, though thou 'tookest vengeance of their inventions.' This looks with a tremendous countenance upon the rebellious; for 'If the righteous 'scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner ap-'pear?' (1 Pet. iv. 18.) To have two hells, one here, the other after death, is an alarming thought!—To be miserable in time, and in eternity, (Reader, and my Soul, consider it!) is a reflection that should send us, without delay, to the GOD of all grace, to be delivered from such intolerable MISERY!

ESSAY

ESSAY

ON THE WORD GENTLEMAN.

Honos eſt præmium virtutis. CIC.

THERE ſeems to be a principle in the human mind, which makes us curiouſly inquiſitive to caſt a retroſpective view upon our anceſtors, and to trace the veſtiges of our pedigree, as far as tradition, or the hiſtoric page, will allow. From hence aroſe that ancient and modern uſage of buſts, mottos, coats of arms, &c. to memorize the name, the likeneſs, or acts, of ſome popular perſon, to unborn ages. But as theſe kind of remembrancers may be of a diſputable nature, I ſubſcribe a portraiture of every thing that is great and amiable, in that word GENTLEMAN; and which, I am of opinion, may ſerve as a ſterling criterion to all who laudably covet the character —— a character which length of years cannot efface, which will be more permanent than a brazen ſtatue, of longer continuance than a *Roman* urn, and of much greater ſtability than the baſis of the everlaſting hills, or the foundations of nature. Than which I deſire not a more flouriſhing eſcutcheon, or authenticated memorial to poſterity:

poſterity: the author of it is that lively orator, Biſhop *Hall*, of the laſt century.

'The true Gentleman is one that is GOD's ſervant, 'the world's maſter, and his own man. Juſtice is his 'buſineſs; ſtudy is his recreation; content and happi-'neſs his reward; GOD is his FATHER; the Church 'is his mother; the ſaints his brethren; and Heaven 'his inheritance; religion his miſtreſs; loyalty and 'juſtice her maids of honour; devotion his chaplain; 'charity his chamberlain; ſobriety his butler; tempe-'rance his cook; hoſpitality his houſekeeper; provi-'dence his ſteward; piety is miſtreſs of the houſe, and 'diſcretion the porter. Thus is his whole family made 'up of virtues, and he the true maſter of the family. 'Take him in two words—he is a Man, and a Chri-'ſtian.'

THE

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR;

Beginning with WINTER.

A MORAL THOUGHT.

Addreſſed to MISS E. F—LL—N.

——— *Dum loquimur fugerit invida*
Ætas.——— HOR.

END of the rolling year, old Winter, ſhews,
Low, heavy clouds, winds, froſt, and chilling ſnows:
In ev'ry annual change, fair *Elin*, view,
Nature holds up a mirrour unto you;
On vernal Spring, and all its foliage gay,
Reflect how ſhort the tranſitory ſtay!
Flies Summer next, with all its various pride;
And yellow Autumn ſickens by its ſide:
Labours all nature, in the ſcale of ſenſe,
Let life, vain life itſelf, turn evidence;
On time, youth, beauty, ſhall we dare rely?
No ſooner born, than we begin—to die!

On

On FASTING, and the Seaſon of Lent.

——— *Scelerum ſi bene pœnitet,*
Eradenda cupidinis pravi ſunt elementa. HOR.

'*Is not this the faſt that I have choſen? To looſe*
'*the bands of wickedneſs,* —— *to deal thy bread*
'*to the Hungry, and that thou bring the poor that*
'*are caſt out to thy houſe?—When thou ſeeſt the*
'*naked that thou cover him; and that thou hide*
'*not thyſelf from thine own fleſh?—Then ſhall thy*
'*light break forth as the morning.*'—Iſa. lviii. ch.
GOD ALMIGHTY!

IF the above words derive any additional efficacy, from the awful NAME ſubſcribed to them, or any particular ſanction from the tremendous majeſty, who commanded they ſhould be tranſmitted down to all future generations; then, undoubtedly, they claim ſome attentive conſideration from every one who believes the Bible to be the revealed will of GOD.

Beſides, the ſeaſon of Lent, (ſo termed from the old Saxon language, ſignifying Spring, or the Spring Faſt: As the word Shrove, is denominated from another Saxon term, Shrive or Shrift, meaning Confeſſion:) I ſay, the ſeaſon of Lent ſeems to determine our contemplations, to attend to the Nature and End of Faſting and Abſtinence, practiſed in all parts of Chriſtendom;

dom; and, (not to inſiſt upon their being uſed in the ages previous to our SAVIOUR's incarnation) were confeſſedly adverted to in the apoſtolic, and after-periods of the Chriſtian church, with the moſt apparent marks of true repentance, to wit, mortification, ſelf-denial, humiliation, ſorrow for, hatred of, ſin, and an univerſal avoidance of it; together, with a due attendance upon public and private devotion; as *Irenæus* let us know, though incidentally. He lived but ninety years from the death of St. *John*, and was familiarly acquainted with *Polycarp*, as *Polycarp* was with St. *John*. (Vid. Euſeb. Hiſt. Eccl. l. 5. c. 24.) —— Nay, they allowed no marriages; nor would they celebrate the memories of the Apoſtles or Martyrs, that happened in this time, but deferred the commemoration of them to the days of feſtival devotion. The firſt day of this ſolemnity was ſometimes called *Caput Jejunii*, or the head of the faſt; but moſt commonly *Dies Cinerum*, or Aſh Wedneſday, from aſhes being thrown upon the penitent's head; which was one of thoſe initiating circumſtances whereby criminals were re-admitted into the church.

As to its continuance, the Chriſtian Lent was obſerved with great variety at firſt, ſome faſting one, ſome two, ſome more, and ſome forty days together; that is, if *Euſebius* be rightly underſtood by the learned Dr. *Grabe*. But that acute critic, and ingenious Frenchman, *Valeſius*, reduces it from forty days to forty hours only, (Vid. Euſeb. ut ſupra ed Valeſ.) from which number of hours ſome think it moſt probable this faſt was firſt called τεσσαρακοστὴ, or Quadrageſima, as beginning about about twelve on Friday, (the time of our SAVIOUR's falling under the pow'r of death) and continuing

continuing till Sunday morning, the time of HIS riſing again from the dead, being forty hours.

But, dropping theſe hiſtorical niceties; how is Lent commenced and kept now? Does the modern uſage coincide with, or come near the primitive times? Is not Shrove Tueſday celebrated among the high and low vulgar, like a Venetian Carnival? As tho' it was abſolutely neceſſary to introduce a faſt with a feaſt. Inſtead of confeſſing our particular and national guilt, on this day, to HIM, who alone can pardon it, (becauſe it was againſt HIM we ſinned) do we not audaciouſly confeſs it, with inflamed repetitions, in the ſight of the ſun?—If Epicurean exceſſes, if drunken carouſes, be 'dealing our bread to the hungry!'—if murdering diverſions, attended with enormeous oaths, waſte of time, and loſs of money, in killing a poor innocent bird, inch by inch, for an hour or two, or arming it, and another of the ſame kind, with inſtruments for the mutual deſtruction of each other, be 'unlooſing the 'bands of wickedneſs,'——then——then indeed the Apoſtles and ancient Chriſtians knew nothing of Chriſtianity.

But, you are free from this charge?—you faſt (as they did in the early days of the church) till ſix in the evening; eſpecially you punctually did this on Aſh-Wedneſday.—On that day, particularly, you would not ſit down to a card-table; nor, perhaps during the forty days: And you have determined, if health permits, not only to abſtain, but to faſt from ſome meals during Lent.—So far it may be well.—Few, comparatively, come up to this. But be aſſured, if you expect to pleaſe GOD, this is not all: Even though you

you were to macerate your body to a ſkeleton with faſting.—For faſting is not the end, but a means of making the body a friend to the intereſts of the ſoul; and withdrawing fewel from irregular paſſions; by which the mind will be unchain'd, exonerated, and made more ſuſceptible of receiving a divine impreſſion.

But if, inſtead of this, you find no perceptible alteration; except, that faſting is an incentive to intemperance; when it ought to be a check to it: Or elſe, that you ſuppoſe it may be ſubſtituted in the place of almſgiving; or moral obedience to your CREATOR: Or even, if not an attonement for, yet a mitigation of ſome conſciouſly indulged ſin.—Alas! if this is the caſe, you 'are in the gall of bitterneſs, and in the bond 'of iniquity;' as St. *Peter* told *Simon Magus* (in an almoſt ſimilar caſe to this), when he wanted to purchaſe the HOLY GHOST with money. And don't you too vainly and dangerouſly ſuppoſe, you can (if not merit Heaven) yet ſin with leſs danger and more ſecurity either now, or hereafter, becauſe, forſooth! you abſtain from meat, or any particular food for a ſmall interval?—What ſolemn trifling! Making religion a mere farce! As though we endeavoured to compromiſe matters with the holy ONE, by making HIM wink at, or encourage ſin! The genuine faſt is comprized in the motto of this paper.—It is to make another's diſtreſs our own:—To ſtarve and thwart the irregular ſallies of our unbridled appetites. Or, as St. *Auguſtine* ſays, 'The ſcriptural faſt, is not from the 'concupiſcence of meat only; but alſo from all (ſinful) 'pleaſures of temporal delights.'——Conſequently to faſt from ſin, is the true mark of repentance.

On a Gentleman, who ſaid that all his adoration was paid, while at church, to a lady named *Sally*.—Being a reprehenſion to thoſe who indulge a gazing curioſity, in the more immediate preſence of GOD and his holy angels.

In ſacris ſacer eſto. HOR.

WHILE gay *Philander* rolls his eyes
Beneath the ſacred dome,
What ſolemn mock'ry, in diſguiſe,
Permits his thoughts to roam?

Be ſtruck, *Philander*, with that awe
Which veils the angel choir;
Nor let a *Sally*'s features draw
A criminal deſire.

The great, omniſcient ONE is here!
And views each ſilent mind;
With reverential awe draw near,
Till you a bleſſing find.

Let ſacred fear attend that hour
While ſolemn pray'r is made,
Leſt righteous Juſtice inſtant pour
Its vengeance on your head.

And, oh! ye fairer forms of clay,
Let pageant ſhow be gone;
For why ſhould ye yourſelves array,
While bow'd before that throne——

That

That throne, on which th' ALMIGHTY ſits,
And thence minutely ſees,
What each attends, what each omits,
Of theſe realities.

Ah! what avails the conqueſt poor
Ye aim o'er man to make,
Unmindful of the heav'nly lore,
While both your ſouls at ſtake.

The flutt'ring inſect round the blaze
With flimſy pinions flies,
Till, dazzl'd by th' attracting rays,
It ſinks, and droops, and dies.

Thus man preſumes to gaze about,
While ſolemn pray'r is made,
And finds ſome gaudy idol out,
To whom his worſhip's paid:

Till Vengeance, long delay'd, beholds
The human inſect gaze,
And inſtantaneouſly infolds
Him in th' infernal blaze!

Ye pretty china things, when ye
Attend this hallow'd place,
Let only clean ſimplicity
Your heads and forms embrace.

Then ſhall the adoration true
To GOD be humbly giv'n;
And man himſelf be taught by you
To raiſe his ſoul to Heav'n.

And if for worthineſs ye pant,
Be 'glorious § all within;'
The woman then ſhall riſe a ſaint,
Without a ſpot of ſin.

§ Pſalm xlv. 13.

After viewing M—SST—N, in the County of L——; a Seat belonging to Sir T. N.

Fama et laus perennis. CIC.

I.

WHILE noiſe, and ſtriſe, and tumult tear
The human breaſt with pain,
What balmy ſweetneſs, to repair
Where peace and calmneſs reign!

II.

While knaves with low chicane prepare
The innocent to ſeize;
What comfort, here to fly the ſnare
Which honeſty betrays!

III.

While *Britain*'s weſtern world's in arms,
And death and ruin ſtalk,
Here, no *American* alarms
Diſturb the peaceful walk.

IV.

Hence, flatt'ry, ſervile flatt'ry, hence!
Nor haunt the peaceful ſhade;
Sir *Th—s*, and his reſidence,
Diſdain thy ſelfiſh aid.

V.

The knight, beneficent, humane,
With condeſcenſion bleſt,
Muſt feel the conſcious, ſweet ſerene,
Which warms the friendly breaſt.

VI. No

VI.

No wily ſchemes to circumvent,
Or cruſh, the needy man;
No tricks of art, no falſe comment,
Compoſe his worthy plan.

VII.

As ſtrong integrity marks out
Sir *Th—s* in his ſphere,
So nature's beauties, without doubt,
Perfume his *M—ſt—n* air.

VIII.

The feather'd choir, in wilder notes,
Harmoniouſly combine,
In varied lays their muſic floats——
Here muſic is divine.

IX.

See! how the deer with ambling ſpeed
Bound o'er the varied fields;
I ſee them—loſe them—now give heed,
Till ſight to ſwiftneſs yields.

X.

The ancient elms in order ſtand,
And, regularly great,
Their cloudy tops more room demand,
To ſpread their branching height.

XI.

Groves, arbours, wilderneſſes, ſhew
An antique greatneſs here;
And, in the retroſpective view,
A train of fires appear.

XII.

The king of birds, with outſpread plumes,
In marble ſeems to move;
And carv'd *Italian* ſtone aſſumes
The milder mimic dove.

XIII.

The ſailing ſwans, with ſtately creſt,
Majeſtically ſlow
Move o'er the fiſh-pond's ſurface, dreſt
In feathers white as ſnow.

XIV.

The ancient dome, without, within,
In cleanly elegance,
Surrounded by a vernal ſcene,
Unfabl'd in romance.

XV.

The decorated hall preſents
A warbling, priſon'd choir,
Who all, in ſincere compliments,
Pay their reſpects thro' wire.

XVI.

Here too the dead § in picture ſpeak,
That once preſided here;
And animated colours take
The breathleſs character.

XVII.

Theſe in a long progreſſion roll'd
Thro' *M—ſt—n*'s fertile ſeat,
Till death the ſhining pomp controll'd,
And ſtruck the ſtroke of fate.

XVIII. But

§ Alluding to the family portraits.

XVIII.

But tho' the Gen'ral Leveller,
Makes kings, as peaſants, bow,
Yet One exempted character
Eſcapes his mortal blow:

XIX.

'Tis he—invariably juſt,
And obſtinately true,
Who ne'er betray's his country's truſt,
For any private view;

XX.

Dare never to be meanly great,
Nor barter truth for gold;
Nor buy the tinſel'd toys of ſtate,
If conſcience muſt be ſold.

XXI.

'Tis he—when vice in faſhion reigns,
Dare his CREATOR fear;
When ev'n pale virtue ſighs in chains,
Wou'd ſympathize with her.

XXII.

This deathleſs, fragrant name, ſhall riſe,
Up-borne on ſeraph's plumes,
Shall tour above the ſtarry ſkies,
Amid' eternal blooms.

THOUGHTS, upon Religion.—The Natural State of Man.—The End of CHRIST's coming on Earth.—The Inefficacy of any Means of Grace, if reſted in, &c. &c.

Attentius cogitare. Cic.

ALTHOUGH advice, like medicines, is often taken with reluctance; yet, when health is impaired, and life in danger, a nice palate will force itſelf to diſpenſe with its uſual agreeable guſt, from a hopeful expectation, that a return of eaſe may be the conſequence of a neceſſary reſtraint, or a bitter potion.

This will obtain, and have as probable a ſucceſs in morals, as in medicines; nay often, if not always, abundantly more: becauſe the latter is only a precarious means, built upon conjecture, ſometimes upon obſervation; but the former is founded upon an eternally infallible fitneſs, reſulting from the will of our allwiſe CREATOR.

By a due attention to that will it appears, that an idle, vain word, or a bad action, is either of them as evident a token of a depraved mind, as a fever or conſumption are of an ill ſtate of health. It may hence follow, that immoral behaviour as certainly hurts the mind, as poiſon hurts the body: it alſo likewiſe appears, that it is as oppoſite to right reaſon and morality, to act improperly and ſpeak vainly; as it is to arithmetic to aſſert, that five and five do not make ten.

Now,

Now, if both our ſpeech and actions are frequently an index of the mind, with what immediate care ſhould we have what is wrong rectified, and what is right preſerv'd from error?

If human nature was inveſtigated, doth it not appear from ſcripture and experience (however harſh it may ſound, and however contrary to the doctrine of *Socinus*), that every perſon born into this world, is born in a ſtate of miſery and ſin; is liable to the wrath of GOD; is full of ignorance of himſelf, when reaſon appears; is born (if I may ſo ſay) with his back to Heaven, that is, with diſpoſitions contrary to GOD: and when mature age ripens the underſtanding, theſe depraved diſpoſitions break out into numberleſs evils, which, like an anticipation of hell, torment the fallen race.

It is for not knowing, not feeling this, that ſo many are wrong; ſuch encreaſing numbers in the moſt dangerous ſituation; and ſuch great majorities ſubſtituting ſomething, or almoſt any thing, in the place of ſcriptural religion. It is owing to ſuch ignorance, that ſo few will ſeek a phyſician, the only PHYSICIAN, JESUS CHRIST, who has declared that many are going in the broad way; that is, the way of perverſe nature—the way of hell—any other way than HE has pointed out, and marked down in his incomparable ſermon on the mount.

This accompliſhed perſon, this infallible phyſician, came to cure human nature. It was in this ſenſe that an ancient chriſtian writer ſaid; 'GOD the FA-'THER delivered mankind to JESUS CHRIST, as a 'ſick perſon is delivered to the care of the phyſician for 'cure.' But few, very few, will attend to his wiſe preſcriptions:

ſcriptions: he has ſaid this himſelf: 'Ye will not 'come to ME, that ye might have life.' (John v. 40.) Therefore few are in the way to Heaven, though 'He gave HIMSELF a ranſom for all.' (1 Tim. ii. 6.) Reader, and my ſoul, are ye ranſomed from the power of ſin, from the bondage of ſatan, from the ſlavery of a perverſe will? This SAVIOUR of ſinners came to introduce a religion of peace, joy, love, happineſs, which moſt ſeem averſe to; I do not ſpeak of the *African* hottentot, of the *Chineſe* idolater, of an *Otaheite*, but of thoſe miſcalled Chriſtians. They are either too buſy, or too happy; buſy in the purſuit of this preſent vain world, or happy (that is lull'd aſleep) in its poor ſenſual gratifications. Therefore they have neither time nor inclination to mind that immortal ſomething—the ſoul: they follow a religion of pageantry, ceremony, &c. which they call morality; but morality is the love of GOD, according to a celebrated writer.—

Talk they of morals?—O thou bleeding LOVE!
The grand morality is love of THEE.

And how can any man (ſays St. *John*) love GOD, that loves the world?——If ſo, theſe are not moraliſts, they are at beſt but formaliſts: they frequent places of worſhip, and are at that divine inſtitution, the holy ſacrament; which is all right, if rightly attended: but if theſe ordinances leave them filled with anger, the love of the world, of ſenſuality, &c.; they are juſt as fit to make them religious, as the gold in a miſer's cheſt is to make him liberal. Alas! what a mean ſubſtitute is a little kindneſs to the poor, in the place of an humble, meek temper? Or, what an audacious compoſition with the great omniſcient BEING! to attend

tend a place of worſhip, and then think we may more ſecurely trample upon his laws, by committing groſs crimes? Or what a dangerous madneſs to receive the bleſſed ſacrament; while a proud, haughty, envious diſpoſition is indulged?

How full of awful importance are theſe words—'Many will ſay to ME in that day, LORD, LORD, 'have we not propheſied in thy name? and in thy 'name have caſt out devils? and in thy name have 'done many wonderful works?——And then will I 'profeſs unto them; I never knew you: depart from 'ME, ye that work iniquity.' (Mat. vii. 22, 23.) From hence we may eaſily learn, that, if the character of an ambaſſador from Heaven—a miniſter of GOD's holy word—yea, of one who wrought miracles, will not ſucceſsfully plead for a man; much leſs can any leſſer qualification recommend him to his JUDGE, in the great deciſive day: becauſe you can put nothing elſe in the place of faith working by love, which is the religion of the bible—which is chriſtianity—which is All! If you have not that faith, which is not opinion, notion, orthodox ideas; but is 'a ſure truſt and confidence in GOD, that, by the 'merits of CHRIST, our ſins are pardoned;' from a conviction that HE loved us, and gave HIMSELF for us:—I ſay, if you have not this ſaving faith, but feel your want of it, then give way to whatever degree of repentance GOD worketh in you (for repentance is his gift); by avoiding ſin, the occaſions of, and incentives to it; doing all the good in your power; attending the means of grace: and, perſevering thus, the GOD of all grace will not ſuffer you to periſh: but will fulfil his own promiſe, 'Aſk, and it ſhall be 'given

'given you; ſeek, and ye ſhall find; knock, and it 'ſhall be opened unto you.' (Mat. vii. 7.) Then you ſhall experience, that the LORD whom you have thus 'ſought, will ſuddenly come to his temple.' (Mal. iii. 1.) and prepare you, by holineſs here, for Heaven hereafter.

A CHARACTER.

De mortuis nil niſi bonum.

AND has the ſolitary ſhade confeſt,
How much he long'd for an eternal reſt?
The pomp of death, the op'ning grave appears,
Weakneſs and pain, amid his blooming years:
The pale conſumption, with the fever's rage,
Alternate ſtrove to puſh him off the ſtage:
Mature in grace, tho' immature in days,
His palid lamp ſent forth a ſtruggling blaze;
His nerveleſs fabric, weary'd and oppreſs'd,
Deſir'd the comforts of a breathing reſt:
Each painful vigil propheſy'd he muſt
Ere long repoſe upon a bed of duſt.
At length—the ling'ring writ of eaſe appear'd,
The mortal mandate, which he calmly heard,
And thus it ran; ——— 'The ſtrife is o'er,
'A few more ſtruggles, and behold the ſhore,
'One hour determines thy afflicted days,
'That hour improve, in patience, love and praiſe.'
His flutt'ring ſoul, the mighty comfort heard,
And all collected for the charge prepar'd.

Already

Already, Faith had plac'd him near the throne,
Where proſtrate Angels hymn the great THREE ONE!
There, he beheld his dear high PRIEST above,
With all the interceding marks of love;
Each vocal wound, his throbbing breaſt inflam'd,
While hope extatic thought the haven gain'd,——
Ah, no!——the fine-ſpun thread, ſome minutes ſtill,
Muſt gradually wait the ſov'reign will:
In theſe few minutes, what an age he liv'd!
Then, faith and hope, their laſt full growth receiv'd.

Now ſtrong convulſions rend the tott'ring clay,
And ſnatch the reas'ning faculty away;
His lips, yet vibrate, in the throes of death,
And clammy damps, arreſt his leſs'ning breath:
The ſilver cord a weak'ning ſlackneſs takes,
The golden bowl in ſhiv'ring atoms breaks,
Nor e'er again the broken wheel ſhall ply,
For now, alas! the human ciſtern's dry;
Each glaſſy orb, is fix'd in gloom and death,——
The ſtruggle ends, with——that expiring breath!

There ——— groſſer part, unfeeling lies,
While angels wing his ſpirit to the ſkies;
In pale mortality, his trunk extends,
In heav'nly ſtate he greets his happy friends:
Behold his meagre corpſe,——but alſo ſee
His better part abſorb'd in DEITY!
And tho' all ſpent, and motionleſs the clay,
His more eſſential form ſhall ne'er decay;
But, like th' unfading roſe of *Eden* blooms;
Nor pain emaciates, nor decay conſumes.

Still wou'd I gaze to ſee th' amazing ſight,
Which ruſhes on me, in a flood of light,
Thro' dazzling ſiles, he gains the bleſt abode,
And——proſtrate falls, before the throne of GOD!

There, he beholds th' exalted JESUS' face,
Adorn'd with beauteous rays of heav'nly grace:
'Riſe happy ſpirit,' the REDEEMER ſaith,
'Let love ſupply the place of hope and faith,
'Yon glitt'ring harp, already tun'd, ſhall raiſe
'The grateful accents of my bleeding praiſe!'
He heard,—he gaz'd—he joyn'd the tuneful choir,
And ſung redemption on his golden lyre,
'Worthy the LAMB, who dy'd—who dy'd for me,
'And bore my ſins upon the curſed tree;
'Worthy all praiſe and honour to receive,
'And infinitely more than tongue can give.'
The heav'nly arches echo'd to the ſound,
He gaz'd—and ſung,—and ſung—and gaz'd around;
Myriads of raptur'd ſpirits caught the flame,
While all Heav'n rung, with JESUS' ſaving name!

Until mortality that ſight can bear,
My ſoul fall proſtrate in unweary'd pray'r;
Let each deſire, and ev'ry action prove
A patient hope,——a faith that works by love:
And, if divinely conſcious of thy want,
Of what this world can neither take nor grant;
That blood-bought conſciouſneſs, ſtill dare to keep,
And watch, and pray, and perſevere and weep;
Indulge the ſweet diſtreſs, the healing pain,
And view this proffer'd world with calm diſdain;
Then, when the harlot holds the tempting bowl,
Fly for thy life,——it's poiſon to thy ſoul;
Fly to the ſtrong for ſtrength; HE hears thy cry,
On wings of love HE brings deliv'rance nigh!
When ſtrong temptations ſhake thy inmoſt frame,
Look from thyſelf,——and call upon his name;
That name ſo dear, to ev'ry ſoul oppreſt,
It heals the ſick, and lulls the weak to reſt!——

This

This ——— found,—for when un-nerv'd by pain,
He felt the ſov'reign virtues of that NAME:
When med'cines had their impotence confeſt,
JESUS pour'd balm into his tortur'd breaſt;
When all convuls'd,——yet ere the mortal ſtroke,
He gain'd his reaſon,——and in praiſes ſpoke;
In hymns divine he ſung his pain away,
Then paſs'd thro' death, into eternal day!

'O let me die his death,' fond nature ſaith,
——Firſt live his life of ſecret pray'r and faith.
'His life!'——ſay ſome, 'a deſert life he led,
'A monkiſh, ſolitary life, indeed;
'Nor company, nor converſation ſought,
'He was a living ſepulchre of thought;
'Only, I knew his grace,' another cry'd,
'I'd almoſt ſay his lonelineſs was pride.'

Tho' Cenſure's breath, cannot diſtract his peace,
Nor ſervile Flatt'ry e'er his joys encreaſe;
Yet one obſcure, well-meaning friend, wou'd ſay
He ſought retirement, to adore and pray;
He was (tho' paradoxical, it ſeems)
A ſocial recluſe, 'midſt life's buſy ſcenes,
Beſides, a languid conſtitution brought
The weary exile, to a lonely thought:
His cloſet ſhut,—his GOD and Angels by,
Leſſen'd his pain,——augmented ev'ry joy:
There he cou'd breathe,——and think—and ſcan that book,
With greedy pleaſure, and an eager look,
That ſacred book, that great philoſophy,
He read all o'er, upon each bended knee;
There he review'd redemption's mighty plan,
The dang'rous fall, and wond'rous riſe of man.

Thus, eloquent *Chryſoſtom*, from the crowd
Of courts and courtiers ſtole, 'to think aloud:'
The rational repaſt, no ſooner done,
But he droſe,——to be indulg'd alone;
This too, was deem'd th' effects of haughty pride,
Strange pride indeed!—while from the world he dy'd!

'Twas in ſuch ſolitary calm retreat
That ——— touch'd the hiſtory complete,
Of one, before, eſcap'd to Heav'n away
The holy ——— who toil'd a goſpel day;
Nor toil'd in vain;—but ſtrove with all his pow'r
To caſt the net, and draw it to the ſhore.
O ———! in thy hiſtoric page I ſee
Primitive zeal, and wiſe ſimplicity!
Learning profound, but yet profoundly plain,
Thy doctrine dropp'd, like the diſtilling rain;
Now, thy hiſtorian, can with thee enjoy
An Angel-feaſt, which never more can cloy.

Some other tracts, his lonely hours can ſhew,
Which taught mankind to feeb a Heav'n below;
The ſpiritually minded, there may ſee
A Chriſtian abſtract of divinity:
While the pedantic Greek, whoſe learn'd ray
Obſcures the beams of evangelic day,
Votes true religion only fooliſhneſs,
Deſign'd to cramp or hurt their ſenſual eaſe:
Likewiſe, the phariſaic ſelf-plum'd Jew,
Starts at the doctrine, and reviles it too;
To him, a ſtumbling block the ſyſtem ſeems,
Compos'd of bigotry and madmen's dreams!
Such Greeks and Jews the modern age can ſhew;
Who were baptiz'd, and are call'd Chriſtians too:
May HE, who ſheds the intellectual light,
Tear off their films, and purge their mental ſight!

But

But not the ſolitary life alone
Engroſs'd his time—he was the duteous ſon;
Journeys of filial love made him repair
To ſee the parent of his tender care;
With ſoothing tenderneſs, he propp'd her age,
'Made languor ſmile,' and penſive grief aſſuage,
'Explor'd her thought, explain'd her aſking eye,'
Help'd her to live, and ſhew'd her how to die.

Like youthful *Samuel*, ſee, his non-age ſhew,
The early call, the gifts and graces too,
Like that prophetic child, he cou'd not tell
His SAVIOUR call'd him, to call ſouls from hell:
Again HE call'd,——but ſtill with trembling heard,
Receiv'd the tidings,—but the office fear'd:
'LORD, ſend by whom thou wilt, but not by me,
'My inexperienc'd age, is known to thee:
'Shall I, the awful character ſuſtain,
'Of Heav'n's ambaſſador to guilty man!
'My weakneſs,——ignorance,——and youth declare
'I'm all unfitneſs, ſuch a weight to bear.'

Thus reaſon ſeem'd to ſpeak, but ſpoke in vain,
Unerring providence had laid the plan;
Forc'd out the ſtripling, 'midſt his num'rous fears,
O'er-aw'd his doubts;—his doubts the meſſage hears:
'Go ——, ſtand amidſt the various crowd,
'Let love and pity raiſe thy voice aloud,
'Aſſure mankind, their SAVIOUR waits to ſave
'The chief of ſinners, from th' infernal grave;
'Tell them the meritorious work is wrought,
'That ev'ry wand'ring prodigal is bought,
'From ſin's ſad ſervitude!—Its guilt and pow'r,
'Its love and being need not vex them more!
'My diff'rent gifts, are vary'd as I pleaſe—
'One ſpeaks in thunder; one in reaſon's eaſe;

'Be thine the latter;——draw the croud along
'With Goſpel eloquence upon thy tongue,
'Shew the poor formal painted Phariſee,
'That thieves and harlots are as good as he;
'Aſſure the man, who ſays his pray'rs, he may
'Say them a thouſand times, and yet—not pray,
'Not pray to ME——unleſs he feels his want,
'And from that conſcious pain, for mercy pant:
'Aſſure him alſo, he may give his ſtore
'To feed and clothe the melancholy poor,
'Yea, all his riches, all he has, yet he
'Be deſtitute of Goſpel charity:
'Shew him, this ſterling charity is love,
'Which (magnet like) ſhou'd all his actions move;
'The love of ME, with all his heart and mind,
'Which doth and wiſheth well to humankind.
'Tell him, he may the ſacrament partake,
'And yet in vain the ſacred ſymbol break,
'The hallow'd cup, he may receive,——yet be
'A child of wrath, an heir of miſery;
'Unleſs, in that commemorative feaſt,
'He earneſt ſeeks from ſin to be releas'd,
'And in th' unbloody ſacrifice, can find
'My love to him, and all of human-kind;
'Here, the remembrance of my ſuff'rings muſt
'Lay down his grateful ſoul, as in the duſt.
'Tell high and low, tell rich and poor, my grace
'Is freely giv'n, to all the fallen race,
'Tell ſuch, who feel their guilt and helpleſſneſs,
'I came, their weary wand'ring ſouls to bleſs;
'And he, who knows himſelf already loſt,
'Hath true repentance,——ſtript of ev'ry boaſt;
'Let ſuch, with Faith's ſtrong evidence believe
'I lov'd his ſoul, and dy'd that he might live;

'That

'That preſent, precious moment, he ſhall find
'A loving, ſweet tranquillity of mind!
'And, till I give that faith, and joy, and peace,
'Let him be found in ev'ry means of grace;
'Then, as the flying lightning's piercing ray,
'I'll inſtantaneous change his night to day!
'Only, with ſtrict diligence let him wait,
'Like patient *Anna*, at my temple's gate,
'Or as old *Simeon*, with expecting eye,
'Or him, who eight and thirty years did lie
'A helpleſs cripple, at a healing pool
'(Without one friend to help, or make him whole);
'To ſuch, the comfortable proof, I'll ſend,
'That I'm their FATHER,—BROTHER,—SAVI-
'OUR,—FRIEND!
'Go preach this doctrine, go without delay,
'And ſhew poor ſinful man his Goſpel day,
'Make no objections, for my grace ſhall be
'Thy great ſupport in each extremity.'

Commiſſion'd thus, the youth was carried forth,
With ſweet reluctance, and a modeſt worth;
The liſt'ning crowd, for life, attentive hear,
The groſſer ſinner drops a balmy tear;
The once ſelf-righteous, ſeek to be forgiv'n,
The ſelf-condemn'd, preſume to aſk for Heav'n;
The rich, a while, forget their birth and ſtate,
The poor, find out the ſecret to be great.

See! how the preacher, with perſuaſion draws
The daring ſinner, to a ſerious pauſe;
Or, reas'ning, makes the prejudic'd confeſs,
GOD ſends by whom HE will, to teach and bleſs;
Or, to thoſe, who pine for heav'nly food,
He points them out, to the atoning blood,

Shews

Shews the great fount for ſin's pernicious die,
For all uncleanlineſs, and impurity.
The NAME of vaſt ſignificance and love,
Which calms the mind, and charms the ſaints above,
This ſaving NAME, its meaning,—virtues,—pow'r,
When he explain'd, made multitudes adore.

Hear the pale preacher, with an awful grace
Declare GOD's mercy to the fallen race;
Hear him with ſtrength of argument proceed
To ſcan that ſhort, but comprehenſive creed,
The fall and riſe of one thrice happy man;
How grace and wiſdom form'd th' amazing plan;
How GOD's eternal SON became a child;
How truth and mercy, love and juſtice ſmil'd;
How the incarnate GOD, to manhood's age
Arriv'd, and trod the dreary mortal ſtage;
How earth and hell their utmoſt ſtrength combin'd
To hurt his perſon—character—and mind:
But, when that higheſt point, of love, became
The wondrous topic of his tragic theme,
Then, ——— with his ſubject, roſe, to tell
How JESUS 'conquer'd, and the dragon fell.'
See him purſue his ſuff'ring MASTER's fate,
Hear him expatiate on the bloody ſweat,
The bitter cup, the agonizing pray'rs,
Th' extorted cry, the energy of tears,
The ſcourges—pillar,—croſs,—and pondrous nails,
The pomp of death,——here all deſcription fails!
The laſt deep groan,——the Heav'ns in mourning laid,
The gen'ral earthquake,——and the ſtarting dead,
The ſacred veil, miraculouſly tore,
The dreary tomb,——the riſing CONQUEROR!
Th' aſcent to Heav'n,—the COMFORTER beſtow'd,
The gift of tongues,——the plenitude of GOD!

Upon

Upon theſe topics, as the preacher dwelt,
Th' attentive audience rapturouſly felt;
They felt,—admir'd,—and own'd the doctrine true,
For Heav'n ruſh'd in upon their weeping view:
Juſt as the kindly drops of genial rain,
Which chear the herbage on the ſickly plain,
Or, as the balmy dew upon the roſe,
Which thro' the leaves in ſoft meanders flows;
So, thrilling tears, ſpontaneous found their way,
And they who came to gaze,——began to pray;
Sweetly ſurpriz'd,——and willing captives made,
While all the bleſt inſinuation ſpread!

Thus in the glorious cauſe, the youth went on,
But his meridian,——was his ſetting ſun:
For pain languor, quite his frame unſtrung,
Yet ſtill the Goſpel dwelt upon his tongue;
Oft interrupted,——yet he ſtill eſſay'd
Till, all exhauſted,——ſpun unto a thread,
Then, ſapp'd by weakneſs,—quietly retir'd
And in his MASTER's toil with joy expir'd!

On the NATIVITY of our LORD, Commonly called CHRISTMAS DAY.

Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto. Virg.

PERHAPS it might encreaſe a commendable emulation in children, did they get a ſmall preſent for retaining the following (or any other verſe adapted to this ſeaſon) in their memory againſt an appointed time. It would almoſt imperceptibly give them to underſtand the nature of this great feſtival; that it (nor any other) was never deſigned for drunken hoſpitality, gaming, or riotous living; the expences on which, are rather the abſolute property of the poor. If there is any thing in it, too high for a young capacity, it is probable the parents wou'd not miſpend their time, in elucidating and explaining it.

See! 'the DESIRE of nations' near!
Devoid of earthly ſtate,
No ſplendid retinues appear,
Nor levees of the great.

Imperial *Cæſar*, hardly hears
Of ſo obſcure a birth;
Of one, whoſe outward mien appears
The refuſe of the earth.

But, *Cæſar*, know, tho' mean he lies,
Beneath the ſtable's ſhade;
'Twas HE who built yon auzure ſkies,
And ev'ry creature made.

The

The lowing Ox, with ſtupid gaze
Beholds th' eternal KING;
While ſeraphs view his infant face,
On wonder's trembling wing.

All Heav'n, with all their eyes look down,
Upon their SOV'REIGN's face;
Amaz'd why HE ſhou'd leave his crown
To ſave th' apoſtate race!

The manger's incommodious bed,
Adds to the mute ſurpriſe,
No room of ſtate to lay his head;
So meanly JESUS lies!

This BABE's infantile cries proclaim
A peace, 'twixt Heav'n and earth;
While Cherubs ſound his mighty NAME,
And ſolemnize his birth.

Thro' Heav'n's expanſe, the angel choir,
With glowing raptures ſing,
Each heav'nly boſom catches fire,
To celebrate their KING!

'Glory to GOD, and peace on earth,
'Good will to man abounds:'
The hoſt of Heav'n thus ſang his birth,
In ſympathetic ſounds.

Not firſt the great *Auguſtus* hears
Th' angelic meſſage ſent;
But ſhepherds, tho' in ſervile ſpheres,
To *Bethlehem* are ſent.

'To you' (the dazzling envoys ſay)
'In homely ſwathes array'd,
'Is born a SAVIOUR CHRIST to-day
'Beneath the ſtable's ſhade.'

They

They quit their flocks:——in ſtrange amaze
The royal INFANT ſee,
Around the beſtial cot they gaze,
And on the family,
The bleſſed Virgin, with her ſpouſe,
And weeping INFANT too,
Oblig'd with fodder'd brutes to houſe,
Not worthy human view!
The ſpacious inn, deny'd acceſs
To gueſts ſo poor and mean;
For inns, but ſeldom have a place
Our LORD to entertain.
The Eaſtern Magi from afar,
Before th' ETERNAL bow,
Led by the bright, prophetic ſtar,
They ſee † IMMANUEL now.
Gifts, gold and frankincenſe they bring
The poor deſpiſed BABE,
And by this homage own him KING
Of all they are, and have.
Oh! what benevolence appears
In this uncommon ſcene!
Th' incarnate GOD, muſt drop his tears,
For vile ungrateful men!
This heav'nly indigence, likewiſe
Stains every human boaſt;
The poor by it, to Heav'n ariſe,
The rich without it loſt.
May I, this ſolemn ſeaſon ſpend,
As if my LORD were by,
Nor dare my hours in gaming ſpend
Or ſinful company!

On

† *Immanuel*, ſignifies 'GOD with us.' As the word MESSIAH in Hebrew, and CHRIST in Greek, mean, anointed. And the word JESUS, Saviour.

On Mr. A—d—w G—r—y D—l—p.

Bonæ mentis fruendum eſt, ſi beati eſſe volumus.
Cic.

I.

HAIL, ſacred truth! with conſcious awe
Before thy ſhrine I bow;
Let no vile panegyric draw
The flatt'ring portrait now.

II.

While the ſepulchral ſtone abounds
With monumental lies,
And truth, like marble, groans with wounds,
Hid by a thin diſguiſe—

III.

A thin diſguiſe of empty names,
'Here lie the great, the juſt!'
Tho' keen veracity exclaims
Againſt the villain's duſt.

IV.

But here no fawning character
Shall ſtain my worthy friend;
Altho' his modeſty may hear
The facts, I muſt commend.

V.

Amid Right Honourable names,
The opulent and gay,
This ſtripling form'd his early ſchemes,
And baſk'd in pleaſure's ray.

VI.

But grace propitious ſnatch'd the youth
From out the gilded ſnare,
Made him in love with GOD and truth,
And he their guardian care.

VII.

Hail! undivided THREE in ONE,
D—l—p has felt thy call,
Thy mercy ſav'd this favour'd ſon
From honourable thrall.

VIII.

Thus *Egypt* ſpread her dang'rous charms,
Meek *Moſes* to allure; *
But *Iſrael*'s GOD, with outſpread arms,
Made his ſalvation ſure.

IX.

Not ev'n the glare of *Pharaoh*'s throne
Cou'd ſhake his favour'd breaſt;
Reſolv'd the glorious ſcorn to own,
The badge of Heav'n's diſtreſs'd.

X.

Yet, not confin'd to early days,
My valu'd friend likewiſe
The tinſel'd pomp of ſtate ſurveys,
But graſps a nobler prize.

XI.

Leaves all, and out of *Egypt* haſtes,
His SAVIOUR's call attends;
And, lo! the heav'nly manna taſtes,
With GOD's ſelected friends.

XII.

But who ſhall looſe the ſtammerer's tongue,
And make the dumb declare
To all degrees, to old and young,
The prevalence of pray'r? XIII.

* Heb. ch. xi. ver. 23, &c.

XIII.

'Tis done!—and, lo, the looſen'd ſtring,
Like *Sampſon*'s bandage, flew,
Th' unfetter'd tongue began to ſing,
With raptures loud and new.

XIV.

Yet more—his MASTER's will intends,
He muſt determin'd go
Tell ſtrangers, enemies, and friends,
What GOD wou'd have them know:

XV.

That all are loſt, are ſick, are dead!
But JESUS came to be
To thoſe who feel each refuge fled,
The ſource of liberty.

XVI.

Go on, and his right hand ſhall teach
What nature ne'er deſign'd—
Thy life to ſpeak, thy lips to preach,
Free grace to all mankind.

XVII.

Only, with zeal, and faith, and pray'r,
And watchful diligence,
And much humility—beware!
Leſt pride ſhou'd pluck you hence.

XVIII.

Then, when your MASTER's work is done,
And all your toils are o'er,
Look upward to the ſtarry crown,
And on a throne adore.

REFLECTIONS on a Rural Scene; in the Spring Seaſon: and particularly on an antique Caſtle, called M——G, in the County of L——.

Nunc formoſiſſimus annus. VIRG.

ALREADY had the orient eye of day
Diffuſed its beams thro' nations, air, and ſea;
The heav'ns ſerene diſplay'd an azure face,
And nature's boſom caught prolific rays:
The flocks with pleaſing motion crept the green,
While bleating lambs on ev'ry ſide were ſeen:
The ruſtic herds partook the vernal treat,
As ſtreams meander'd at their ſilent feet:
The feather'd choir, throughout the budding grove,
Pour'd out their ſouls in artleſs ſtrains of love.

While nature and its beauties thus I view'd,
(And, as I gaz'd, enjoy'd my ſolitude)
Cou'd leſs than grateful thanks expand my breaſt,
To HIM whoſe goodneſs ſhines in all confeſt?
Sea, air, and earth, and fire, diſplay HIS pow'r,
While guilty man refuſes to adore.

But ſtill I gaz'd, and gaz'd again, to find
New views of beauty captivate my mind:
The earth was chequer'd with induſtrious care,
A plough was here, a ſpade and harrow there;
The ruſtic's ſcatt'ring hand diffus'd the grain,
And ſow'd in hope to have a tenfold gain:

While

While ſpiral herbage interſpers'd the ſcene,
And roſe ſpontaneous in one vivid green.
Thus nature's carpet all extended lay,
And ſpread its colours to the riſing day.

Again, in pleaſing inequalities,
A cot ſpread here, roſe there, amid' the trees;
Domeſtic friendſhip under ev'ry roof
Dwelt, or ſhou'd dwell, if vice was kept aloof:
The curling ſmoke in ſpiral columns flew,
And mixt in air with the attracted dew.

See! on this hand, on that, before, behind,
The dazzling villas, lawns, and groves conjoin'd;
In rural ſtate magnificent they lie,
And health and beauty re-ſalute the eye.

But 'mongſt the reſt which did my ſight invade,
M——g projects its antiquated ſhade,
In Gothic taſte it rears its ancient brow,
And joins paſt ages to the preſent now;
Brings back th' idea of departed years,
Of *Ireland*'s greatneſs, or its ſepulchres.
The thick'ning trees admit a trembling ray,
With gleams of ſunſhine, or the ſign of day:
The tedious ſnail in lazy circles moves,
A fly whirls here, or there a ſpider roves;
Perhaps ſome cranny ſkreens the bird of night,
Unſociably alone, from human ſight;
Or on the ſummit of the lonely pile
The raven croaks in his peculiar ſtile.
A pleaſing gloom, with the contraſting day,
Made light and ſhade in various figures play;
On that ſide beat the ſun's deſcending light,
On this the browner horrors of the night.

Where now is all that primitive parade
Which echo'd thro' this venerable ſhade?
Its gone!—it ſleeps with the departed dead,
Whoſe very memory is alſo fled!
Th' emblazon'd chariot, and attending ſtate,
Which in magnificence throng'd up the gate,
Rolls here no more—no more the gueſts appear,
In all the pageantry of ſmiling cheer.
Each various dainty, and the ſparkling bowl,
(Which ſoothe the taſte, while they un-nerve the ſoul)
Have diſappear'd like phantoms of the night,
A little groſſer—but as empty quite!
No more the airy dancers beat the ground,
To ſongs of riot, or the viol's ſound;
Tho' they beat time, and whirl'd their hours away,
Time beats them now—in darkneſs, duſt, and clay!
'Sic tranſit gloria mundi!' thus appears
Round *M*——*g*'s walls, in ſilent characters.

And tho' this fabric ſtands ſecurely high,
The work of years, and toil of induſtry:
Yet let paſt ages the narration tell,
How caſtles, pyramids, and temples fell;
Or by the earthquake's trembling pow'r deſtroy'd,
And with their ruins ſpread the gaping void.

Thou, *M*——*g* too, the gen'ral fate ſhall know,
Thy baſis, ſummit, all ſhall feel the blow!
Nay, nature's ſelf, the earth, the ſkies retire—
Be loſt in ſmoke, or lie diſſolv'd in fire!

To

To Mr. C. H. on his Marriage.

Felices, quos irrupta tenet copula. Hor.

ACCEPT at length the tributary lay
Of what a friend and brother ſhall convey;
And as to ſuch I write, he will excuſe
My tedious ſilence, and my ling'ring muſe:
For tho' in diff'rent provinces our ſphere,
Yet time and place ſhall not our love impair.

Your patient tour, enquiry, and ſucceſs,
Reminds me of paſt years, I muſt confeſs;
When, in that venerable age, the ſire *
From *Canaan*'s land and daughters, did retire
Unto his mother's houſe, and there cou'd find
The ſympathizing partner of his mind.
Like him, by Providence led on and bleſs'd,
You found another ſelf to ſoothe your reſt:
No flaunting *Canaanite* by you explor'd,
But one you ſought, who *Iſrael*'s GOD ador'd;
And *Iſrael*'s GOD your guiding ſtar became,
By day your pillar, and by night your flame:
Unto the church, your mother's houſe, he brought,
And there you found the *Rachel* whom you ſought.

Methinks I ſee ye join'd in mutual care,
And each the other's joys and bleſſings ſhare!
The calmer ev'ning's walk methinks I ſee,
But wiſh in vain to join your company:
Often within a ſolitude I trace
Ye both in pray'r before your MAKER's face;
There, *Jacob* like, the ſtruggling wiſh ye pour,
And Heav'n profuſely ſheds the gracious ſhow'r!

Away,

* Geneſis, ch. xxviii.

Away, ye ſplendid prodigals! from me,
And let me join their pleaſing company;
Your midnight routs and ſwiniſh huſks attend,
(Suff'rers for hell, and agents to the fiend!)
Purſue, audaciouſly purſue your ſchemes,
And o'er the pit indulge your ſenſual dreams——
Or rather let a ſerious pauſe declare,
Ye'll taſte true pleaſures with this happy pair;
Pleaſures, quite foreign to a beſtial mind,
By earth unpoiſon'd, and by Heav'n refin'd;
Pleaſures which never pall as they encreaſe,
Nor ſting the mind, nor interrupt the peace.

And ſince a verbal wiſh ye cannot hear,
Receive a written one that is ſincere——
May *C—b—s* and his *M—t—a* know
Each ſocial bleſſing in the vale below,
And when a pleaſing progeny appears,
May they be ſtaffs to your increaſing years;
May true religion in its pow'r diſplay
Beneath your roof its evangelic ray;
May heav'n-born faith and holy hope combine
To make ye humble, holy, and divine;
May love to GOD and man your ſouls poſſeſs,
And ev'ry virtue have its full encreaſe;
And if afflictions, trials, troubles come,
May all your wiſhes breathe, 'Thy will be done.'
But when mortality appears in view,
May ye in peace the awful ſcene paſs thro',
And gain your happy port above the ſkies,
And rival angels with your harmonies!
There may I alſo join the calm un-reſt,
To praiſe the great THREE-ONE for ever bleſt!

The

The following TRIFLE was founded on the Death of a STARE called JACOB, which was taught to ſpeak ſeveral Sentences; in particular, to remind the Hours of Divine Service, reprove Swearing, call the Servants, &c.

Quam modulatè et dulciter hæc enunciâſti? CIC.

AT laſt, poor *Jacob*'s warbling tongue,
So often tun'd, is now unſtrung,
And all his fluttʼring honours laid
Beneath death's gloomy, ſilent ſhade.
Cou'd *Jacob* ſpeak (for ſpeak he cou'd),
He'd check the bad, and pleaſe the good:
'Don't ſwear,' the pretty bird wou'd cry,
While the rude ſwearer gap'd hard by.
Thus rung the feather'd ſongſter's throat,
Till darkneſs cloſ'd the moral note;
And when the morning's rays were ſpread,
He'd call the ſervants from their bed.
'A coach and ſix,' wou'd ſometimes be
A part of *Jacob*'s drollery;
But with his cage and cup content,
For he ſaid things he never meant.
His miſtreſs too he'd often call,
And all the houſhold great and ſmall,
To go with frequency to hear
The word divine, both far and near.

But

But will poor *Jacob* lend a quill
(Now death has clos'd his prattling bill),
That with this relique I may write
On what the warbler did indite,
And, thro' that moralizer's aid,
Shew truth in feather'd maſquerade.

And firſt, his chirping notes might teach
A junior clergyman to preach;
For without pay, or college rules,
He wou'd reprove our ſwearing fools,
And o'er and o'er this prattling Stare
Wou'd cry inceſſantly, 'don't ſwear!'
And ſhall the curſing, ſwearing wretch
Occaſion ev'n the birds to preach
Againſt a ſin which never can
Bring profit to poor fall'n man;
Which inconteſtably doth tell
It is the genuine way to hell,
And ſhews in vile impertinence,
Bad manners, and defective ſenſe.

Again, this pretty, flutt'ring Stare,
With indefatigable care,
Wou'd check and tacitly upbraid
Each idler, tho' in ſilks array'd,
Or daub'd with gold — who paſs away
In ſimp'ring nonſenſe all the day:
But this induſtrious, active Stare,
Fill'd up the duties of his ſphere,
And in melliflu'nt ſtrains he ſung
The GOD who made and tun'd his tongue!

But, *Jacob*, muſt theſe notes give place
To death's relentleſs, cold embrace?

They

They muſt—he droops and dies away,
And mingles with his kindred clay!

Learn hence, ye fair, who ſpend the year
In talk and flutter, dreſs and cheer,
Like this poor bird, ye ſurely muſt
Be ſhrouded in your native duſt:
Perhaps this hour may end the ſtrife,
And ſnatch your ſhort, precarious life!
If it be ſo, this moment be
Prepar'd for dread eternity!

Learn alſo from ſuch chatt'ring birds,
How eaſy 'tis to ſpeak good words,
To deal fine ſentences—and yet
With anger fir'd, or envy fret,
Or burn with beſtial appetence,
The ſlaves of pride and ſordid ſenſe:
Whereas religion muſt begin,
Not at the lips, but heart within;
And if it's only on the tongue,
The birds themſelves can ſing that ſong.

To the COMMITTEE for conducting the FREE PRESS.

Quod ſi ita putas, totam ignoras viam gloriæ. CIC.

GENTLEMEN,

ON the peruſal of the Dublin Chronicle, I read, that 'A certain captain, now in the North of *England*, who had long been inſpired with the enthuſiaſtical ſpirit of Methodiſm, and often preaches to his company, will be deſired to reſign his command.' And to illuſtrate this, there is an anecdote of a colonel, who petitioned his late majeſty for leave to exchange his colonelſhip at home, for a regiment going to *America*; concluding his petition with, 'And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray.' The king granted his requeſt, but firſt ſcratch'd out the word *pray*, and wrote over it *fight*.—By which, I apprehend, the anecdotiſt inſinuates, that the captain abovementioned omits his duty to our auguſt ſovereign, while he enforces and inculcates the duty which the ſoldiery ſhould pay to the KING of kings, and the SOVEREIGN of the univerſe: this too may be called enthuſiaſm: but if the worthy captain is inſtrumental in reſtraining his men from curſing, ſwearing, drunkenneſs, whoredom, &c. (thoſe capital vices of the army, who ſhould tremble at ſin more than at a battery of cannon, becauſe they are called upon more immediately to

to jeopard their lives): if he prevails upon them, or endeavours to incite them, to fear GOD, which is always connected with honouring the king: if he is ſucceſsful in cauſing them to act with due deference and a conſcientious regard to their ſuperiors, from a colonel to the loweſt non-commiſſioned officer. And all this, by a diſtortion of our language, is termed enthuſiaſm;—may I be an enthuſiaſt while I breathe! Yet I would adviſe thoſe who are fond of echoing hard names, in the firſt place to ſtudy their juſt application; then to give the public the true, untortur'd extraction of ἐνθυσιασμὸς; and, laſtly, ſhew how it agrees with the principles and practices of thoſe called Methodiſts.

Poſſibly ſuch may have adopted that prophane ſentiment——

'Conſcience makes cowards of us All.'

It does not, it cannot be: for an officer or ſoldier, who preſerves 'a conſcience void of offence towards GOD, and towards man,' is the fitteſt perſon upon earth to vindicate the honour of his ſovereign, the liberties of his country, and that tranſmitted religion, which, maugre the attempts of hell, has been ſuperior to cruel fires and flaming faggots. Such an one reſerves his valour to prove his ſenſe, and evidence his religion: he will not endanger his life to butcher another man in a duel, that he may be accounted, by the undiſcerning many, a gentleman of honour and courage; but preſerves that life, as an entruſted depoſitum, for the above laudable uſes; agreeing with the Roman orator,

'Non nobis ſolum nati ſumus.'

i. e.

'We are not born for ourſelves alone.'

He knows that fortitude of mind, and greatneſs of ſoul, are implied in curbing a hot-headed reſentment, and laying a religious reſtraint upon a torrent of paſſion; and is perſuaded that the gentleman who acts thus, has more true valour, than he who diſplays the weakneſs of his underſtanding, the ſtrength of his paſſions, and the want of religion, by ſhooting a ball, or piercing a ſword through his antagoniſt's body; and eſpecially conſiders, that all duelliſts (however they may blanch the deed over with ideally honourable appellations) are, in the ſight of GOD, and upon the goſpel hypotheſis, murderers; before they preſent or draw the fatal weapons.

It was ſentiments parallel to theſe, which prompted that courageous officer, and chriſtian hero, Colonel *Gardiner*, to make this ſpirited reply to a challenge; 'You know I fear to ſin, but not to fight.' And I make no doubt but the captain mentioned above, would be more willing, and is better prepared, to meet the enemies of his country, than his accuſers are, who charge him with preaching to his company.

When the colonel, juſt named, heard of a gentleman in *England*, who had been remarkably ſucceſsful in his miniſtry, but yet received very unkind uſage, he nobly ſaid, 'I would rather be like that deſpiſed, perſecuted 'man, an happy inſtrument in the hand of the SPI-'RIT, in converting ſo many ſouls, and building up ſo 'many in their holy faith, than be emperor of the 'whole world.'

We further ſee, how the character of ſoldier and chriſtian can compatibly centre in the ſame perſon; and

and that the latter does not ſuperſede the former; as was demonſtrable in the heroic *Gardiner*, who, the day before his life was taken at *Preſton-pans* by one of the rebel harpies, ſaid, 'I have but one life to ſacrifice 'to my country's ſafety, and I ſhall not ſpare it.' It was this chriſtian ſpirit that animated this magnanimous patriot, after he fell, and while he lay weltering in his wounds, to ſay to a rebel chief, 'You are fighting for 'an earthly crown, I am going to receive a heavenly 'one.' It was this chriſtian ſpirit that emboldened *Zuinglius*, one of our firſt proteſtant divines, who attended his flock to battle, where he received his mortal wound, to aſk that brave laconic queſtion as he was dying,

'Ecquid hoc infortunii?'
i. e.
'Is this to be reckoned a misfortune?'

Finally, it was this chriſtian ſpirit that enabled an enthuſiaſtic Methodiſt, at the battle of *Fontenoy*, to praiſe GOD, and exhort all around him, while he was laid acroſs a cannon, after both his legs were taken off by a chain ſhot; and to continue thus until his ſpirit returned to GOD.

What bombaſt is it to talk of 'the enthuſiaſtical ſpi-'rit of Methodiſm?' and what malignity and ill-nature to inſinuate, that it is incompatible with the duty of a ſoldier, when matter of fact proves the contrary? But when this 'enthuſiaſtical ſpirit of Methodiſm' is proved, to be conſonant to reaſon and religion; and proved too, at a time when men have moſt need of their reaſon, namely, when they are ſtepping into eter-

nity: when this 'ſpirit of Methodiſm' is the ſame which actuated the colonel and clergyman already taken notice of; how ſhould the propagators of hard names be aſhamed, and how ſhould the captain rejoice!

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient ſervant.

On the Birth of Maſter W—L—N.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia. Juv.

AS ſome hiſtoric writer's page declares
What he ne'er ſaw of men, or men's affairs;
And in imagination's landſcape ſhews
An *Afric* deſert, or the *Alpine* ſnows;
Traces St. *Lawrence* in its ample ſweep,
(Another rival of the briny deep!)
Or *Niagara*'s thund'ring fall explores,
Tho' he ne'er croſs'd *Hibernia*'s tranquil ſhores:
Or treats of kingdoms, cataracts and ſeas
He only read, or heard of with amaze:
So I, ſweet babe, altho' I never view'd
Thy lovely face, with artleſs worth endu'd;
Yet, from ideal portraiture, I ſcan
The happy ſymptoms of the future man:
Unleſs——Heaven's aweful mandate cuts thy thread,
And, immature, cōnſigns thee to the dead!
Die immature! not ſo: We ſhou'd comply,
None dies too ſoon, who is but fit to die.

Lie

Lie there, alluring ſmiler! lie in peace,
And breathe a ſlumber of repoſe and eaſe:
While buzzing crouds, life's buſy ſcene attend,
To ſcheme a cheat, or circumvent a friend;
Thy mind, all ſooth'd, unconſcious of chicane,
Enjoys, like ſome ſmooth lake, a calm ſerene.

No jargon terms, infus'd by pedant awe
Or caſe, mood, figure, or grammatic law;
Or Greek, or Roman learning, ſo purſu'd,
Diſturb thy moments with inquietude.

Nor, can war's dire alarms affect thy mind,
Or martial hoſts, in furious battle join'd:
Ten thouſand men in blood, to thee appears
The ſame, as juſt ſo many former years:
Thy peaceful thought is not the leaſt annoy'd
With cities ſtorm'd, or counterſcarps deſtroy'd.

Fred'rick, that Pruſſian thunderbolt of war,
Or *Turkey's* Sultan, or the greater Czar,
Before thy cradle might un-homag'd wait,
Like three poor peaſants at their maſter's gate:
Not all their ermin'd pride, or robes, cou'd move
The leaſt ſenſation of thy fear or love!
Did ev'n *Great-Britain's Cæſar*, ſceptr'd ſtand,
And, all benign, extend his royal hand,
Yet, ev'n a *George* the third, our gracious king,
Shou'd ſtand unnotic'd by this infant thing,
Who, without ceremonious ſtate wou'd lie,
As tho' earth's greateſt monarch ſtood not by!

Behold the little Angel in his bands,
His eyes all laughter, and his ſpeaking hands!
What argument appears all o'er his face,
Each feature tinctur'd with expreſſive grace:
O providence! ſupremely wiſe and kind,
To guard the helpleſs race of weak mankind:

A feeble infant, or its liſping cry,
Its painful look, or mercy-begging eye,
Can humanize ev'n ſavages to ſtand,
Extort their pity, and direct their hand!

What mighty worth, in thy ſmall compaſs lies,
Twou'd beggar worlds to purchaſe ſuch a prize!
Within that clod, what conſequences lie,
A ſoul, whoſe wings ſhall ſcale eternity!
A ſoul, for which th' eternal LORD of all,
Aſſum'd thy nature, as a criminal!
And, once like thee, a child, an infant lay;
Enſhrin'd his GODHEAD in a houſe of clay!
Nay, more—pour'd all his blood, reſign'd his breath,
And ſprung for us, into the jaws of death!
Happy who feel that blood by faith apply'd,
If not,——'twere better at thy age he died.

But ſee! with rapid ſpeed time flies along,
And prattling ſounds, give muſic to his tongue:
The little liſper falls, and falls again;
He weeps and ſmiles at nonſenſe, things and men:
Expreſſive emblem of our chequer'd life,
All blended o'er with ſing-ſong pain and ſtrife.

A thouſand objects catch each op'ning ſenſe,
And young ideas, juſt their reign commence;
Here, infancy determines all its eaſe,
And ſounds articulate their accents raiſe;
Now, dawns the criſis of his future fate,
Now ſtrong example, ſtamps its early date;
Now ſin original begins to ſhew
How *Adam*'s fall brought miſ'ry, pain and woe.
FATHER of mercies! guard the riſing youth,
Expand his mind, to feel the rays of truth;
Let pois'nous adulation keep away,
Nor tickling praiſe, its thrilling nonſenſe play:

Shew

Shew him that all are born in ſin and death,
And ſtand expos'd to feel the curſe beneath:
But yet, tho' Juſtice drew the flaming ſword,
That Heav'n's eternal SON the blow endur'd!
The law fulfill'd, ſtood in our ſinful ſtead,
And for our ſakes, bow'd his expiring head:
And for this painful love, this wondrous plan,
The gates of Heav'n are op'd for reſcu'd man;
Who firſt repents, believes, and loves his GOD,
Till welcome death marks out his bleſt abode.

Such Scripture truths as theſe, O child, revere,
And fly the ſilken, but ſerpentine ſnare;
When rip'ning years confeſs thy manly age,
And paſſions burn with appetite and rage;
When ev'ry nerve and fibre grows complete,
And manhood's rays with glowing fury beat:
In ſuch a period,——dare the man to ſhew,
Nor, for a moment, parly with the foe:
Let reſolution ſpurn each ſpecious art
Which taints the mind, or brutifies the heart.

Pleaſure, the gaudy harlot, will ariſe
With her deceptions, in a gay diſguiſe,
Her ev'ry geſture, trick'd with art's parade,
Her faſcinating look in ſmiles convey'd,
Her looſely-flowing robe and rolling eye,
Her mincing gait, and tuneful melody:
All theſe, and more the varniſh'd idol ſhews,
And only covers, that ſhe may expoſe.

'Young man' (ſhe ſays) 'ſhew no reluctance here,
'Believe, I really am, what I appear;——
'All cold delays will pall this happy hour,
'And dry reſerves the ſweeteſt pleaſure ſour;
'Let no religious nonſenſe damp our mirth,
'But cruſh the thoughts of conſcience in their birth;

'Let

'Let Hell, that bug-bear, Heav'n, that ſoothing cheat,
'Make ſuperſtitious fools their pray'rs repeat;
'But,——if or Heav'n, or Hell, exiſtence find,
'Tis when I ſmile, or frown upon mankind!'

Thus, to the youth, the ſly inchantreſs ſpeaks,
While ſtruggling virtue various colours takes:
My mind, ſuſpenſive, the event to ſee,
At length beholds him honourably flee!
As he departs, his bluſhing looks reply,
'No!—artful ſorc'reſs, ſooner wou'd I die.
'Thy eyes are baſiliſks; thy ſhape, thy ſpeech
'Conceal th' inſatiate, appetitive leech;
'And tho' I flee, I conquer by my flight;
'I'll either die, or ſleep in peace this night!'

'Tis thus in fancy, but in wiſhes more,
I ſee the gracious youth reſiſt each lure:
The ſparkling liquor, or the flowing bowl,
Cannot unnerve one purpoſe of his ſoul;
Nor, is he ſo unmerciſully kind
To drown his reaſon, or inflame his mind.
He is a gentleman, and therefore flies
The low, mean ſubterfuge, of gloſſing lies,
Perſuaded that his tongue ſhou'd always find
Itſelf the index of an honeſt mind;
Knowing, a man of honour ought to be
The very mirror of ſincerity.
Hence, is convinc'd, he never need declare
The truth with oaths, for truth need never ſwear:
Except, when magiſtracy right demands,
Then he appeals to Heav'n with ſpotleſs hands,
With rigid care the lit'ral fact declares,
Nor makes that oath leſs awful than his pray'rs.
But when a blaſphemy is vollied out,
And GOD's tremendous NAME hackn'y'd about;

When

When Hell is rak'd for ev'ry ample curſe,
And ſlow-pac'd ven'gance rous'd for worſe and worſe:
All this, with genuine pity wounds his ear,
And deeper wounds, as he can't help but hear:
But, he endeavours to expoſtulate,
And ſhew the helliſh bravo his dread ſtate;
And lets him know, 'tis equal want of ſenſe,
As its a proof of graceleſs impudence,
To practice ſuch a ſin, as cannot boaſt
Praiſe, profit, pleaſure, when it echoes moſt;
And which the devil himſelf did ne'er commit,
But left it for a blund'ring modern wit.
A ſin, which ſhames good breeding;—and what's worſe
Marks out the ſinner, with ſome ſignal curſe!

No gambling acts encreaſe his honeſt gain,
Nor jeſts inſipid, keep a friend in pain.

He ſpends each hour, as one who muſt appear
Before Heav'n's juſt inexorable bar:
Hence, ev'ry tempting Hydra meets its fate,
He lops the monſter, nor is wiſe too late:
Thus arm'd with virtue, and in virtue's cauſe,
He fears no cenſure, for he breaks no laws.

And can a youth ſo laudably inclin'd,
Deſerve one enemy among mankind?
No!——not deſerve it, but GOD's foe will be
At war with goodneſs;——hence his enemy.
And, when that enemy appears to ſhew
The taunting ſmile, or the malignant foe;
He lives the malice down, and ſhews he can
Forgive the lie, and prove himſelf a man,
Prove fortitude of mind is more imply'd
To pardon calmly,—than to kill with pride:
And if ſome doughty deſperado ſtrives
With feign'd affronts to jeopard both their lives,

With

With *Gothic* barbariſm, to appeal
For truth or falſehood to the murd'ring ſteel;
Our youth, unmov'd, with ſteady courage ſhews,
He values life much leſs than mean repoſe;
Convinces ev'ry man of reaſon, ſenſe,
As he'd not ſhew the leaſt impertinence,
So, if ſome hardy blockhead tir'd of life,
A run of ill-luck, or a virtuous wife,
Solicits him, to deal the deadly blow,
He lets the deſp'rate ruffian calmly know
That next to Heav'n, his king and country may
Demand his life, when danger calls away,
That this depoſitum he muſt protect,
Leſt GOD and conſcience puniſh the neglect.
Aſſur'd beſides, no man of honour wou'd
Contrive a quarrel, or thirſt for his blood,
Becauſe he rather takes, than gives offence,
Which proves good manners, and true ſterling ſenſe;
And likewiſe ſhews, whoever wou'd offend
So much benevolence, is no man's friend:
And therefore thinks the better way to ſhew
His courage to ſo nothingleſs a foe
Is to deſpiſe or pity whom he can
Not reaſon with, on reaſon's legal plan.

Does learning's mental ray engage his mind,
To trace the antient hiſtʼry of mankind?
This youth diſcerns with judgment men and things,
The fall of empires, and the riſe of kings:
Himſelf a microcoſm, made up of ſtates,
Of diffʼrent paſſions, arguments, debates.
Or do the mathematic arts declare
The various properties of cube and ſquare,
With theſe, he evʼn vies in evʼry fact,
For he's mathematically exact:

Or,

Or, does he thro' the teleſcopic glaſs,
Review ſuns, ſtars and comets as they paſs,
From thence, he takes occaſion to adore
The great CREATOR's bounty, love and pow'r.

Sure, ſuch a perſon, who muſt charm the mind,
Deſerves to be 'the darling of mankind!'
Is he a huſband, parent, friend or child?
In each, in all, he's amiably mild:
If ſome bleſs'd conſort has him for her ſhare,
They both reſemble the firſt happy pair:
If he's a father, then his offspring ſhew
They love their MAKER, and their parents too:
Does cloſe connexion bind him as a friend?
He proves his love with life can only end;
No ſelfiſh views, make up a ſtrange barrier,
His friends his other ſelf, or here or there.

The widow, poor, and fatherleſs, receive
What he can ſpare, what he can juſtly give;
Before they call, he gives them of his ſtore,
Thus lends his MAKER, thro' the helpleſs poor. †

And, when th' eternal eve begins to ſhed
The length'ning ſhadows near his dying head,
He's not appall'd, tho' ev'ry ſpring of life
Is ſnapp'd or ſinks, amid' the mortal ſtrife,
But thro' the dreary gloom purſues his way,
And hails his SAVIOUR in the blaze of day!

† Prov. xix. 17.

THE

THE AGREEABLE WOMAN.

Quis non miretur ſplendorem pulchritudinémque virtutis? Cic.

WILL the fair ſex permit my pen to tell,
How much their beauty ſhall itſelf excel?
Or, if ſo fortunate as not to be
A beauty in the firſt or third degree,
Then let deſcription without flatt'ry write
More laſting beauties than the red and white;
By which, as in a mirror, I ſhall ſhew
Camilla's taſte, and inclination too.

Apparel decent, clean, and rightly plac'd,
In which the picture of her mind is trac'd;
No actreſs-fripp'ry to entrap a fool,
No mincing gait, taught in the prancing ſchool;
No prudiſh affectations ſtarch her form,
Nor peeviſh anger works her up to ſtorm;
No novel, or romance infects this fair,
Nor ſnuff, nor ſcandal, ſpoil her noſe, nor ear.

Some uſeful learning—ev'n to ſpell a note,
And write it fair, or get a verſe by rote;
And trace the maps, and *Milton*'s poem read,
To dreſs the inward texture of her head.

One hundred times more ſenſe than wit declares
Her calm diſcretion, and domeſtic cares:

To

To all theſe add a ſenſible addreſs,
A modeſt ſmile, a ſerious pleaſantneſs;
A civil tongue, but not by flatt'ry led;
A decent carriage, not a foppiſh head.

Much more agreeable ſhe yet appears,
Camilla loves her church, her GOD reveres:
The Bible's ſacred page employs her mind,
To read the fall and upriſe of mankind;
There ſhe diſcovers all the human race
Are dead in ſin till rais'd by ſov'reign grace;
That thoſe who die in ſin ſhall never know
The joys of heav'n, but feel the pangs of woe!
Hence ſhe's determined not to ſwim along
The ſtream of cuſtom, with a giddy throng,
The faſhionably ſinful, vain, and gay,
Who pour in crouds the broad frequented way,
So wickedly polite, their actions tell
With joy they'll go for company—to hell.

No painted paſteboards, nor late hours employ
Camilla's moments, or her health deſtroy;
The widow, fatherleſs, and poor, receive
Her ſecret alms, if ſhe has aught to give;
The ſick and weak ſhe viſits with delight,
Informs the ignorant and ſets them right.
Her work thus plann'd, ſhe has no time to throw
In revelling aſſemblies, balls, and ſhow;
Theſe, nor the playhouſe, never rob the poor,
Who ſtand around her hoſpitable door.
Has ſhe a family?—ſhe'll ſtrive to give
A meek example how the chriſtians live;
Her little darlings liſp their MAKER's praiſe,
The mother teaches, and the child obeys;
Her precepts guide them, her example more,
They love their parents, and their GOD adore.

Her ſocial partner finds the bleſſing giv'n,
No *Eve* e'er tempts him to forego his Heav'n;
With mutual bands of emulating love,
They taſte this world, but graſp the one above!
All her domeſtics willingly purſue,
With pleaſing toil, what ſhe directs to do;
For her commands are reaſonably mild,
Hence by no menial is ſhe e'er beguil'd:
A conſcientious leave ſhe lets them have
To pauſe from labour, and review the grave,
To join the church below, and be prepar'd
For that where names of drudges are not heard.

This compoſition, I may boldly ſay,
Shall keep reſpect when beauty fades away;
Than *Egypt*'s pyramids ſhall longer laſt,
And bear reflexion on each action paſt.

On the Caſtle of M——— in the County of R———

Sacro digna ſilentio. Hor.

YE roofleſs walls, in antient times the ſeat
Of martial heroes or the haughty great;
How lonely now, how void of pompous ſhew,
How bare above, how deadly damp below!
Expreſſive emblem, of all creature pride,
Summ'd up in this, 'they liv'd, they blaz'd, they died.'

Around this lonely pile, perhaps, is laid
The bones of warriors, fractur'd with the ſpade;

Or

Or elſe, the grinding plow-ſhare tears the ruſt
From the blunt weapon long ſince hid in duſt.

This garriſon, (it may be) once withſtood
The hoſtile rage of men athirſt for blood:
While the beſieg'd ſaw death and famine nigh,
Not ſure to live—but much more ſure to die.

The din is paſt,—is long ſince laid aſleep,
The mould'ring walls in ſolemn ſilence weep;
While o'er their ſurface, in green ringlets, trail
The clammy tracts, of the ſlow-creeping ſnail:
The bird of night, or hoarſer raven's cry,
In mingl'd accents, each to each reply:
Beneath, the croaking frog, as lord of all,
Leaps round and round the once-frequented hall:
While ſtars un-number'd ſhed their paler light,
To gild the horrors of the gloomy night.

At ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place, my ſoul
Let pray'r and praiſe aſcend the glowing pole,
As grateful incenſe, to that mighty ONE,
Who ſits ſublime on his exalted throne;
'Who ſees, with equal eye, as GOD of all,
'A kingdom periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
'Atoms, or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
'And now, a bubble burſt, and now a world.'†
Before whoſe preſence angels veil their face,
Yet ſhow'rs on ſinners his amazing grace:
Who gave his SON t' expiate human guilt,
Yea, die for thoſe by whom his blood was ſpilt!
Reader, thou likewiſe (not the Jews alone)
Didſt crucify GOD's co-eternal SON;
Didſt nail, ev'n thou didſt nail HIM to the croſs,
And yet, ſhall ſin thy blood-bought ſoul engroſs?

† Mr. Pope.

Ah no!—deſiſt, repent, and thou ſhalt find
A Heav'n of love poſſeſs thy raptur'd mind!
Know thyſelf firſt, that is repentance true,
Which muſt convince thee, hell is thy juſt due;
If ſo, look upward, to that SACRIFICE,
And faith aſſures thee, 'tis for thee HE dies!
Rejoice! HE died for thee; ſinner rejoice!
And in theſe lonely walls lift up thy voice:
Let grateful praiſes fill thy raptur'd mind,
And leave the world with all its crouds behind;
To this, or ſome ſuch ſilent gloom retreat,
And inward love, will inward light create!

On the Death of Mr. W. P——

Mori nemo ſapiens miſerum dixit. Cic.

INSHRIN'D in duſt his mortal part remains,
Diburthen'd of its labours and its pains.
His rolling eyes, at length, are clos'd in ſleep,
Nor ſhall again a midnight vigil keep.
The golden bowl is blended with the clay,
And death, hath ſnatch'd the uſeful plant away!
But all his relicks are beneath that EYE,
Whoſe beck'ning ſignal call'd him to the ſky;
And ev'ry ſcatter'd atom of his frame,
Again ſhall re-unite to praiſe the LAMB.

His patient labours find their full reward,
His humble zeal is on divine record;
And all his toils a joyful contraſt meet,
And reſt, and Heav'n, the happineſs complete!

In

In ſilent rev'rence he receiv'd the call,
To leave his ſecond ſelf, his earthly all;
Patient he heard, and patient he reſign'd
All earthly ties, with fortitude of mind;
Then——when the mortal criſis ſhew'd his fate
His fault'ring tongue juſt able did repeat,
"CHRIST, he is precious to my ſoul," he ſaid,
Then ſlept ſerene, among the happy dead,
And, with his dying MASTER, bow'd his head.

Tranſported ſpirit! may I trace thy flight,
And view thy raptures 'mongſt the ſons of light?
The joyous 'Euge!' echoes thro' the throng,
And Heav'n is heighten'd by th' angelic ſong!
But when th' extatic ſaint beholds the blaze,
And ſees the ſuff'ring GOD—ANTIENT of days,
Sees his REDEEMER in his bloody veſt,
Augmented Heav'n expands his grateful breaſt!

I muſt no more——the veil is on my ſight,
The mortal veil which intercepts that light.
Adieu!—my brother,—friend,—a while adieu,
May I your ſteps, as you did CHRIST's purſue!

The following elegant lines are a ſpecimen of that taſte and compoſition, which ſome in the female world often prove themſelves miſtreſſes of. They are introduced here, becauſe the next poem to this is an anſwer to them. They are entitled (I ſuppoſe by the gentlewoman who compos'd them),

THE LADY's WISH.

SHOU'D GOD, indulgent, now but grant
My wiſh, and fill up ev'ry want;
Speak, as to *Solomon*, from Heav'n,
'Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be giv'n.'
Say, O my ſoul, what wou'd'ſt thou have?
Look round upon the rich and brave;
Examine well, look round again,
Nor throw thy wiſh away in vain.

Behold what beauteous ſcenes ariſe,
Of, rich and fair, of great and wiſe,
'Sure here's enough,' may reaſon ſay,
Thy wiſh need not be thrown away:
Or, if thou wou'd'ſt be more than great,
In annals fam'd, for wiſdom's ſeat,
For riches, power, and for all
The product of this earthly ball:
See *Solomon* amidſt his train,
Favour'd by GOD, admir'd by man,
Earth at his feet, her treaſures pours,
Nor wars diſturb his peaceful hours;

Around

Around him, waiting pleaſures preſs,
Prevent his call, and croud to pleaſe;
A pattern he, of happineſs,
Say woud'ſt thou, now, all this poſſeſs?
Ah, no! vexatious all and vain,
Deceitful-pleaſure, gilded pain;
He who had all thoſe at his call,
Wrote, 'vanity,' upon them all.

Nor gilded roofs, nor regal ſtate,
Nor all that can be fancied great,
Or wiſe, or fam'd, my ſoul deſires,
Far higher ſtill my wiſh aſpires.

Too mean are all earth-born delights,
Pure heav'nly joys, my ſoul invites,
And aſks, whilſt priſon'd in this clod
A nearer union with my GOD:
That ev'ry moment, I might feel
His love, and know I do his will:
Might feel no ſlackneſs on my part,
But love flow conſtant from my heart.

I aſk no portion here below,
Content with what my GOD beſtow,
But ſhou'd I aſk, I ſav'd wou'd be
From riches, ſin, and poverty:
A middle ſtate, I'd chooſe where free,
From want, or popularity;
In frugal neatneſs I wou'd live,
Poſſeſſing more than earth can give;
No airy viſitants intrude,
My happy bliſsful ſolitude,
Whoſe triflirg chat wou'd pain my heart,
And leave me wounded when they part.

Few and ſelect, my friends ſhou'd be,
Dear to my JESUS, and to me;

Whoſe

Whoſe holy converſe ſtill ſhou'd prove
A furth'rance to my faith and love;
But, join'd in holy friendſhip, one,
I, like my LORD, wou'd have my *John*;
My choſen friend, my other part,
And, next to JESUS, in my heart;
Whoſe vig'lant and impartial love,
Shou'd mark my faults, and then reprove;
Shou'd all my griefs and comforts ſhare,
One heart, one mind, and one in pray'r;
His love unchangeable and free,
Faithful and true to GOD and me;
A friend, in ev'ry ſtate the ſame,
And worthy of that ſacred name.

Thus happy in my GOD and friend,
I'd wait till life's ſhort journey end;
Then with my friends above appear,
To have my wiſh completed there.

THE

THE ANSWER.

Virtus eſt per ſe ipſa laudabilis, et ſine quâ nihil laudare poteſt. Cic.

HAIL! happy veſtal, whoſe deſire
Is wrapt in flames of ſacred fire!
Whoſe heart and pen united ſhew
The vanity of all below:
Whoſe heart and pen, united tell,
One female writes politely well;
And ſhews, from vulgar errors free,
No wiſh for popularity;
No panting appetite to find
Yourſelf the idol of mankind;
No poor deſire for apiſh dreſs
(That fig-loaf of our nakedneſs,
Which only covers as a veil,
To gloſs thoſe parts it ſhou'd conceal),
No thirſt for all the modern ſchemes
Which ſoothes the mind with waking dreams.
What! can't you find the leaſt delight
To ſhine the comet of the night?
To paſs the tedious hours away
At cards, th' aſſembly, or the play?
Ah no!—your well-inform'd mind
Pities theſe follies of mankind,
You ſee, each minute muſt be brought,
With ev'ry deed, and word, and thought,
Before the JUDGE, ſupremely great,
Enthron'd upon his judgment ſeat,

Where

Where worlds aſſembl'd ſhall behold
The ample volume all unroll'd,
When each partic'lar ſoul ſhall feel
A ray of Heav'n, or pang of hell!

It's thus by faith divine you ſoar,
And with *Eliſah* reach the ſhoar,
From whence with eagle's eyes you ſee
An endleſs, dread eternity!
And thence behold what men call life,
Chequer'd with mis'ry, pain and ſtrife.

Again, by faith divine you ſee
Extended on the curſed tree,
The SUBSTITUTE of all mankind,
By nails, but more by love confin'd;
To buy our peace, and ſatisfy
Juſtice's blood-requiring eye;
You ſee the guſhing current flows
In ſtreams, as various as our woes;
You hear his ſighs, and catch his breath,
While ſuff'ring nature feels his death;
With *Mary*, thro' the dreary gloom
You viſit at his ſacred tomb,
From thence you follow HIM to Heav'n!
And catch that ſound, 'thy ſin's forgiv'n.'

Hail! bleſs'd *Miranda*, ah how few
Of all your ſex can vie with you?
No longer do I wond'ring gaze
Why you deſpiſe the painted blaze,
Of riches, grandeur, dreſs, parade,
Which tantalize, and then upbraid,
Why all the treaſures of the Eaſt,
And all that *Solomon* poſſeſs'd,

Cannot

Cannot enſlave your ſpotleſs mind,
So free from droſs, ſo much refin'd;
Becauſe you've felt the ſtamp divine,
And heard your JESUS ſay, 'I'm thine!'

Hence, ev'ry human wiſh you breathe,
For any leſſer thing beneath,
As friends, or a ſelected one,
As JESUS had his fav'rite *John*,
Or, for a juſt-got competence,
Without an anxious, dread ſuſpenſe,
Or, as your gracious LORD thinks fit
Shews you can have, or can ſubmit.

But, will *Miranda* ſuffer me
Likewiſe to wiſh, as well as ſhe?
It is, that I may love my GOD
And praiſe HIM for his ſmile or rod;
That I may all obedience be,
In riches, pain or poverty:
In ev'ry ſphere may I fulfil
His wiſe, unerring, gracious will;
And, always as a duteous ſon,
Say, 'FATHER, let thy will be done;'
Let there the ſweeteſt union be
Between my ſuff'ring GOD, and me:
And may I thro' this vale of tears,
To riper age, or hoary hairs,
Experience faith in all its pow'r,
Till death and ſin ſhall be no more!

And, if for leſſer things, I may
With due ſubordination pray,
Let no ſuperfluous opulence,
E'er croud my mind with vain expence;

Let

Let rigid poverty, and care,
Not damp the fervour of my pray'r!
O, let me thro' this pilgrimage,
To help my youth, to ſmooth my age,
Have ſome ſelected, candid friend,
Whoſe love, not ev'n with life ſhall end;
And if that one, I dare explain,
O let *Miranda* be her name!
And let me be without diſguiſe,
The one ſhe does characterize!

RETIREMENT.

Animus ſecretum ſuum ſanctus faciat. SEN.

I'M tir'd of viſits, forms, and modes,
Which wiſdom ſhuns, and truth explodes,
They're perfect bondage to a mind
That ſoars to pleaſures more refin'd.

Not all the pomp, eclat, and birth,
Which dignify the worms of earth,
Nor all the madd'ning joys below
Can mend the heart, or eaſe its woe!

Retir'd in thought, all lonely here—
Yet GOD and angels now are near:
Surely the interview is great—
Perhaps this moment ſeals my fate!

No

No dull formality is here,
No ſoothing paraſite is near;
Therefore with intellectual eye
The microcoſm I'll deſcry.

Conſcience, yet obſtinately kind,
With keen reflexion lights the mind,
Shews when and where I went aſtray,
And diſobey'd the heav'nly RAY.

The viceroy, ſtill enthron'd, proceeds,
Reviews my thoughts, my words, my deeds;
Shews all the human mind to be
A map of ſin and miſery.

LORD! is it thus—what ſays thy word?
May ſinful man be e'er reſtor'd?—
I ope' the ſacred leaves, and read,
That 'All have ſinn'd,' that 'All are dead.' *

All dead in treſpaſſes and ſins,
The moment life and ſenſe begins;
That All in *Adam* ſinn'd and dy'd,
All full of ignorance and pride.

That in this ſtate whoever dies,
Muſt feel the ſharpeſt miſeries;
Muſt ſink beneath the grave, and feel
The loſs of heav'n, and pains of hell.

Tremendous thought! And ſhall a child
Of duſt, with ſin and guilt defil'd,
Invent new opiates, toys, and ſchemes,
To lull his mind with dang'rous dreams!

Strange inconſiſtency! to think,
Tho' millions now are on the brink

* Romans, v. 12.

Of death, that millions more wou'd fly
The ſolemn thought of judgment nigh!

They fly to wine, to cards advance,
Or madly throng the midnight dance,
Or haunt the theatre, or drum,
Till ſleep and languor drag them home.

Hail, placid hour! when noiſe and ſhow
Can't hinder me myſelf to know:
Hail, ſilent moment! when I ſee
I'm born to love eternally!

To love th' incarnate GOD, who dy'd
To ſave from ſin, from hell, from pride;
To love him thro' th' eternal round,
While all his courts with praiſe reſound!

SPRING.

Solvitur acris hyems. HOR.

NATURE at length aſſumes her verdant robe,
And dreary winter quits our weſtern globe;
The fragrant flow'rs expand their gloſſy dreſs,
Humbly unfolding all their lovelineſs.
Around the lawns the ſnowy daiſies riſe,
Next ſtarts the primroſe to our gazing eyes;
In vary'd plumes the cluſter'd tulips ſtand,
Enamel'd tincts o'ertop their ſtately wand.
Lie ſtill, ye winds! nor nip the bloſſom'd tree,
Let Spring appear in full variety.

On

On yonder bush the tuneful red-breast sings,
While mounting larks expand their hov'ring wings;
Join'd in a morning anthem, all agree
Around their nests to praise the DEITY:
None idly sits, but sings and labours too,
Eats temp'rate food, and sips the morning dew.
Lambs, kids, and all the lowing herd that tread
On tufted verdure, or the flow'ry mead,
Withdraw in silence to the cooling shade.

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

Page 18, Line 13.—Instead of the following——

That heav'n of love spontaneously constrain'd
My loosen'd tongue (no longer now restrain'd)

Read——

That heav'n of love, with strong extatic pow'r,
Constrain'd my tongue (with fetters bound no more).

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15
12